



SCREENLAND



March
15¢

Olivia deHavilland
with Mark Stevens
and Leo Genn

FICTIONIZATION

of "The Snake Pit"

Sensational Drama Starring

Olivia de Havilland

COBINA WRIGHT ★ ALAN LADD ★ GREGORY PECK ★ FRED ROBBINS ★ ANN SHERIDAN

A RAFT OF DYNAMITE!



STAR FILMS presents

GEORGE RAFT

IN

"INTRIGUE"

with **JUNE HAVOC · HELENA CARTER**

TOM TULLY · MARVIN MILLER · DAN SEYMOUR

Screenplay by Barry Trivers and George Slavin

Directed by **EDWIN L. MARIN**

A
SAM BISCHOFF
PRODUCTION

Released thru United Artists

"—and stay out, you faker!"

CUPID: OUCH! Hey, Sis, why the rush act?

GIRL: Serves you right, you dime-size double-crosser! Bragging about being the world's best matchmaker —and then falling down on your job!

CUPID: On *my* job? Get this, Gingersnap—I can't land you a lad unless *you* cooperate. Swap that crabapple look for a smile! Give out with some sparkle!

GIRL: Your advice is *brilliant*, Sonny—only my *teeth* aren't. They're strictly dull 'n dingy. I brush-brush-brush, but what gives...?

CUPID: A touch of "pink" on your tooth brush mebbe?

GIRL: Ye-es, come to think of it. So what?

CUPID: So *listen*, dimwit! That "pink" you toss off so airily is a sign to *see your dentist*. Let *him* decide whether or not it's serious. He may find that soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise—and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and gentle massage."

GIRL: Stick to the subject, Short Change. Our topic for today was my *smile*. Remember?

CUPID: You remember this: firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So get bright and start now with Ipana care. And don't say I didn't tell you that men really fall for a gal with a gorgeous Ipana smile!

never ignore
"pink
tooth brush"



Ipana



Product of Bristol-Myers

for your smile of beauty

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey. Same survey shows that dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing “wrong” with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don’t take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid’s exclusive formula. That’s why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You’ll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don’t be half-safe—During this “age of courtship,” don’t let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don’t be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

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SCREENLAND

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A GLEESOME THREESOME OF GREAT STARS IN A
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"DICKIE
BIRD"
SONG!



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First romantic scene from the new 20th Century-Fox picture, "That Lady in Ermine," starring Betty Grable and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

BETTY GRABLE really started something with that super-special portable dressing-room. Cornel Wilde was the first one to take a look and call the front office. Several other stars are now asking for one too. Speaking of "Gams" Grable, with her in "That Lady in Ermine" is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who wears a skin-tight white 17th Century Hussar uniform. Every morning when he walks on the set, every female gives out a wolf whistle. Betty put 'em up to it.

JIMMY STEWART took time away from "Call Northside 7777" to call Joan Caulfield and ask her for their first date. A publicity man happened to be standing near the studio phone when Joan accepted. On his way over to Joan's house the following evening, Jimmy bought a paper. While waiting for the lights to change, he read where he and Joan were planning an elopement!

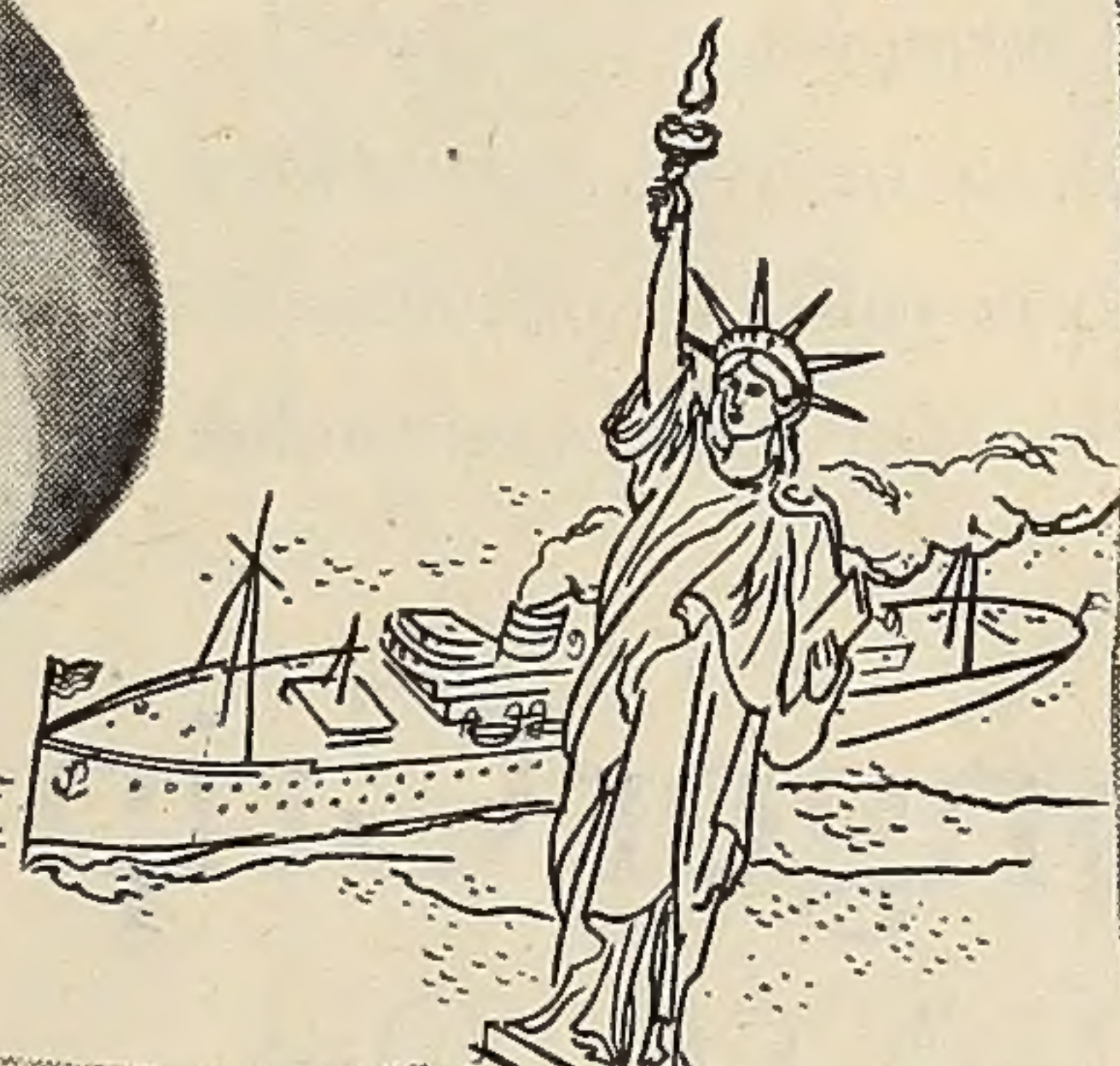
ONE more reason why we love Bette Davis. A friend who was visiting her on the "Winter Meeting" set asked Warners' number one star how she felt about her new "rôle" of mother. Bette burst out laughing. "It's wonderful," she exclaimed. "But the first few times I picked up my daughter, from force of habit I'd say—come, dear, come to Auntie Bette!"

(Please turn to page 15)

"I kiss your warm sweet lips...
and every dream I've ever dreamed comes true!"



"MY GIRL TISA"!
MAKING EVERY
MOMENT THROB
WITH EXCITE-
MENT..SHARING
THE LOVE OF A
LIFETIME....IN
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OF THE YEAR!



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my girl Tisa

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MILTON SPERLING
Screen Play by Allen Boretz • Based Upon a Play by Lucille S. Prumbs
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A Gripping Tale



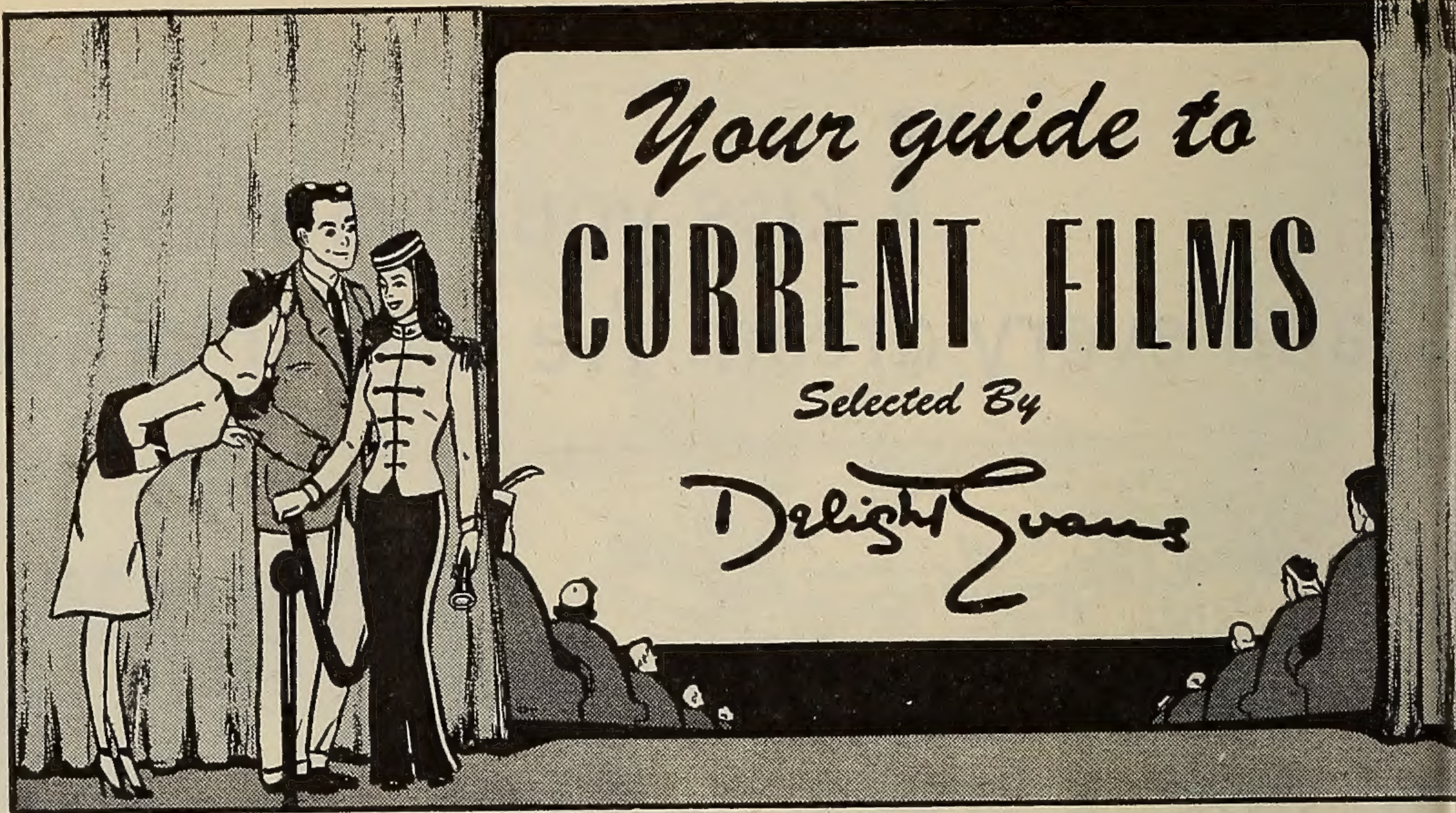
DeLong Bob Pins hold your hair as firmly as a thriller holds your attention . . . The Stronger Grip DeLong boasts about is no mere slogan dreamed-up by ad-writers . . . It's a fact as cold and hard as the high-carbon steel that goes into these quality bob pins . . . Try them and see how much better DeLong Bob Pins stay in your hair, how much longer they keep their strength and springy action . . . You'll never go back to the wishy-washy kind of bob pin that's in your hair one minute and in your lap the next. Always remember—

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CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE



20th Century-Fox



THE BISHOP'S WIFE



Samuel Goldwyn—RKO



NIGHT SONG



RKO-Radio



TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE



Warners

SCREENLAND

Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

Pageantry painted with the bold hues of brilliant Technicolor is stressed in this film version of Samuel Shellabarger's popular novel. But Tyrone Power, as the Spanish nobleman, a fugitive from the historical Inquisition—a romantic character if there ever was one—stands out against the Mexican background to excellent advantage. Jean Peters, as the peasant "camp follower" who nurses him through his injuries after various brushes with danger, is a vivid personality in her first movie rôle. Here's a new star you'll want to watch. Highlight of their romance occurs in the scene in which Ty and Jean dance the Zarabanda—a real treat! The story centers, however, around conquests of Cortez, played with fine gusto by Cesar Romero. Tyrone's cohorts, Lee J. Cobb and Alan Mowbray, are colorful.

A glowing glimpse of "heaven on earth," if people would only remember that they are human beings, is the heart-warming theme of this movie masterpiece of wit and wisdom, comedy and romance. It's tops in entertainment, with such able talents as Cary Grant giving a superb performance as Dudley, the visiting Angel of Robert Nathan's novel, David Niven and Loretta Young following suit in the rôles of the Bishop, who has lost the common touch in his consuming desire to build a great massive stone cathedral, and his wife who watches the change in him with growing anxiety. Such miracles as Dudley performs to guide the Bishop back into less material and more spiritual matters are so minor the Angel seems almost human. Monty Woolley, James Gleason, Gladys Cooper are tops in support.

The appeal which Dana Andrews has for femme audiences is given full sway in this dramatic opus dealing with the bitterness blindness brings to a budding young composer and the sentimental "dawn" of light—an love. Merle Oberon, as the philanthropic playgirl who feigns blindness in order to imbue him with inspiration to finish his musical masterpiece, carries her rôle with all the sincerity at her command, but in several instances, episodes have a tendency to ring false notes. Ethel Barrymore, grand thespian that she is, registers strongly as Merle's aunt and companion, whose common sense brings the romancers together. Hoagy Carmichael stands by, too, with an exceptional characterization as Dana's "eyes," and the musical treat is worth waiting for—Artur Rubenstein's piano performance.

This "womanless" picture directed by John Huston from his own screenplay based on B. Traven's novel reaches down to the darkest depths to show the dramatic effects of that old demon gold upon human behavior. Here, too, is Humphrey Bogart topping his own previous performances of his gangster picture days as the down-and-out beggar for meals and cigarettes South of the Border and going dramatically berserk over his share of the treasure which he and his partners, Tim Holt, an itinerant worker, and Walter Huston, a professional prospector, find in the Sierra Madre mountains. Mexican bandits, staging ruthless raids on the gold seekers, add a great deal to the action and breathless suspense of the plot. Bruce Bennett and Barton MacLane turn in convincing performances in supporting cast.

You may hate Leah...

or love Leah...

but you'll never,

never, forget

Leah!



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

SUSAN PETERS

in

The Sign Of The Ram

co-starring

ALEXANDER KNOX • PHYLLIS THAXTER • PEGGY ANN GARNER

RON DAME MAY ALLENE
RANDELL WHITTY • ROBERTS

Screenplay by Charles Bennett • Directed by JOHN STURGES • Produced by IRVING CUMMINGS, Jr.
AN IRVING CUMMINGS PRODUCTION

Based upon the novel by Margaret Ferguson

SCREENLAND





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BLOUSE \$7.98

PLAID BLOUSE

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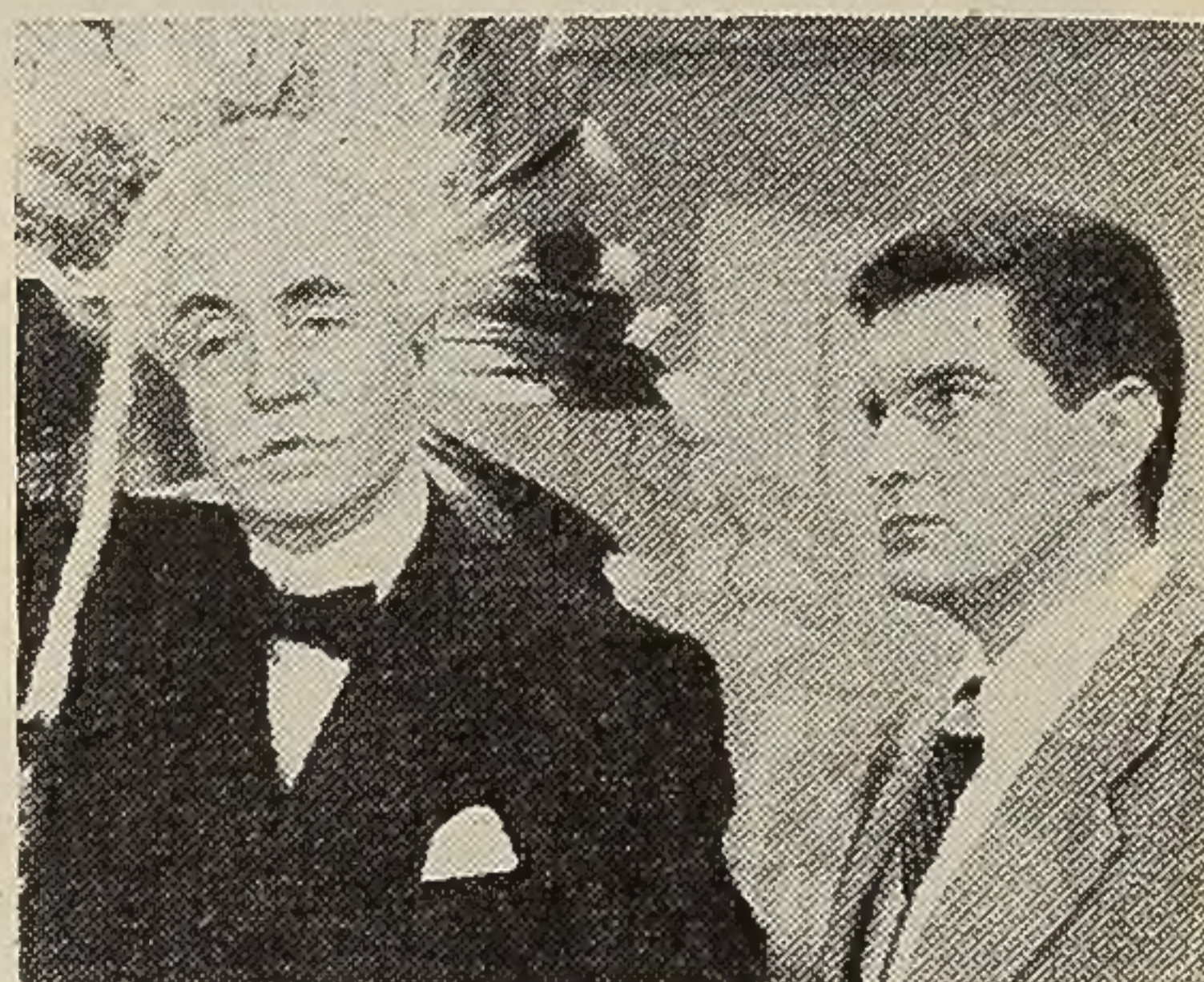
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DAISY KENYON—20th Century-Fox

Here's what they call "a woman's picture," but we'd call it a picture for everybody who likes a good strong romantic drama with splendid performances (not for kiddies, though). It's a triangle—with a difference; the lovely lady in the case (Joan Crawford) is a career woman who has made an unsuccessful effort to end her long affair with a married man (Dana Andrews); the third member of the triangle (Henry Fonda) is an ex-soldier who has become a dreamy drifter—until he meets the alluring lady. What happens to these three, how they solve their problem as she is forced to choose between the two men makes an absorbing, sophisticated show. Crawford is fine, Andrews uncompromisingly honest; but it is Henry Fonda with his quiet, clever underplaying who will charm the audience.



THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET—U-I

The buffoonery and broad burlesquing of characters in this satire of politics and politicians relies heavily on the typically American brand of understanding. If you are "with it," you'll have a heyday of fun when William Powell comes to town as the indiscreet senator who has kept a diary over the thirty-five years he—and all his relatives—have lucratively spent in office. Aiding and abetting him in his preposterous bid for the presidency, Peter Lind Hayes gives an expert account of the resourceful press agent, who, with smart reporter Ella Raines, ferrets out the culprit who stole the diary.



IF WINTER COMES—MGM

A few more idealists, such as A. S. M. Hutchinson's *Mark Sabre*, who lives by a strictly honest code, might make this a better world in which to live, but as he emerges in this screen version, he seems a little too good to be true. Walter Pidgeon lives up to the rôle with every trick of his trade, and you'll be fascinated with the sturdy courage he displays when the entire population of his home town is ready to call him a criminal. Deborah Kerr is excellent as the childhood sweetheart who comes to his defense when his carping wife, a part which lovely Angela Lansbury plays expertly, deserts him at the murder inquest. Janet Leigh, as the censured girl *Mark* befriends, is a brilliant starlet to watch.



MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA—RKO-Radio

Bold, daring, a noble experiment—it's all true of this screen version of Eugene O'Neill's famous play. Produced as a trilogy by the Theatre Guild 16 years ago, this grim drama derived from Greek tragedy has been given a painstaking production by Dudley Nichols. Set in post-Civil War New England, the sombre, depressing story concerns the unwholesome *Mannon* family and proceeds in stark, unrelieved terms to relate the steps leading to their inevitable downfall. Definitely aimed at the O'Neill enthusiasts, the picture undoubtedly marks a milestone in Hollywood's artistic growth; but despite the presence in the cast of such stars as Rosalind Russell, Michael Redgrave, Katina Paxinou, Raymond Massey, Leo Genn and Kirk Douglas, it is not entertainment as usual movie audience sees it.



GOOD NEWS—MGM

Yes, it's good news tonight for moviegoers frankly out for light, frothy entertainment and not much more. This new Technicolor version of the Broadway show of some seasons back is good, fresh fun on the campus with no complications—unless you can call the romance between June Allyson, never prettier, and handsome Peter Lawford complicated, involving as it does a fair rival Patricia Marshall. Joan McCracken is a comely whirlwind as campus cutie of the 20's Mel Torme reveals his Velvet Fog voice and a nice boyish personality. The whole talented troupe knock themselves out to amuse you.



T-MEN—Eagle Lion

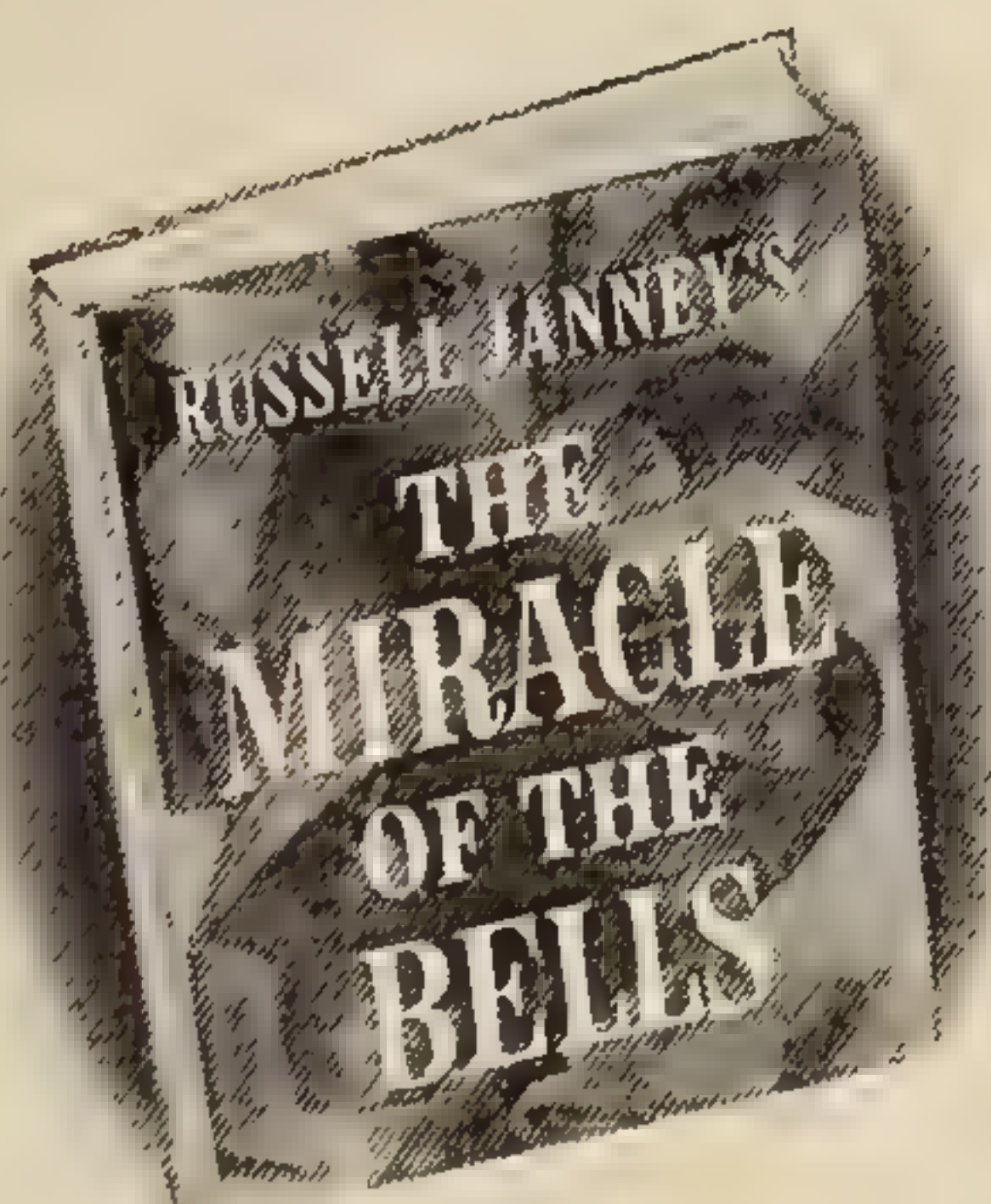
The danger that lurks in every sequence of Edward Small's documentary drama recounting the activities of U. S. Treasury undercover agents, will leave you breathless with suspense. Based on an actual case from the Treasury's files, the facts have been arranged with a dynamic continuity that makes for smashing film entertainment. Dennis O'Keefe and Alfred Ryder give high tension accounts of the T-Men as signed to the "Shanghai Paper Case," involving a nationwide circuit of counterfeiters. Good as they are, however, acting honors go to Wallace Ford for his authentic portrayal of *The Schemer*, a hypochondriac who meets his destiny when he tries his schemes on the Big Boss of the ring.

IT WILL MAKE *You* BELIEVE IN *Miracles!*



The *Miracle of the Bells* will send your spirits soaring with its romantic enchantment . . . its freshness . . . its tenderness . . . its delightful humor. Everything

about it is as warm and as snug as a hug. Here's a *wonderful* motion picture that will send you home smiling . . . give you that "all's-well-with-the-world" feeling!



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with

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Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and WALTER MacEWEN

Directed by IRVING PICHEL

Screen Play by

BEN HECHT and QUENTIN REYNOLDS



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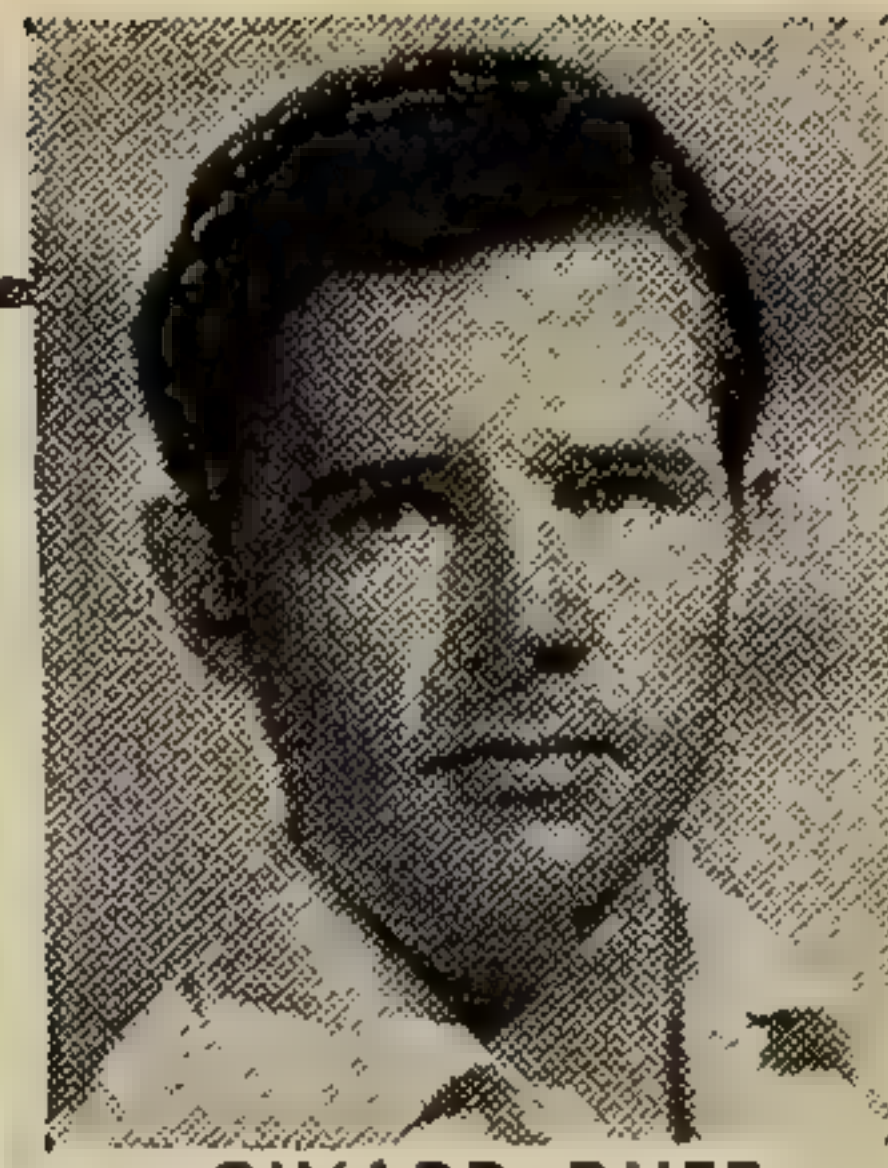
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FANS'



Forum



BIBLE STORIES FOR TOMORROW'S CITIZENS

First Prize Letter
\$10.00

I like your magazine, and read it regularly. That's why I'm depending on you to print what I'd like to say in behalf of American youth. We're the citizens of tomorrow—the people who will hold this country together. But according to all reports, we're going to the dogs so fast that we may not be able to do our future job. Yes, those are strong words; but did you read the evening paper, and did you listen to your radio yesterday, today, any day? We're not really bad, it's just that we're young and haven't found a code to live by—to give and take by—in these indecisive times.

You, Mr. Movie Maker, can give us that code! How? Through one of the strongest influences in our lives, the American movie. We're sick to the core of murderers, adulteresses, and thieves—of the shallow supermen who flicker across the screen and wind up at the end with too many notches on their guns, and too much stolen gold. You see, we're too gullible. We try to live this stuff, with sad results.

Take some of those swell actors like Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Marshall Thompson and cast them in some of the great Bible stories of love and gallantry and truth. If you don't think they can be exciting and entertaining, and still have something deep and lasting, just put them before us. We'll go for them in a big way, and you, Mr. Movie Maker, will be proud of the pay-off—better men and women for tomorrow's America.

ANNA LEE WEBB, Indianapolis, Ind.

NOVEL TRUTHS

Second Prize Letter
\$5.00

My particular burden at the moment is about the screening of my favorite novels. I love to read, and do! Then comes the inevitable. I attend the screen version. With

Cheers and Sneers

Everyone has a chance to assert his or her opinion in this department for the benefit of the entire movie-making crew—and for his or her own personal satisfaction. Kindly criticism and helpful suggestions are strong factors in making the movies your number one entertainment. Write your letter to Fans' Forum now! Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00, and five \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of each month.

Please address your letters to Fans, Forum, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

the exception of "Song of Bernadette" and "Keys of the Kingdom," I have come home feeling most unhappy about the whole thing. This is why.

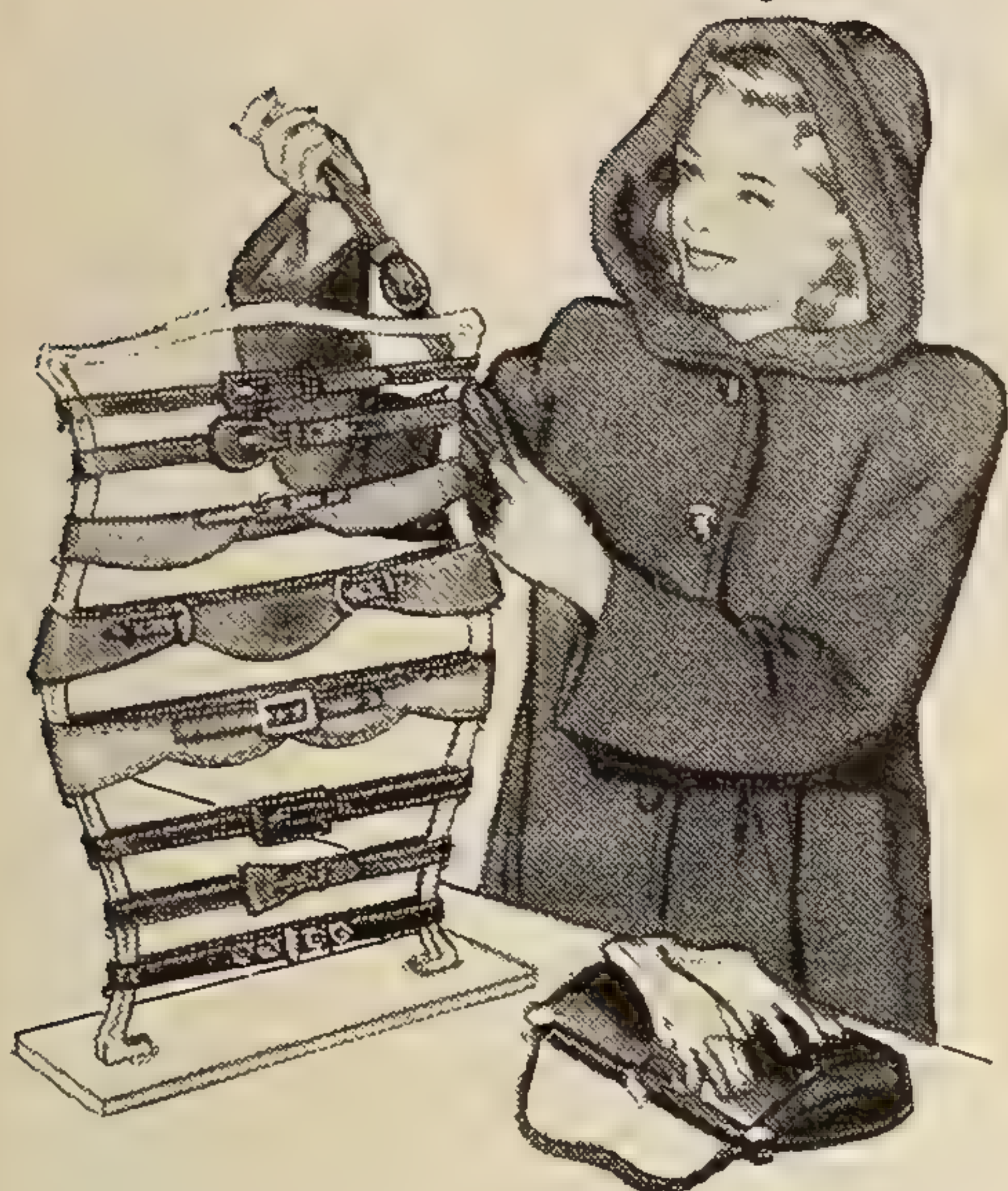
When I read any novel, I find thoughts expressed that remain with me a long time. I write these down and from time to time read them over and over. It is a poor story (and I seldom read one) that does not contain at least a few uplifting ideas; speak of some ideal or preach at least one sermon. But these are almost always lost in screening. Without spoiling the story (in fact it would enhance the story-appeal) and without "preaching," these lessons, bits of wisdom and philosophy could be woven through the dialogue and through the characters concerned, until the "point" could be made perfectly clear while the story retained all its drama.

There was a wonderful lesson in the screenplay of "Possessed," but if I had not explained it carefully to my fifteen-year-old, it would have been entirely lost on her. More than that, she had considered it a horrible picture until I had discovered in it the terrible truth of a selfish disposition that couldn't take "no" for an answer!

I have pages of quotations from the book, "Green Dolphin Street," and wonder if any of these "truths" will happily find their way onto the screen. I plan to see it when it comes to our town to find out.

C. BAKER, Jeanerette, La.

Are you in the know?



Which belt style should "shorty" choose?

- ☐ Wide
- ☐ Narrow
- ☐ Either width

You may fancy the wide 'n' handsones . . . or the new, mere wisps of leather for your waistline. Here's the clue: Wide belts cut height. If you're a shorty, take the narrow style. As for choosing *sanitary napkins*, let fit and comfort be your guide. They're virtues you'll always find in Kotex—in Regular, Junior, Super. Yes, whatever your own special needs—a choice of the 3 Kotex sizes gives you one that's exactly right!



What's best if winter gets under your skin?

- ☐ More "fuel" for your frame
- ☐ Stock up on sweaters
- ☐ Firemen's flannels

Winter gives you the chilly-willies? You needn't be a Numb Dora. Stoke your system with warmth-giving foods—extra lush with Vitamin A. Guzzle lots of liquids: fruit, veg and sky juice. All to keep you cozy, help guard your skin. For comfort on "calendar" days, there's nothing—but *nothing*—like the new, softer Kotex. With downy softness that *holds its shape*. Made to *stay soft* while you wear it. 'Nuff said!



She is telling the world that she's—

- ☐ A curfew dodger
- ☐ No cover girl
- ☐ The dentist's delight

Comes the yawn—and all too often it reveals more mouth than manners. What's intriguing about tonsils? A smooth gal will cover those yawns—to spare her glamour and etiquette rating. You can rate an A for assurance, if you know how to spare yourself problem-day embarrassment. Simply choose the napkin with the exclusive *safety center* (Kotex!) This special Kotex feature gives you *extra protection*.



When in doubt about whether to "dress up"—

- ☐ Don't be a Plain Jane
- ☐ Don't go
- ☐ Don't

Will the wing-ding be informal, or a fluff-and-flowers affair? Naturally, you'd like to look your loveliest—with competition what it is these days. But when in doubt about dressing up—don't! Better to err on the

casual side; at least you're less conspicuous. At certain times, there's never a doubt about confidence—with Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. Keep you in the poise department.



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins



3 guesses what girls forget most!

- ☐ Use hand cream or lotion
- ☐ Trim straggly eyebrows
- ☐ Buy a new sanitary belt


Forget to keep your mitts well creamed . . . or weed out bristling brows? Not you! Fine. But how about remembering to buy a new sanitary belt? Why be like most girls, and keep forgetting—keep putting it off "till next time?" To get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new, Kotex Sanitary Belt!

Yes—because the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. A Kotex belt is adjustable . . . all-elastic.



Kotex Sanitary Belt

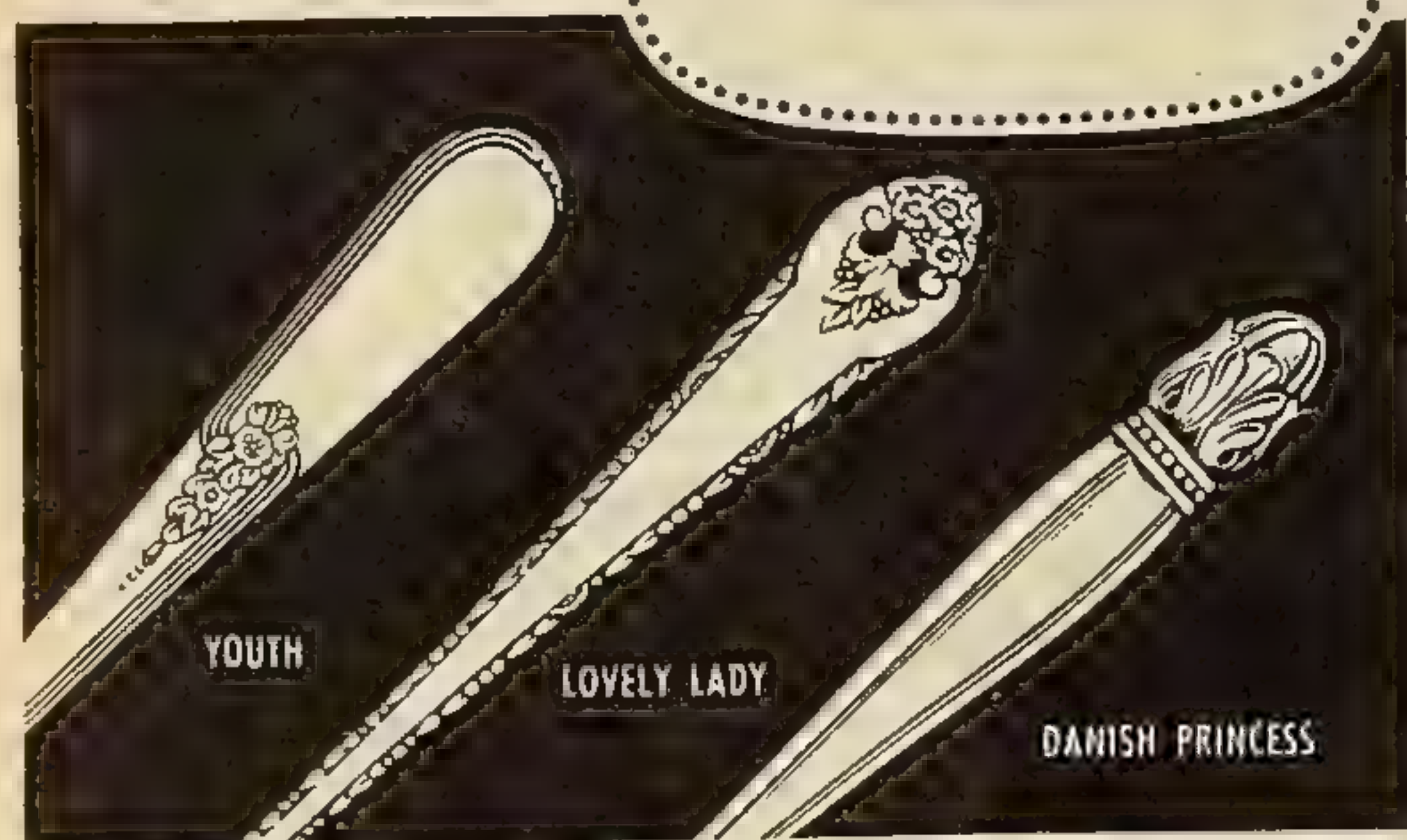
Ask for it by name



The new *Vogue*
in table settings

The two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.)

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID
SILVERPLATE



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For Rounded Uplift...

Allegro

BRASSIERES
by
Maiden Form



In addition to exquisite uplift, "Allegro" also gives average bosoms beautifully rounded lines. As illustrated in Tearose or White Broadcloth or in Lace with Rayon Satin back, \$1.50. With 2-inch diaphragm band. Tearose or White Broadcloth, \$2.00; Black Satin, \$2.50.

"THERE IS A MAIDEN FORM FOR EVERY TYPE OF FIGURE!"

Send for free Style Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16, N. Y.

JUNIOR VILLAINS

\$1.00

The other day I read that Margaret O'Brien's mother has been arguing with the studio about cutting off the famous pigtails. Her mother does not want this done, as the pigtails are the child's trademark. I wonder, however, if the lady protested against her daughter's rôle in "The Unfinished Dance," as well.

Although the picture is impressive for its beautiful dancing and vivid color, all through it I kept thinking that such a part is in poor taste for a child who is an idol of countless sensitive and impressionable youngsters. It seems to me that there is enough of brutality and horror in the adult rôles, without making a "villain" of a child.

Shirley Temple achieved what was probably an all-time high in popularity, yet I don't ever remember her in any movie which would have been a bad influence on a child's mind. I believe there are still many rôles which are suitable to Margaret's talents, and which need not be questioned as suitable entertainment for children.

EDITH ZITTLER, Los Angeles, Calif.

ROMANCE FOR LANCASTER

\$1.00

In my opinion, one of Hollywood's most talented, up-and-coming actors is Burt Lancaster. He has everything that Gable, Power, Taylor and Grant have, and more. His naturalness in enacting his parts is one of his greatest assets. He is always starred as the hard-boiled gangster type. How about some clean-cut, tender love rôles for him, which I am positive he can capably handle? Don't misunderstand me. I think he is a wonderful actor in these gangster pictures, but I think that in starring him in the same type of rôle such as the "The Killers" and "Brute Force" Hollywood is hindering his ability to portray his skill as the ardent lover. In my estimation Burt Lancaster should be co-starred with some of Hollywood's more talented and experienced actresses such as Lana Turner and Susan Hayward.

HELEN BOUCHAT, Arnold, Pa.

VIVACIOUS GINGER

\$1.00

There has been so much discussion about the type of "young" rôles Ginger Rogers has been playing lately, and especially that of the teen-age girl in "Heartbeat." Critics

insinuate that she is not fooling anyone but herself in thinking she can put over these young girl rôles. Well, as for me, Ginger, keep right on.

When I leave one of her movies, I am full of pep, vim and vigor, with my morale at a new high. In other words, I feel "alive"! If I could have half the vitality she has and shows when I am her age, I will be happy.

Why, I know many girls in their early twenties who act as though they were forty. There is nothing better than a young outlook on life to keep not only yourself feeling young, but those around you, for what could be more catching than the invigorating charm and vivaciousness of a woman's speech and actions.

STEPHANIE SZKLARZ, Palmer, Mass.

A PUFF FOR DUFF

\$1.00

In a recent issue of Fans' Forum, L. Barrett suggested that Howard Duff and Ella Raines co-star in "The Adventures of Sam Spade." No, no, a thousand times no! Ella Raines is not the type to play *Sam Spade's* secretary, but def! Why not Frances Gifford? She's both glamorous and talented. Frances even looks like the secretary type! As *Effie* she could cry on *Sam Spade's* shoulder better than Ella Raines.

I am sure everyone who is a Howard Duff fan would love to see him in a series of "Adventures of Sam Spade." But please don't type him! As everyone knows who has seen "Brute Force" and will see "Naked City" and "All My Sons," he can play any type of rôle.

NANCY ATWOOD, Venice, Calif.

RITA'S CROWNING GLORY

\$1.00

I can't understand how a lovely actress like Rita Hayworth could be persuaded to cut that long, beautiful hair just to play in the picture, "Lady from Shanghai." I personally think it will affect her popularity in the movies. Her long hair has made her famous and I think the public will not like this change very much.

Rita Hayworth without that long, red hair just doesn't look like herself. Ever since I've seen her in pictures I have envied her beautiful hair, and I'm quite sure thousands of other girls have copied her hair styles. She looked twice as sweet and pretty in "Cover Girl," "Tonight and Every Night," and many others, before she cut her hair.

CARMELA HARTNETT, East Boston, Mass.



It's a picnic for Michael when he visits Papa John Wayne on the John Ford-Merian C. Cooper picture, "War Party," for RKO Radio release. Henry Fonda serves the milk.

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

JUST before he took off for Washington where the FBI background scenes are being shot for "Street with No Name," Mark Stevens handed his wife a large package. It was a mink coat to keep her warm while they brave the eastern snowstorms. Instead of having the usual monogram inside on the lining of the coat, Mark had the furrier embroider his telephone number. Now would *you* call up if you found a mink coat? Annette has no intention of losing it, so don't answer that one.

TALENT really runs in Fred Astaire's family. His wife Phyllis artistically landscaped the grounds of their new Beverly Hills home, so now all their friends are urging her to go into business. Speaking of Fred, his favorite story concerns the day he brought his daughter Ava on the "Easter Parade" set. Judy Garland's little Liza happened to be visiting her famous mother at the same time. "My father dances and sings,"



bragged the Astaire offspring. Liza looked thoughtful. "My mother knits!" she boasted in retaliation.

PERSONAL to Jack Carson: You have our full permission to let your head start swelling! No less an authority than Billy Wilder, who is now directing "A Foreign Affair" with John Lund, Marlene Dietrich and Jean Arthur, thinks that you are the most talented actor in Hollywood. Nice going, Jack—especially when Bill has never even met you.

ANN Rutherford is quite a nice little friend to have around. As a present for Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob's expected baby, Annie's completely furnishing their nursery. There's even a toy turtle, painted pink and blue. Why the turtle? Because "Mommy" Parker was so wonderful in "Voice of the Turtle." It's just to remind Junior.

STILL in an "Old English" mood after appearing at the Command Performance in London, Bob Hope rushed right down to the set to see his pal, Bing Crosby. They were just about to shoot the scene for "A Connecticut Yankee" where Bing meets King Arthur. Bob took one



Shirley Temple Agar displays colorful costume of "War Party," her last picture before the "blessed event." Left, John Agar, making his movie debut, practises carrying papoose.

look at the Crosby costume and cracked: "Ah, Ye Newie Lookie!"

WHY Hollywood producers become hermits! At a major studio recently, a little starlet complained to her boss. She had just finished her third picture and was so exhausted, she just *had* to have a rest. That same day, the same executive was called by Dame May Whitty. The 82-year-old actress wanted to know when she was going to work. The week previous she'd completed "If Winter Comes," her 101st screen rôle!

THE papers are practically signed, sealed and delivered for Hedy Lamarr to co-star with Robert Cummings in "Let's Live a Little." Here's hoping the title influences the la-marvelous one, who has had more than her share of heartache this last year. Bob's producing this picture himself. It's a comedy, and Bob's the boy who can put it over.

CAST and crew threw a big party for Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan the day they finished "Letter from an Unknown Woman." The huge cake was baked in the shape of a letter (natch!) and addressed to Joan and Louis in gooey chocolate handwriting. Joan cracked out with champagne for the gang.

WAIT until you see the charming costumes Eddie Stevenson, top designer at RKO, dreamed up for Irene Dunne in "I Remember Mama." Irene thinks Eddie should have his share of the credit toward her brilliant characterization. She said as much on a gold money clip, engraved in her own handwriting and presented to Eddie on the last day of shooting.

MADELEINE Carroll's back, and after the job she did for European orphans, Paramount's happy to forgive her for walking out on them. With Madeleine is Henri Layarel, the handsome Frenchman she married after divorcing Sterling Hayden. After a belated honeymoon in South America, Madeleine (she's still beautiful and so-o-o slender) will make a movie. Bob Hope's hoping to get his "favorite blonde" for "Sorrowful Jones."

GENE TIERNEY (whose New Year's resolution was "no more suspensions") was talking to Dana Andrews between scenes on "The Iron Curtain" set.

"Do you like the new long skirts?" inquired Miss T.

"I like them better at *see level*!" cracked Dana.

Give those hands of
yours a treat and they'll be
a treat to the eyes

Deal Yourself A Winning Hand



Lizabeth Scott gives daily care to keep her hands lovely and well-groomed.

By **Claire Finucane**

WHY, oh why don't all women realize that attractively manicured hands are as important to their good looks as makeup? Why don't they give them as much care? Why do they dress up like a kewpie doll and then go out without polish? Guess we'll never know the answers to all these questions, unless it is that these gals just don't care!

So don't you be one of these careless femmes. Remember that nail polish on your nails is just as much a necessity as lipstick. Nor should polish be daubed on any old way; it should be applied carefully at least twice a week allowing a half

hour for the routine and then in between times you can patch it up with the same color polish. To give yourself a professional manicure, do the right hand first. Reason for it being that you use the right hand more than the left and this procedure will permit your polish to set longer on that hand.

Let us here and now decry the notion that if you leave polish off for a while, it helps to strengthen the nails. Nothing could be more ridiculous. If your house needed painting would you say that neglecting to take care of it would strengthen the beams? Hardly! So it is with nails.

They need redecorating to keep them looking beautiful. As a matter of fact, any girl with brittle nails knows that when she leaves polish off for any length of time the nails seem to split more readily. Just like paint on a house, polish helps to protect those nails of yours.

A good treatment for dry brittle nails is to give them (Please turn to page 73)

Lizabeth, star of Hal Wallis' picture, "I Walk Alone," shows you steps to perfect manicure. Cuticle oil, filing, and a final touch of hand lotion.



*It's Listerine for You, Chum... but **QUICK!***



The "Bottle Bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*)

THOSE innocent-looking flakes and scales you see on scalp, hair or dress-shoulder are a warning. They may be symptoms of infectious dandruff . . . and that is a distressing, unsightly condition that no woman wants to risk.

This is no time to fool around with smelly lotions or sticky salves that cannot kill germs. You need antiseptic action . . . and you need it quick! It's Listerine Antiseptic for you, followed with several minutes of vigorous finger-tip massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives your scalp

and hair a wonderfully cool and refreshing antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*). This hard-to-kill germ, many dermatologists say, is a causative agent of the trouble.

You will be delighted to find how cool and clean your scalp feels . . . how wonderfully fresh your hair looks . . . and how quickly those distressing flakes and scales that rob the hair of its magic, begin to disappear.

In clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to

76% of the dandruff patients:

When you wash your hair

If you're smart you will not wait for symptoms; you will make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing as countless fastidious men and women do. It's a healthful, cleanly habit and may spare you a nasty siege of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than sixty years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?

**NOW IT COMES TO THE SCREEN WITH
NOTHING LEFT UNSAID AND NO EMOTION UNSTIRRED!**

*Most acclaimed
motion picture
in history!*

"BEST IN YEARS!"
Walter Winchell

"MOVIE OF THE WEEK!"
Life

"PICTURE OF THE MONTH!"
Red Book

"PICTURE OF THE MONTH!"
Liberty

"PICTURE OF THE MONTH!"
Screenland



Darryl F. Zanuck presents

**GREGORY PECK
DOROTHY MCGUIRE
JOHN GARFIELD**

in Laura Z. Hobson's

Gentleman's Agreement

**20th
CENTURY-FOX**

with **CELESTE HOLM • ANNE REVERE
JUNE HAVOC • ALBERT DEKKER
JANE WYATT • DEAN STOCKWELL
SAM JAFFE**

Produced by

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Screen Play by

MOSS HART • ELIA KAZAN

Directed by



The Editor's Page



"I REMEMBER Mama." I also remember Mother in "Life with Father." So do millions of other satisfied moviegoers. What I'm wondering is, do we remember Irene Dunne?

No, we don't! That is, not enough, not with due and sufficient regard for the fine artist and lovely lady you are. Not, so far, with an Academy Award. In fact, I'm afraid we take you too much for granted. You've gone your quiet way, always giving splendid performances, through the years. Of course, you've been handsomely rewarded for same, but that's another thing. You've handled your success so sanely. You lead a quiet family life, you've been married to the same husband for twenty years, you're a devoted mother and a conscientious citizen. You don't hit the headlines or the gossip columns because the sort of life you lead doesn't lend itself to splashy treatment. Yet you're no sissy, either; there's a good Irish humor and a twinkle in the eye proclaiming you a very human being. If you don't win an Oscar, there's no justice. As far as your fans are concerned, you've already won.

AN OPEN LETTER TO IRENE DUNNE

from *Delight Evans*



For her fine performances in "I Remember Mama" (left above) and "Life with Father" (far right) Irene Dunne rates an Academy Award. For her always gracious womanly charm, her long and happy marriage to Dr. Francis Griffin, her constructive stand as a public-spirited citizen, such as her widely heard broadcast with the Rev. J. Herbert Smith, we nominate her First Lady of Hollywood for 1948.

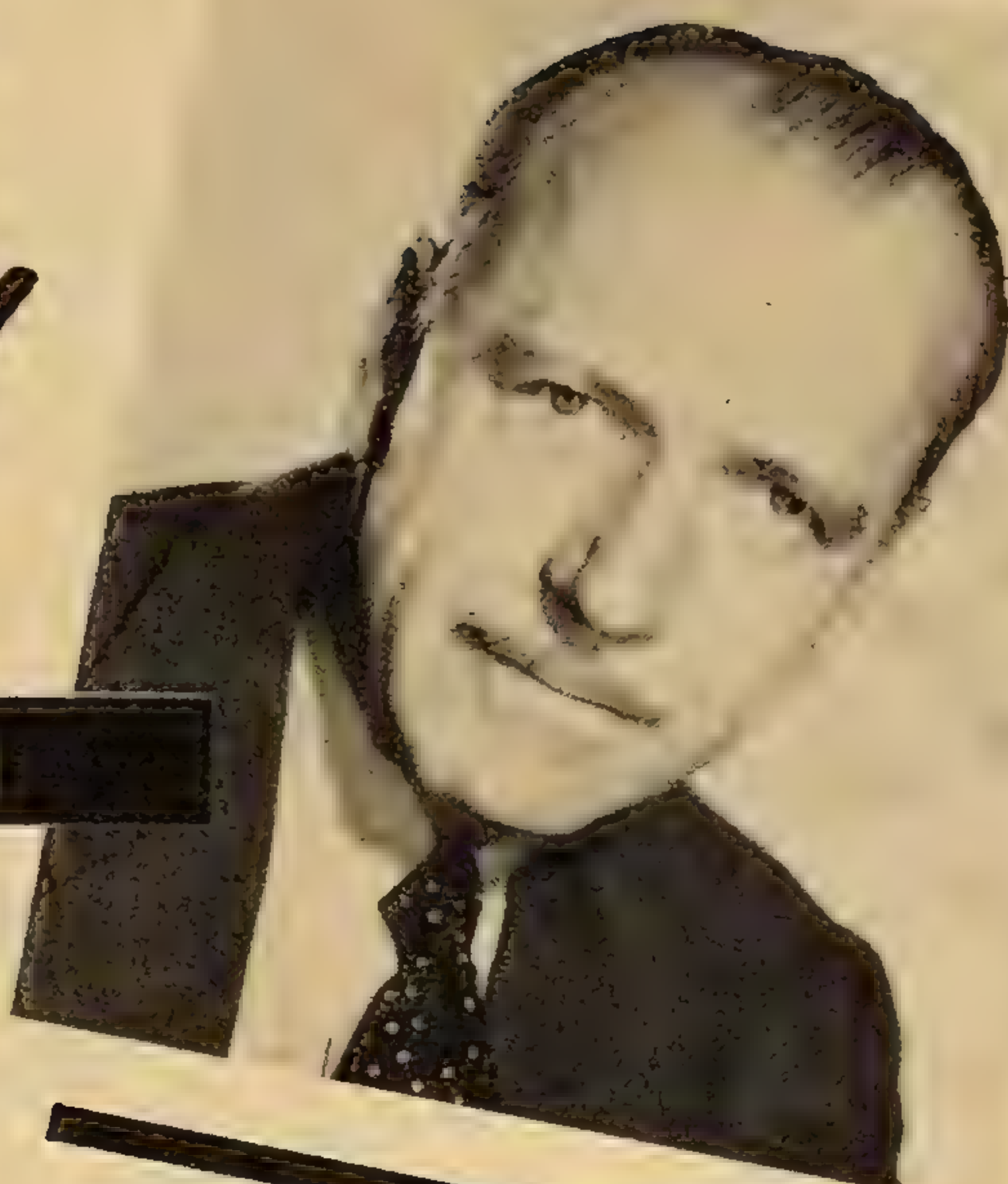
Lana Turner



It's Fun, But It's *TOUGH!*

By **CAREY WILSON**

For the first time, a famous
producer reveals top secrets
about his exciting job. *Exclusive!*



ONE NIGHT a couple of years ago, I was in New York for one of my too rare and too brief visits. That's my home town originally, and before I leave, I always get sentimental because of my boyhood there. So, as is the custom, my last night I gathered up some of the boys from the publicity department and we went around the town having a drink here and a sandwich there in the byways of New York.

By the time we got to the Stork Club for one last drink, they were just closing up the Cub Room, and the only other occupants were Walter Winchell and the late and beloved Damon Runyon. Damon couldn't speak audibly at this time. The operation for the trouble that took his life had taken away his gruff, exciting voice. I knew, as everyone else knew, the magnificent devotion that


Winchell gave Damon, always keeping him with him day and night. I had met Winchell before, and I liked him, doubly so because once, as a famed figure, he'd played straight and made me a "big shot" with my adolescent son. So when he asked me over, I gratefully sat down with them.

In the course of the conversation, he complimented me on my last picture, "The Postman Always Rings Twice." He mentioned he'd seen some others recently which were not so good.

(Please turn to page 60)

Carey Wilson, producer of MGM's "Green Dolphin Street," one of the currently most popular "big" pictures, tells you in his article how he achieved the stunning effects you see in the film, as well as giving you colorful side-lights on his stars: Lana Turner, Richard Hart, Van Heflin, below; and Donna Reed, at right.





So there's
nothing new to be
added to your in-
formation on Alan?
You'll be surprised
at what this story
reveals about him



You've read all sorts of stories about "Laddie"—home stories, in which he is pictured as a happy husband and devoted father (which he is); outdoor stories, telling of his athletic activities; studio stories, about his hard work on the set. So you may think there's nothing left to be written. Well, you haven't read anything—until you've read our new-slant story. On this page: Ladd on location with Donna Reed, below, for "The Long Gray Line." Right below, with Veronica Lake in Paramount's "Saigon" (watch for our forthcoming fictionization of this one).





The bland menace of the movies is a magnet for autograph-hunters wherever he goes—even at West Point, above. Lower left, with his two best girls, Sue and Alana.

MEMO to

Alan
Ladd

From Gladys Hall



PACE, PACE, pace, up and down, up and down, up and down, that's what you used to do. Wearing the carpets out with your pacing. Wearing yourself out, too. Nervous, that's what you were. "Awfully nervous," you admit, "but now, not as nervous as I was."

The ranch has been your sedative, you say. The twenty-five acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley you and Sue bought couple of years ago. An old barn, half burned down, a couple of garages, were all that was left of the place when you took title. Oh, yes, and a reservoir, which you made into a swimming pool. "Put the pool in myself," you told me, "and fenced it." Of the garages, you made living rooms, dining-room, bedroom and kitchen. With the dirt thrown away from the drained reservoir, you made roads.

"Just in health alone, the ranch has been wonderful for me," you say. "Take out my pacing at hard labor. With the pick and shovel. And at rough carpentry work. The finer touches—such as making airplane models, for example—that I could never do. Be all thumbs. Or plumbing. A leaking tap, for instance, such as we had recently and I stood by, helpless, while it flooded the kitchen floor, ruined everything. On the other hand, I'm a hedge-trimmer de luxe. Very fancy with the pruning shears!"

If you were not an actor, you would be a builder, you say. Sue says so, too. Says you have great imagination about building. And are not chary about doing the work of building, the work that's done with muscle and sweat, yourself. She also says you have very good taste about decorating and furnishing a house. "A million things to choose from," says Sue, "and Alan's eye hits on the one thing that is unusual."

You tell me that Sue used to say, "You'll never get me on a ranch as long as I live!" Now, you add, amused and pleased, "you can't keep her off the ranch! We spend every spare minute we have at the ranch. In addition to the health-giver it is, and the fun for all of us, Susie, the kids and me, we're trying to put it on a paying (Please turn to page 66)



The Winter Ball brought out Hollywood's elite. Eye-filling, celebrity-studded event was an all-star date on the social calendar. Above, Jimmy Stewart squires Rosalind Russell and Joan Caulfield.

IT'S BEEN many a movie moon since screenland has witnessed such an eye-filling, breath-taking and pulse-quickenning spectacle as this year's Winter Ball, which was an all-star date on the social calendar in Hollywood. Of course, there has been a nightly round of brilliant affairs. As Jack Benny says, "I don't know why they say anything about fog in Southern California—the stars come out every night!"

But seriously, I don't think anything could top the scintillating formal party which took place in the beautiful new Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. The whole idea was dreamed up by Kay Kyser to raise funds for the benefit of St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, and stars and society leaders turned out in glamorous regalia, at \$100 a couple. Sponsors for the glittering affair, which Irene Dunne said reminded her of the old Mayfair days, were Bing and Dixie Crosby, Dr. Griffin and Miss Dunne, the Bob Montgomerys and the Dick Powells.

What an array of stunning gowns and fabulous jewels, accompanied by white ties, the evening presented! It was almost as dazzling as the functions I attended in London in connection with the recent wedding of Princess Elizabeth to my friend Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. But the wonderful part was

that before the evening was over, George Murphy, who acted as master of ceremonies, was able to announce that \$25,000 had been raised that night for St. John's and that the Winter Ball was to become an annual affair!

George is an ideal master of ceremonies because he is so humorous without being caustic and he never pokes fun at anyone but himself, which I think is the secret of truly clever wit. Ridicule of another person is such an easy weapon that it seems a shame to use it. George really outdid himself that night by introducing all the wonderful talent. Xavier Cugat and his orchestra flew in especially for the evening and provided the most exotic Latin-American rhythms for dancing and the accompaniment for such special performers as Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour and Danny Thomas, all of whom contributed their services.

Jack Benny did that hilarious hill-billy routine of his and even persuaded Señor Cugat to take off his shoes! Dorothy Lamour, looking enchanting in an off-the-shoulder evening gown of shimmering satin, sang some heavenly ballads, but the real hit of the evening was provided by Bing Crosby, who did a medley of his most popular tunes of all time, with new lyrics describing how much St. John's Hos- (Please turn to page 69)

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD'S SOCIAL CIRCLE

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD'S SOCIAL CIRCLE

BY COBINA WRIGHT




Come along with Cobina to the
month's most spectacular parties!
Famed social leader is honored
guests at all the important events



Atwater Kent, right, was host to the young Duke and Duchess of Montoro, pictured with Mr. Kent at right, and above with Merle Oberon and her husband, Lucien Ballard. Below, other good-time guests: Pat O'Brien and Maureen O'Hara, the Van Johnsons, Livvy deHavilland and her husband, Marcus Goodrich.





the Case of Gregory Peck

Confronting this fine actor
and gallant gentleman is the
question: just how popular can
you get? Now with "The Paradine
Case" coming up Peck tops
his own past performances



No other actor in Hollywood even approaches Peck's record for magnificent artistry: "The Yearling," "Gentleman's Agreement," "The Paradine Case." Above, with Ann Todd; below, with Valli in scenes from the David O. Selznick picture.





Rod Cameron is
one Hollywood hero
whose life story
would make a more
colorful movie
than any picture
in which he has yet
played. Don't miss it



Six-foot-five, Rod towers over Lois Collier, sweet starlet at left. Now a favorite escort of movie beauties, Rod remembers that life wasn't always like this. He started working when he was 12.

WHEN ROD CAMERON—all six feet, five inches of him—escorts a lush babe to a Hollywood night spot, he must occasionally reflect that life wasn't always like this. Every now and then, he must look in the mirror and grin, "Hello, Rod, you lucky stiff!" Because being a movie star was just about the last thing a guy who lived for years under the earth digging tunnels ever expected. Maybe he remembers the explosion where the whole heading crew was blown to bits. He was about

300 feet away and didn't get hurt. Lucky, he was. In a way, he's had a four-leaf clover with him ever since he started out on his own as a kid to make his way in the world.

Maybe, sometimes, the turn of events didn't seem exactly blessed with good fortune. But the way things have worked out, you can see the pattern. It all had to be. That's how his type of two-fisted hero was born. When he was 14 and came to New York from Canada, it wasn't easy to leave (*Please turn to page 58*)



Rod brings his mother to Universal-International to see movies made. Rod's in "Pirates of Monterey," and "River Lady," with Dan Duryea, upper right, Yvonne De Carlo, below. Lower right, with Duryea, Helena Carter, Paule Croset.



★ the Man from Down Under ★

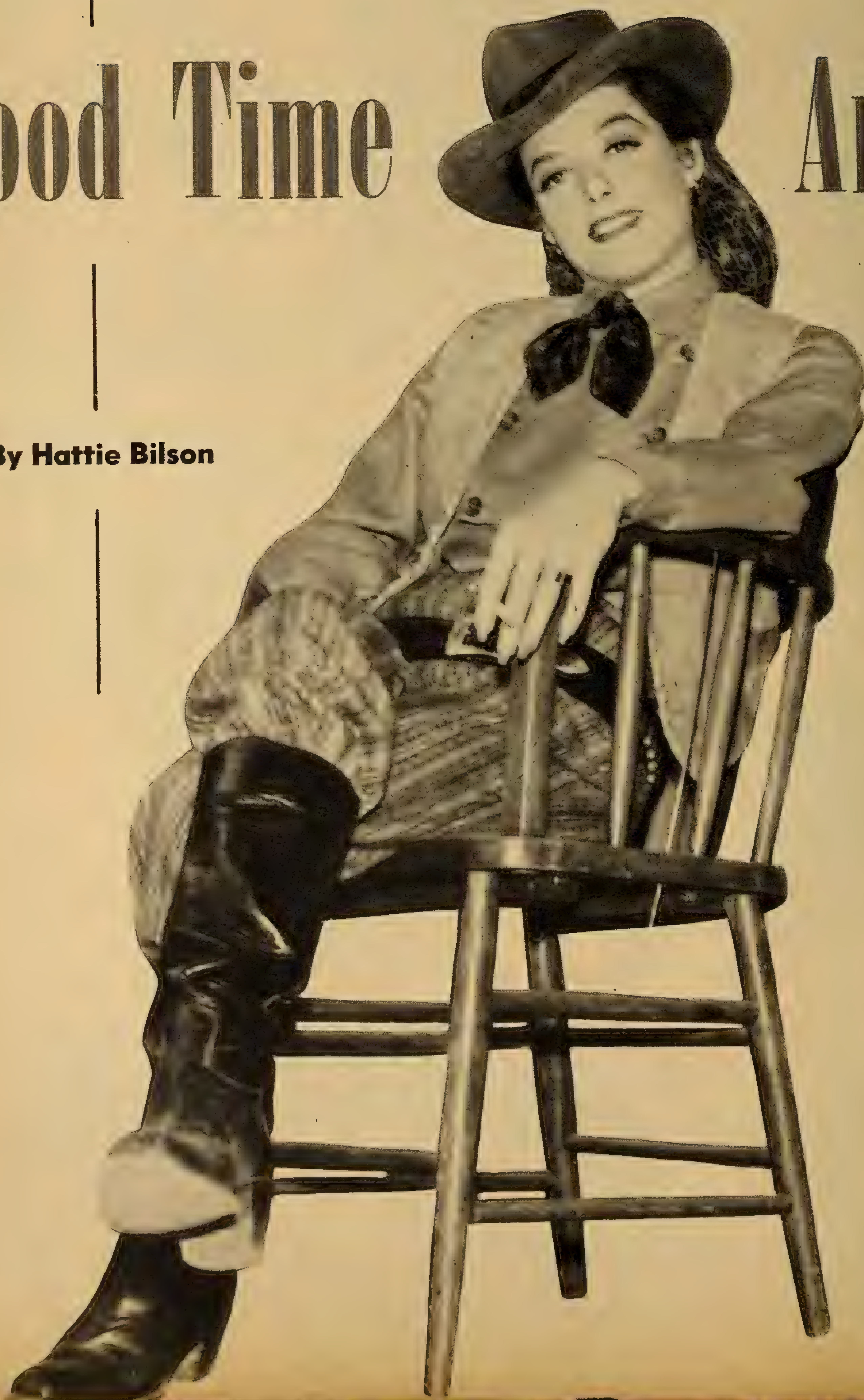
By Marie Kirkwood

She likes to see people have
a good time. And they
always do, when Sheridan is around

Good Time

Annie

By Hattie Bilson





Annie has a sense of humor that explodes like a firecracker, particularly when the joke is on herself. Above, with co-star Errol Flynn, a good pal, on location for Warners' "Silver River."



Annie works as hard as she plays. Above, concentrating on dialogue for her next scene with Flynn, coached by Director Raoul Walsh, Sheridan is just another hard-working gal.



Even her makeup man is a Sheridan fan. Eddie Allen takes closeups of his star with his own 16-mm camera. Below, Annie chats with cinematographer Sid Hickox between scenes.




ANN SHERIDAN would probably throw something at your head if you dared suggest she could serve as a model for the Salvation Army song, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." Whether she likes it or not, it's true.

Not that Annie sheds the Salvation Army variety of sweetness and light. Annie likes to see folks have a good time; possesses a sense of humor that explodes like a firecracker, particularly when the joke is on Sheridan. It's as simple as that, and the results are wonderful.


During the filming of "Silver River," Annie's fun-making talents proved a special boon. On location at the Warner Ranch in San Fernando Valley, with the temperature an unwavering 106—hundreds of extras in heavy period costumes—horses whinnying and kicking up dust all over the place—the director yelling for more speed—a rugged sense of humor was required to keep members of the company from tearing each other apart. Fortunately for them, Annie had enough humor to go 'round.

There was that tender love scene in the picture that just wouldn't come off. Leading man Errol Flynn, after a week's absence due to strep throat, was tense with the strain of trying to make up for lost time. Annie, in white satin and diamonds, should have been inspiration enough, but the harder he tried to relax and get into a romantic mood, the further he got from his goal.

The situation was growing desperate when an extra came along handing out cigars. Errol turned away from Annie for a minute to accept one from the new daddy. When he (*Please turn to page 59*)



Charmers Cyd Charisse, whom you applauded in MGM's "The Unfinished Dance," will next be seen in "On An Island with You," with Esther Williams, Peter Lawford, Ricardo Montalban, and Jimmy Durante. Exclusive color photo by Eric Carpenter.



MARCH						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Let March winds blow!
 We say Hello
 To this month's maid
 Who's not afraid.
 She knows her way:
 Her day's Tuesday,
 Her number's nine.
 Her future's fine.
 In fact, she's first—
 So forward March,
 And do your worst!

Girl of the Month • Cyd Charisse

Darryl F. Zanuck Presents
OLIVIA deHAVILLAND
in

"THE SNAKE PIT"

Also starring
MARK STEVENS and LEO GENN
with


Celeste Holm, Glenn Langan, and the
following players:

Helen Craig	Howard Freeman
Frank Conroy	Beulah Bondi
Minna Gombell	Lee Patrick
Katherine Locke	
Ruth Donnelly	
June Storey	

Directed by Anatole Litvak. Pro-
duced by Robert Bassler and Anatole
Litvak. Screenplay by Frank Partos
and Millen Brand. Based on the Novel
by Mary Jane Ward.

20th Century-Fox

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen



the snake pit

A MOMENT ago the bird had been there on the lowest branch of the tree and there had been that contentment in her heart just sitting looking at him. It had been so peaceful sitting there on the bench looking at the bird and the sunlight turning the leaves of the maple to russet and gold, feeling the warmth of the sun on her skin.


Then the voice had come again, the voice that fell like hammer strokes against her brain. "Do you know where you are, Mrs. Cunningham? You know, don't you, Mrs. Cunningham? Did you sleep well last night, Mrs. Cunningham? How're you today? Do you hear voices?"

"You think I'm deaf?" Virginia said irritably. "Of course I hear yours." And she thought: "It's hard to keep on being civil when they ask such naïve questions. But where is he?" she thought wildly. "As if he were crouching behind me?"

She forced herself to turn. But there was no one behind her. Then as her eyes moved back again she saw the girl, the pale blonde girl sitting at the other edge of the bench, and her heart began beating frantically. It was so frightening the way things happened.

"He's clever," she thought. "But he can't fool me with his magic. It's an old trick, changing into a girl."

But she wasn't reassured by her logic. She kept looking at that other girl. The girl had no more (Please turn to page 35)



Scenes of dramatic power such as shown on these pages give you an indication of the impact of this most unusual drama. Olivia deHavilland as the heroine, Mark Stevens, far left, as her devoted husband; Leo Genn as the sympathetic doctor, Celeste Holm as her companion in distress—all contribute their fine talents to this outstanding film.

Novelized version of a powerful motion picture you won't

want to miss, with Olivia deHavilland in her most

dramatic rôle. Also starring Mark Stevens and Leo

Genn, with Celeste Holm, Glenn Langan and a fine cast



Olivia deHavilland in the rôle of Virginia, a writer, as she first meets Robert Cunningham, (Mark Stevens) who is to become her helpmeet through her desperate experiences. Center above, Minna Gombell as head nurse, Leo Genn as understanding Dr. Kik; right, Celeste Holm as protective fellow-patient, Grace.



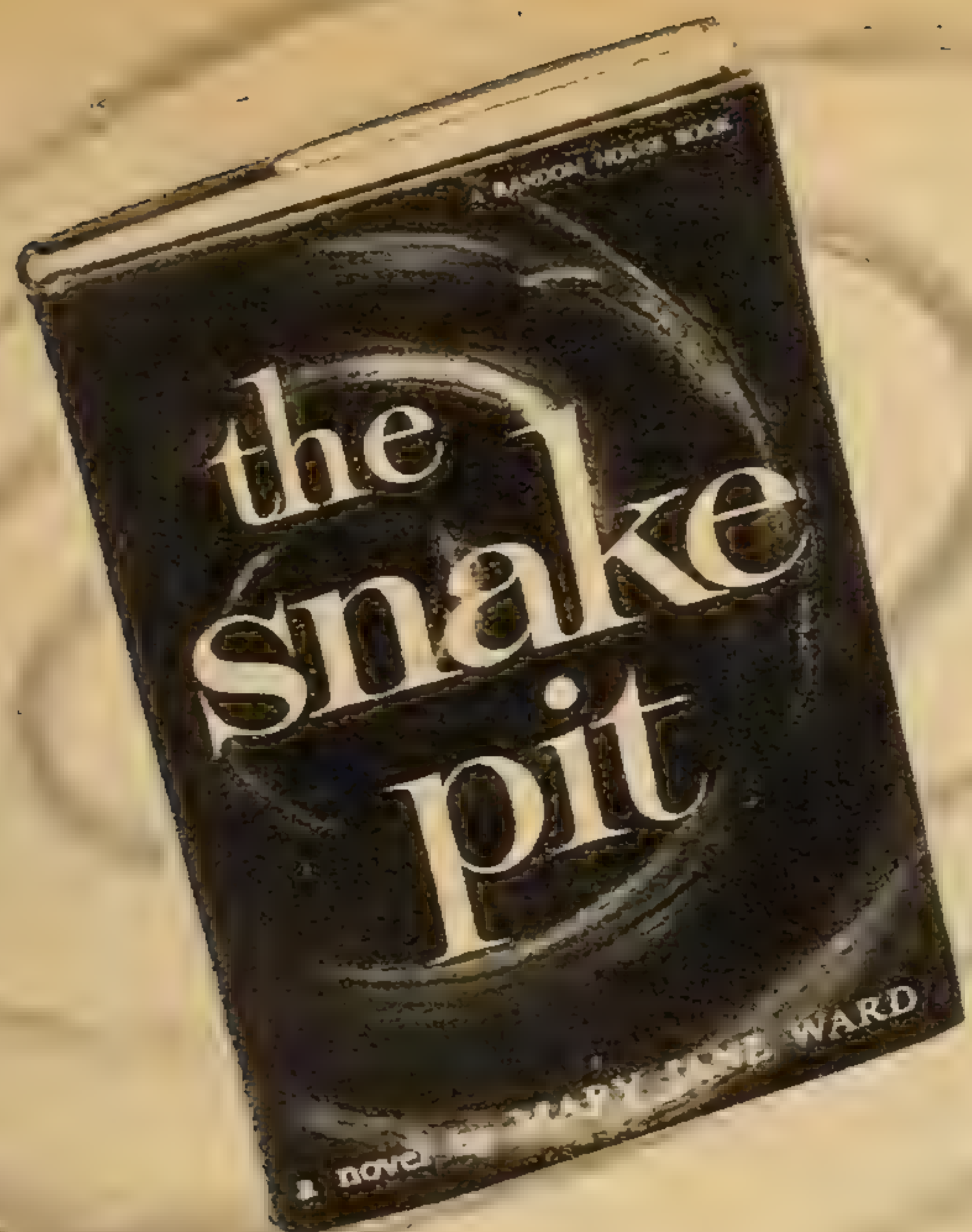
It is Dr. Kik, (played by Leo Genn, appearing in the three scenes above) who strives to solve Virginia's pathetic case by every means known to a humane and modern doctor on the staff of a mental hospital. Center, Dr. Kik tells Robert Cunningham he has never had a case history which told so little.



Her steadfast, devoted young husband stands by Virginia all through her dark hours. Center above, at final examination by the staff, (including Glenn Langan in the rôle of a friendly doctor) Virginia acquits herself well, and the gates of her "prison" show signs of slowly opening to a brighter future.



As she gradually emerges from the fog, Virginia is given a typewriter and told she may try to write again. Robert arranges a picnic which helps further to bring Virginia back to reality. At right above, she tells Dr. Kik, "Another reason I know I'm getting well again is I'm not in love with you any more."



Olivia deHavilland and Mark Stevens in their rôles of Virginia and Robert Cunningham, as they face the future with hope in their hearts, in 20th Century-Fox's forthcoming drama based on the distinguished novel, "The Snake Pit."



pride than to sit here in a public park in an apron. No *real* girl would do a thing like that.

She looked complacently down at her own dress then and saw it was almost a twin of the one the other girl was wearing. She couldn't understand it, unless it was a New York custom. Back in Evanston she'd never have gone out looking like that. But maybe all the women dressed that way in New York, and who was she to be different?

"Pardon me," she said suddenly. "But you look pale. Have you been job-hunting?"

"Oh, Virginia!" the girl said. "Don't be silly."

"You know my name?" Virginia glanced at her, puzzled. "You must have seen it on my bag." But she wasn't holding her bag and when she looked for it, even leaning over and peering under the bench, it wasn't there. "I don't know where it is," she said helplessly. "I was going to get some groceries and go back to the apartment and—where?" her head began throbbing with the urgency of having to remember. "*How do you get there? What's the name of the street?* It's the sun," she said aloud, trying to comfort herself. "It's too warm."

The other girl looked at her, shaking her head a little. She would have been pretty if she'd only bothered to fix herself up a little. Her eyes were blue. And they were such pretty eyes. Pretty and compassionate.

"I'm worried about you, Virginia," she said. "I wasn't going to tell you this, but I'm going to One. Maybe I'll leave from there. Yeah, before long I'll be on my own, wondering where the next meal's coming from."

"Poor thing," Virginia thought. "She must be hungry. Maybe she can help me get back home, then she can stay for dinner. Look," she said aloud, "how would you like to—"

It wasn't the girl who answered. It was a voice which sounded like a police whistle—like a fire siren—

"All right, ladies!" No woman's voice, no human voice had a right to sound like that. "Hurry up, ladies. Let's go!"

Virginia felt someone pulling at her and when the blur left her eyes she saw it was the blue-eyed girl. "Please, Virginia," she urged frantically. "You don't want to make trouble."

She sounded so frightened that Virginia obeyed. Then as she got up and looked around terror flooded into her heart. She was completely surrounded by bleak brick buildings, and springing up all around her were women dressed in aprons being herded into a line by two others in starched nurse's uniforms. Then as the line began moving she saw it was headed toward a wired, cage-like enclosure attached to one of the buildings.

"Oh, I see," she laughed at her former terror. "Why, it's a zoo! A tour of a zoo! I don't like (*Please turn to page 54*)

native son!

"You see," says
Bob Taylor, "people
forget I'm just a
guy from Nebraska."
With his handsome
face and terrific
torso—they can't help it



By Alyce Canfield

NO MATTER how many movies may star Robert Taylor, he'll always be the boy from Nebraska. In this screwy town, where the glamor and the glitter often distort values, Robert is as clear-thinking and down-to-earth as the day he left Beatrice, Nebraska, in search of a career. He'd probably be a better than average mechanic back in his home town today if Fate hadn't played a trick on him. Fate, a whimsical dame with a sense of humor, decided that any kid with the name of Spangler Arlington Brugh should have a couple of things tossed his way. What was tossed was the most terrific torso and the handsomest face since knighthood was in flower. Roughly speaking, it was enough.

It landed him in pictures, made him a world-famous star, got him a beautiful wife, and made the word glamor synony-

mous with Robert Taylor. Van Johnson was never like this! Girls were swooning over Robert Taylor long before Frank Sinatra came along. It was almost a crime for any one guy to be so fiendishly handsome. It *was* a crime, literally.

Because, you see, Fate, with her cute little sense of humor, badly miscast Robert Taylor. She took a completely homespun guy and gilded the lily. Then she sat back and prepared to laugh like crazy. But her glee was short-lived. For Robert Taylor has gone through life completely ignoring the fact that he's just about the handsomest thing on two feet. Fate gave him the looks and Hollywood gave him the trappings of glamor, but they both failed to achieve their purpose. Bob is as comfortable as an old shoe, as unprepossessing as an easy chair. You can't talk (Please turn to page 64)




As star reporter Alyce Canfield says, "No matter how many movies may star Robert Taylor, he'll always be the boy from Nebraska." In other words, genuine and down to earth. Above, businesslike huddle with Audrey Totter, Bob's leading lady in MGM's "The High Wall," reveals his earnest attitude toward his work.



In his new film Taylor plays a supposed homicidal maniac accused of killing his wife, with Miss Totter as a nurse in the mental hospital. Above, left, between scenes; right, a tense moment from the drama. Far right, when he isn't working he's off for a canter.





Jane Greer, who's
been playing
scheming sirens
on the screen, is
actually a happy
bride going all out
for domesticity

By Dora Albert

"the other Woman"

BECOMES A

WIFE

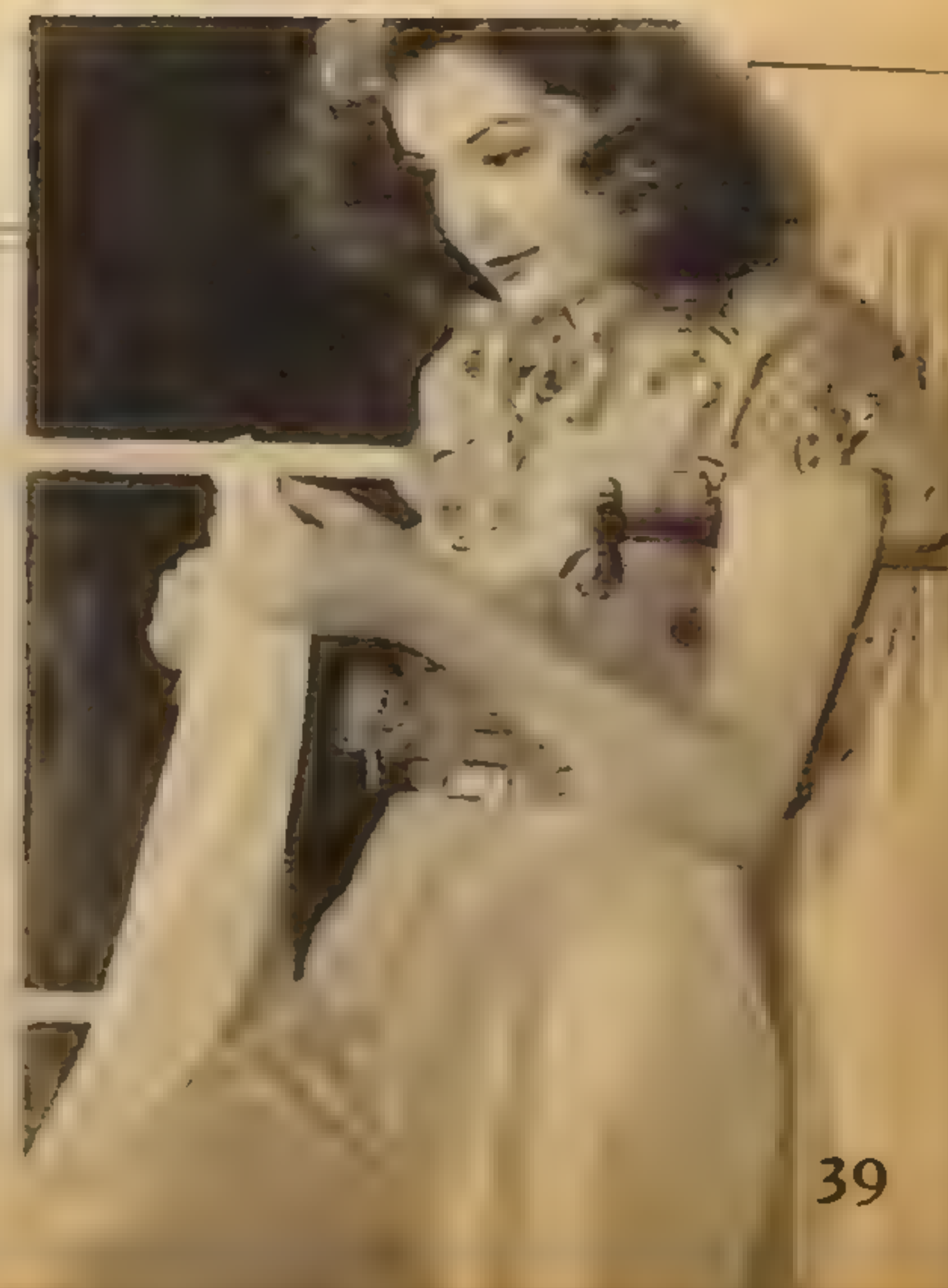


ONE OF the most famous "other women" in pictures—Jane Greer—frankly confesses that if she were ever to meet in real life the type of woman she portrays so frequently on the screen, the other woman would back her into a corner!

Of course, you've seen Jane Greer un-sheathing her claws as the "other woman" in such pictures as "Pan-Americana," "Two O'Clock Courage," "George White's Scandals," and most recently, "Out of the Past." You also saw her as

a more genteel type of other woman in "They Won't Believe Me," but as a rule she plays a nasty, witchy creature. Actually she's a gentle young woman, much more the dove than the flamingo type.

"I really don't know how to cope with a catty woman," she confessed to me over lunch at the RKO commissary. "I don't know what to say when someone makes a sarcastic remark. Of course, I ought to know all the answers, since they're in most of my scripts, but off the screen I just (Please turn to page 80)



Jane, above, in a typical Greer rôle, "the other woman" in Robert Mitchum's life for RKO's "Out of the Past." Top right, "the other woman" becomes a wife, the happy bride of Edward Lasker, pictured at the Stork Club in New York en route to a South American honeymoon.



Talk turns to records when Fred sits in on "Hit Parade" with Frank Sinatra. Below, bongo lad from the congo in Columbia's "Thrill of Music" short. Write to Fred and he'll tell you what you want to know about records.



June Lockhart, who makes a hit in her Broadway play, "For Love or Money," wins the admiration of Freddie, when she visits him on 1280 Club program.

Fred Robbins

RIGHT OFF THE RECORD

On be-bops, ballads or bongo
Fred Robbins never goes wrong-o

By Fred Robbins



On the set of Columbia's latest "Thrill of Music" short, Charlie Barnett, featured in film, gets some instructions in jockeying the disks. Below, with vocalist Jeanne Louis.



HYA, Doc! S'March on the clock. Get those feet out of hock and let's start to rock.

Yeah, it's the set of thirties (month) that comes in like a big cat and cuts out like that woolly little devil but along with the wind and the rain in your hair, there's a mess of sound for the little appendage of skin just underneath. 'Course you have to needle those little black grooves to get those sound waves rippling towards the hearing device, but that's not much trouble for a pile of pleasure, *n'est-ce-pas*, treasure? Did I say treasure? Guess I can't get June Lockhart off my cranium. Whatta chick! A real "gone" gal, to say the slightest! I'm beatin' my keys 'bout Gene and Katherine Lockhart's *jeune fille*, the babe who asphyxiated the N. Y. critics with her tremendous performance in "For Love or Money," with John Loder and Vicki Cummings, currently at the Henry Miller Theater in the concrete jungle. She fell into "Robbins Nest" one night and we had a ball together. June took over the program and she can always be a disk jockey if she gets tired of the stage or the movies. But she'd probably settle for her first love, water skiing, which puts little lights in her baby blues when- (Please turn to page 62)

america's loveliest colors

**—the choice of Hollywood's
glamorous stars! And Tangee goes
on easier, stays on longer!**



MERLE OBERON—

A reigning Hollywood beauty, says "I've tried dozens of lipstick colors... and the one that's best for me—and for every woman of my coloring—is Tangee Red Majesty."

GAY RED

RED RED

MEDIUM RED

THEATRICAL RED

NATURAL

TANGEE COLORS are recognized everywhere as the world's loveliest, smartest lipstick shades. And Tangee's own secret, exclusive formula means that Tangee goes on easier—stays on longer. No wonder more women have used Tangee than any other lipstick on this globe. *Let your next lipstick be—Tangee!*

Red Majesty
NEWEST HIT SHADE BY *Tangee*



RED MAJESTY—

New hit shade by Tangee...a rare red... a truly Royal Red... and you'll love what it does for your lips.

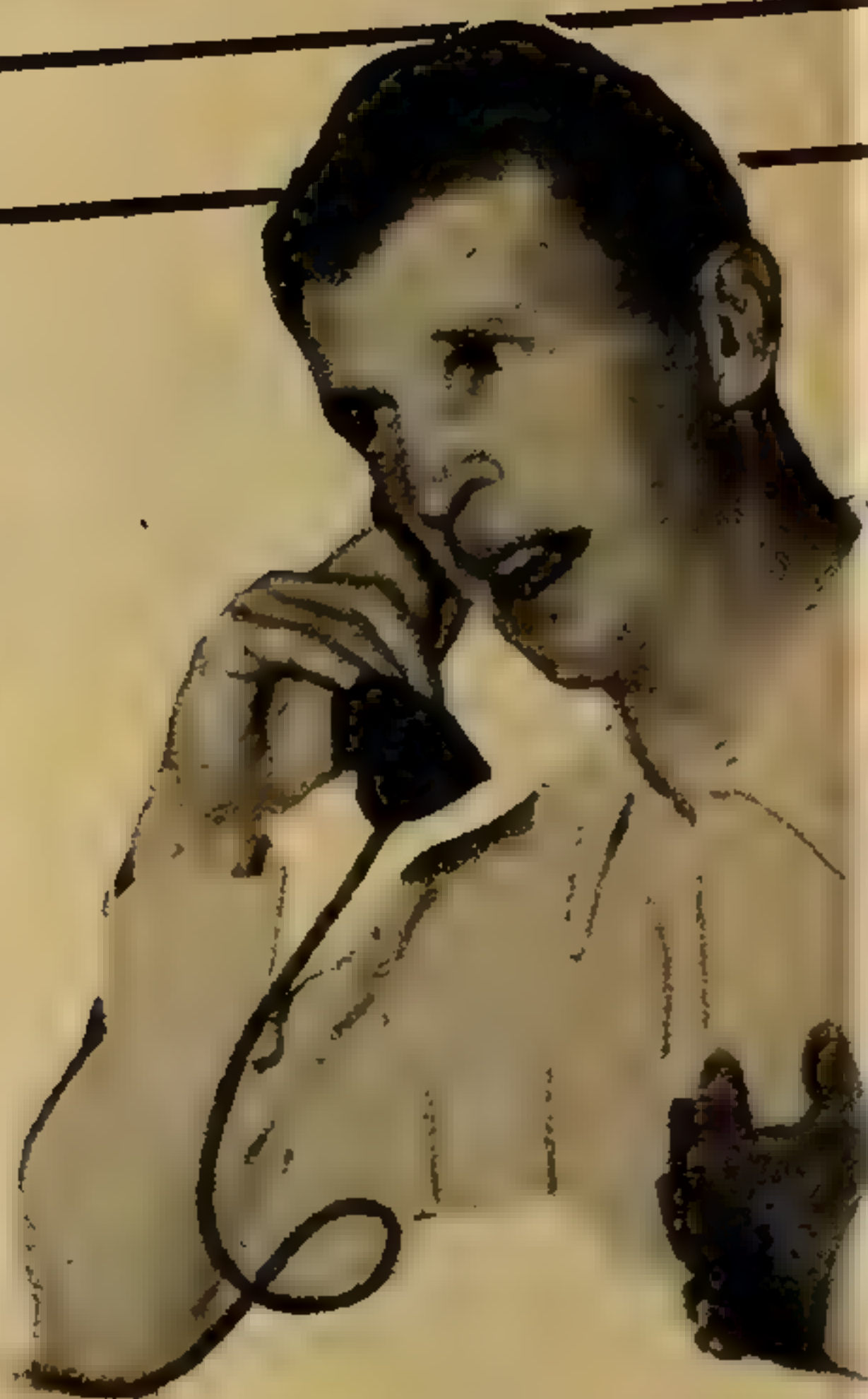
AL

DAILEY NEWS

Latest Edition

That famous father of "Mother Wore Tights" is a proud new Pop in real life. Dad and son doing well, thanks

By Jerry Asher



When Dan Dailey comes home from a day on the set of 20th Century-Fox's "You Were Meant for Me," he joins his pretty wife Elizabeth in admiration of their first-born, Dan Dailey III.



Dan Dailey I sent Dan II the family album picture at upper right so Dan III can see what his Pop looked like at the age of 7 months. When lovely blonde Liz came home with young Dan'I, the new father pitched into household chores with a right good will—well, practically. Below, scene with Jeanne Crain from "You Were Meant for Me."

I HOPE Dan the second is as proud of Dan the third, as Dan the first is proud of Dan the second."

That's what the wire said. The long, lanky Irishman read it again. Pure and unadulterated bewilderment registered in his blue eyes—blue eyes at this point that looked like they had been dunked in tomato juice. He was sure he had never been a pen pal of Gertrude Stein. Besides, she was dead!

Suddenly the fog lifted. The Isle of Erin broke into a broad grin. "Oh—oh—it's from Walter," he shouted. There was no need to shout, of course, for he was behind the wheel of his car and quite alone. Passing motorists gave him wide range. Eccentricity is no novelty in Hollywood, but shouting out loud to yourself was something new.

At this point we pause for station identification. The whimsical wire-sender was none other than Walter Lang, prominent 20th Century-Fox director, whose "Mother Wore Tights" converged Dan Dailey into sensational stardom. The motorist—Dan himself. Six feet four inches, two hundred and ten pounds of brand new flab- (Please turn to page 74)



HOLLAND: Before we get into the argument, I'd like to greet a newcomer to our board, the very personable Ann Sothern. Barbara Stanwyck, who served on the last month's topic, was forced to withdraw because of poor health. She is at present in Palm Springs for a long rest. So, Ann, I hope you'll enjoy our sessions. Now we're really going to be confused with two Anns on our forum. But down to business: our topic for this month is one that several readers have suggested and is a natural due to the current trend of pictures dealing with anti-Semitism and other such topical problems: "Should Movies Have A 'Message' or Merely Entertain?" To start off, let's see how your minds tick by asking you what you look for when you

decide to make a picture. What qualities must the story have?

GREG: Well, frankly, I don't look for the story as much as I consider who's the producer and who's the director. Any actor's story judgment can go haywire, but a big director and producer will usually work pretty hard to protect their investment. And that's probably not the answer you wanted at all!

LON: Well, Greg has something there, but putting in my two bits—not that I ever get a chance to decide on the picture I want to do—I prefer to do a film that has something to say. And says it in good taste and with a subtle touch.

Yeah, I know you're thinking of the animal pictures I've made like "Thunder in the Valley" and "Summer Lightning." And I guess you wonder how my theory holds true there. But even those pictures have had something good to say. Take a scene I had in a picture with a fine colored actor named Willie Best in which I was shown eating with him. That certainly implies tolerance and is a good thing for everyone with a prejudice to see.

ANN S: I want entertainment first in the pictures I do. Granted it's important for a film to say something, I still believe that people *(Please turn to page 76)*



SUSAN HAYWARD



ANN SOTHERN



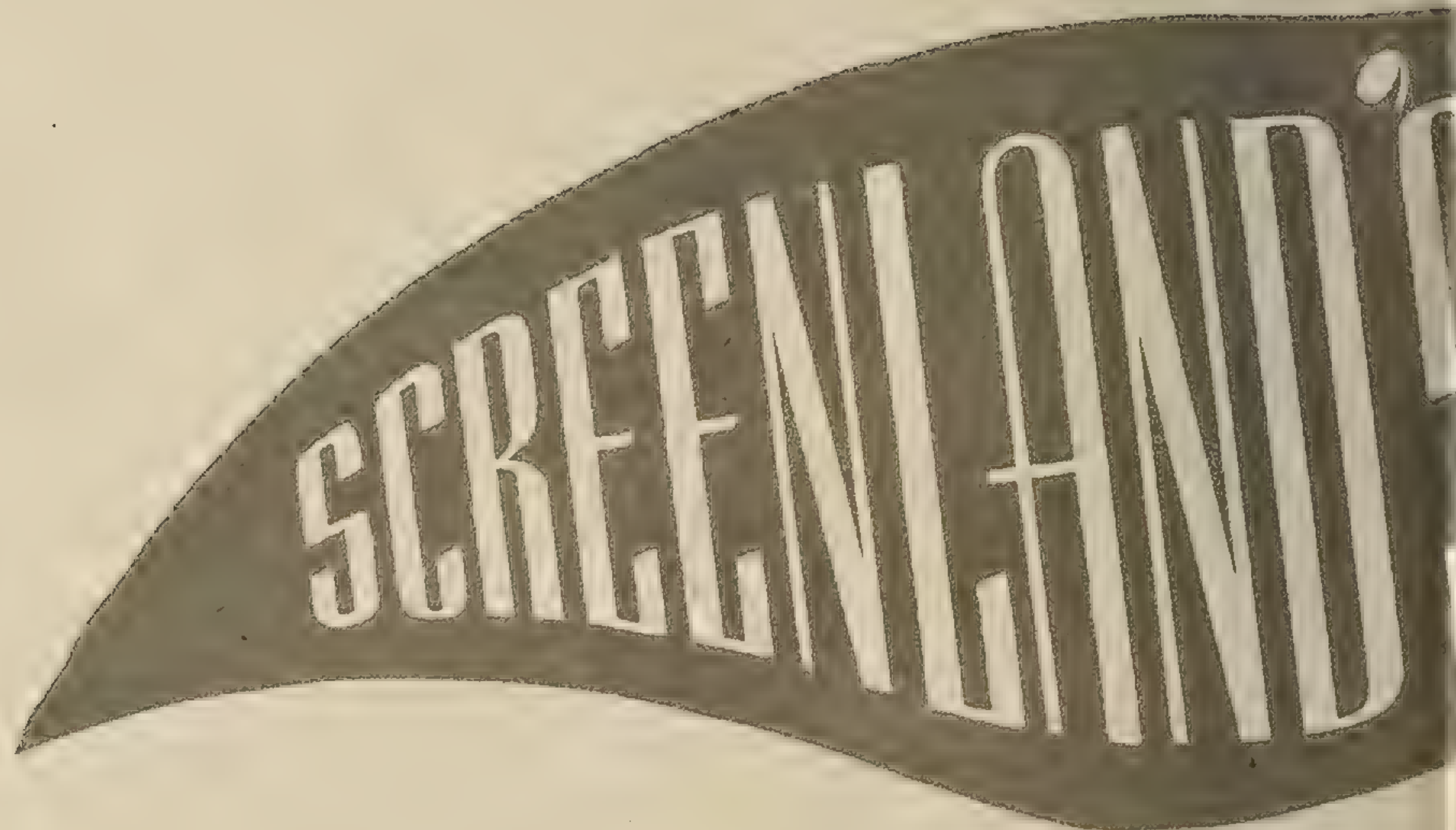
GREGORY PECK



ANN BLYTH

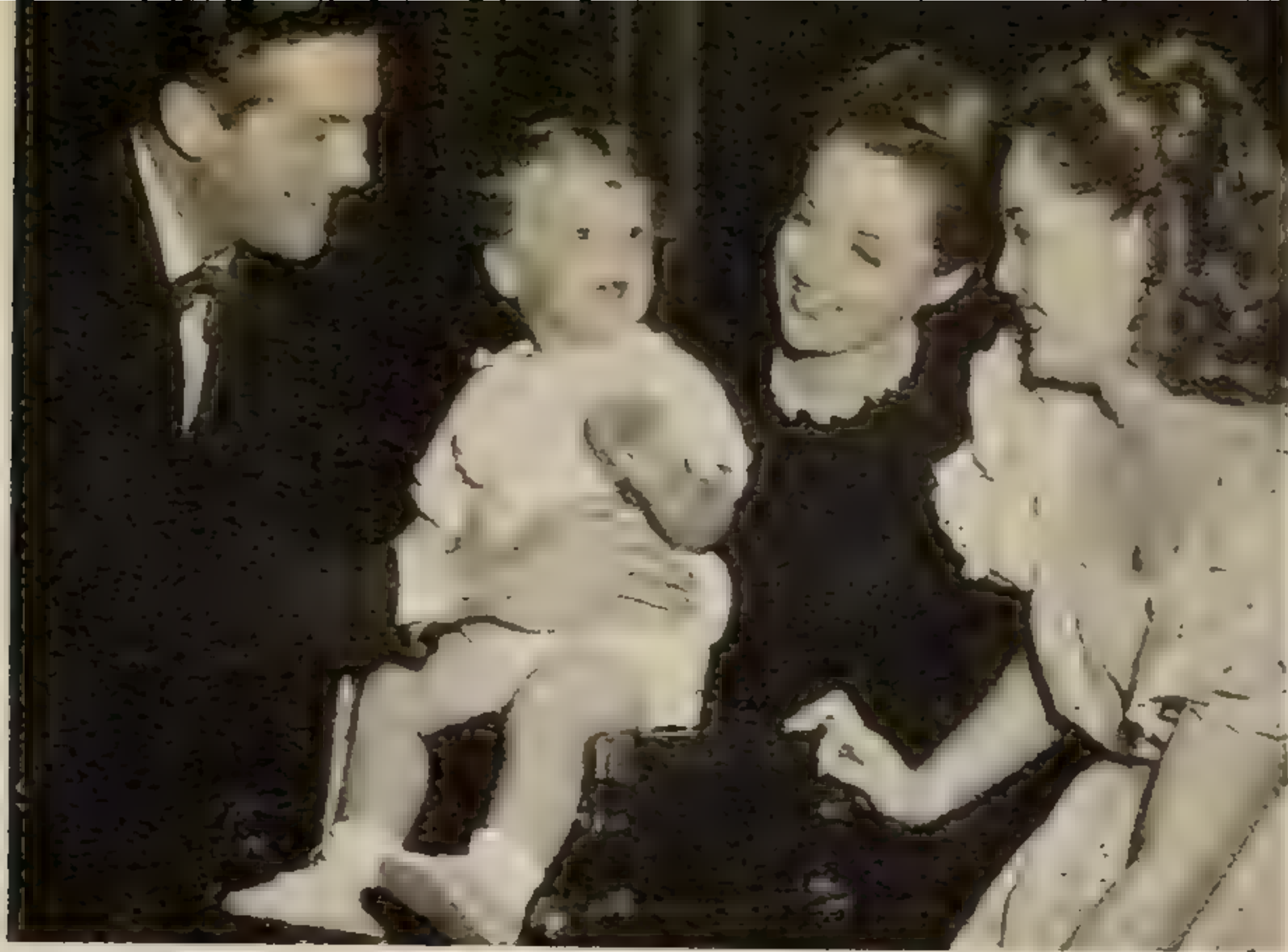


LON McCALLISTER

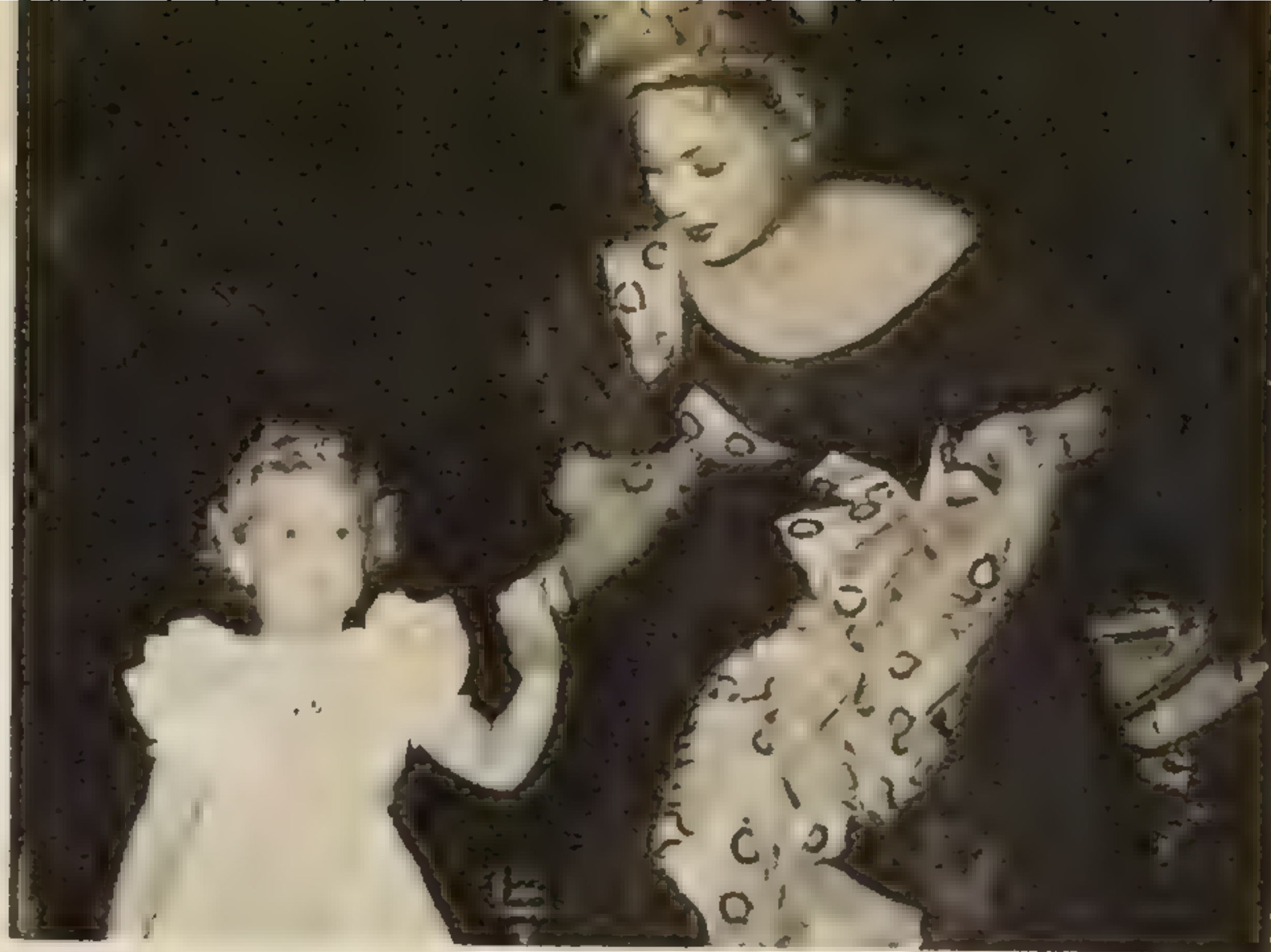


DISCUSSING THE QUESTION:

"SHOULD MOVIES HAVE A



Susan Hayward, serving on our current Star Board of Advisers, greets former Star Adviser Robert Cummings, his wife Mary and son Robert Richard, on the set of U-I's "Tap Roots," in which Susan is starring.



New and charming member of our Star Board, Ann Sothorn, entertains her daughter "Tish" (Patricia) at Warners, where Ann is appearing in "April Showers."



Lon McCallister, favorite of bubble-gum-set, with his co-star of "Thunder in the Valley," Peggy Ann Garner. Peggy Ann is keen follower of our Forum sessions.



Star of "The Paradine Case," Gregory Peck, contributes his opinions to our series. Above, with director Hitchcock. Below, Ann Blyth gets dunked for art's sake.



Get into the argument! Take up this topic with your friends, then write our Star Advisers what you want them to discuss next month

FORUM CONDUCTED BY
JACK HOLLAND

Star Advisers

MESSAGE' OR MERELY ENTERTAIN?"

Spring's on the Way

By Mary Ellen Martin

Suits are the first love of Noreen Nash who is starring in "Adventures of Casanova" for Eagle Lion. The suit, below, is an all-wool pincheck by Collegian Modes. Sizes 7-15 at Saks-34th in New York. Mallory Millinery.



Easter's early this

year so suits are

your best bets

Beige gabardine suit with waist-length bolero and swing skirt. From Ciro Sportswear at James McCreery, N. Y.

Write to the manufacturers listed on page 74 for the name of the store nearest you.



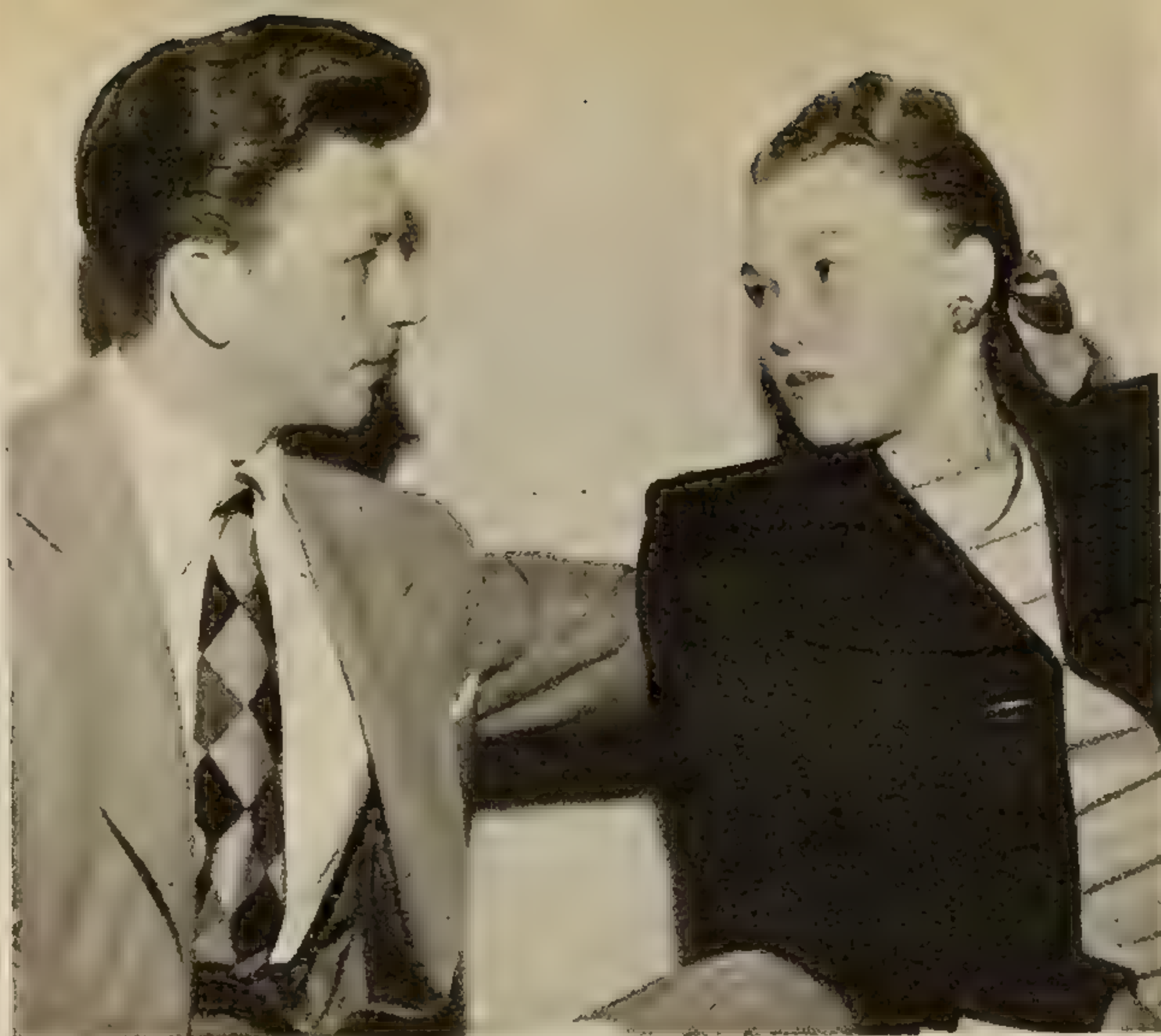
For a casual sport dress, Noreen goes for this one-piece cotton with plaid skirt and black top. Scarf of matching plaid may be worn many ways. A Surrey Classic, in sizes from 9-15 at Himmelhoch Brothers in Detroit.



Spring favorite navy blue in rayon gabardine is Noreen's third suit choice. New cumberbund waist on full swing skirt. Jacket is fully lined. From Ciro Sportswear, sizes 10-16 at James McCreery, New York. Hat by Lish.



With an eye toward the practical, Noreen chooses a two-piece dress with white print shantung blouse and butcher linen skirt. By Surrey, sizes 10-18, at Edgar A. Stevens, Evanston, Ill. All jewelry by Jordan.



Rosalind Russell and Lee Bowman exchange picture anecdotes, above left, with Fred Brisson and Merle Oberon seen in background. Center, Donald O'Connor and wife Gwen on NBC airshow. Above right, the Larry Parks (Betty Garrett) at one of the black-tie formal parties, which are so popular these days in the social circles of Hollywood.

Here's Hollywood

ALTHOUGH 'tis whispered Van Johnson isn't too keen about the idea, his wife Evie may sponsor the career of her sister who is visiting Hollywood. We asked Van about it when we visited him on the "State of the Union" set. He gave us a look—and said nothing.

FOLLOWING are the results of the exhibitors' popularity poll for 1947—and leave us not forget that they are the boys who know what the public wants! Bing Crosby, Cary Grant, Gregory Peck, Roy Rogers were the four favorite male stars. Betty Grable, Ingrid Bergman, Claudette Colbert, Rita Hayworth and Barbara Stanwyck headed the ladies' list. Larry Parks won as the leading new male star for the year and Gail Russell for being the leading new female star. Hollywood producers, please note!

**Gossip by
Weston
East**



Jack Carson "cuts in" on love scene Jimmy Stewart and Eve Arden are rehearsing for NBC radio program.



Above left, Gary Cooper takes a whirl around dance floor with Mrs. Jack Benny (Mary Livingstone). Center, Janet Gaynor, sparkling in sequins and satin, with husband Adrian. Stag session, above right, at 10th anniversary of Jean Hersholt's radio program, "Dr. Christian," includes Charles Korvin, Kirk Douglas, Cornel Wilde and Michael North.

WHILE Joan Crawford, Lana Turner and a few others were apparently none too keen about working with Van Heflin, Barbara Stanwyck hasn't stopped singing his praises. They recently completed "B. F.'s Daughter," their second picture together. Now they are looking for a third. Van claims most of the actresses he's worked with (except Barbara) are limited. *They* claim he has so many scene-stealing tricks, they can't keep up with him.

WHEN we recently reported a "new" Greer Garson, we weren't kidding. The lady really took a stand when a double was suggested for *those* scenes in "Julia Misbehaves," her forthcoming comedy. She wears tights, hangs by her knees from a trapeze, and sings too. Her studio didn't want her to risk breaking her beautiful neck. Greer would have none of a double, did it herself.

THE day she started "The Loves of Carmen," Rita Hayworth received four thermos bottles from Director Charles Vidor. The first three were individually labeled "coffee," "tea," "soup." What was the fourth one for, Rita wanted to know? "To catch those tears," cracked Vidor, "when you learn there's three weeks shooting in the deep snow on the top of a high mountain!"

YES, it's a very small world. Donald O'Connor, who plays a carnival performer in "Are You with It?" was practically raised in a carnival. His father was strong man and juggler, his mother a bareback rider. Donald and his brothers were in the act. Once they traveled in the same show with a team of acrobats. One of them is still a friend of Donald's and they see each other every day in the studio commissary. His name! Burt Lancaster.

AFTER their final performance of the week, (they'd given a matinee that day, too) the Ballet Russe troupe were invited to a party by Ginger Rogers. They arrived at her hilltop home about midnight — exhausted, hungry, and so happy to forget their work. Ginger served them beautiful food and refreshments. But for entertainment, she ran all the dances she's ever done on the screen with Fred Astaire. Coals to Newcastle, yet!

EVEN their closest friends can't quite make up their minds about the Cary Grant-Betty Hensel romance. When they're together they don't look particularly happy. When they date separately, they give the impression of being bored to distraction. Anyway, Cary bought Betty some beautiful blouses and handkerchiefs when he returned from Paris. Not to coin a phrase—maybe time will tell.

JEANNE Craine may look as fragile as angel food cake, but she's a young lady with very definite ideas. Someone noticed she always dressed in her portable on the "You Were Meant for Me" set. We discovered the reason. Jeanne's regular dressing-room on the lot isn't in the star building. So she's never crossed the threshold. What's more, she won't until she rates a suite along with Bette Grable, Maureen O'Hara and the rest of 20th's big stars.

TYRONE Power's new home (it was decorated by the firm of Ione and Mack, and not Lana Turner, as publicized) features the presents given to him on his European and South American tours. And 20th Century's surprise gift to their "good will" star was a fabulous new panelled and smoke-mirrored dressing-room. It was finished the day before the new economy wave swept through the studio. Lana and Ty were never engaged officially. Therefore, no tears were shed and no one was surprised when they "announced" it was over.

OUT on the "Casbah" set (the musical remake of the old Boyer-Lamarr "Algiers") they could use a traffic cop. Every female Universal-International employee automatically appears whenever Tony Martin gives out with that sensational singing. Then there are Yvonne De Carlo's boy friends who like to pay her informal visits. One day their luck wasn't so good. Bob Stack, Helmut Dantine and Howard Duff all dropped by at the same time. No-o-o, they didn't have a bridge game.

FROM Joan Crawford herself we learned she won't be marrying Greg Bautzer. Joan's fought too hard and accomplished too much to give up a career, as the handsome attorney wishes. On the other hand, there'd never be a dull mo-

ment. But has there ever been where the colorful Crawford is concerned? We're taking Joan's word for it "Until Proven Guilty"—which happens to be the name of her next Warner movie.

TIME and big business heals all wounds. When Jimmy Cagney and his producer-brother, Bill, pulled away from Warner Bros., there was no love lost on either side. But now the Cagneys are returning to Warners on a partnership producing and distributing deal. Jimmy was always a great favorite with his co-workers on that lot. The first day he had lunch, the gang decorated the Green Room with stills from all those early movies he made there. Remember "The Public Enemy," "The Crowd Roars," and those other Cagney hits?

TOO BAD you won't be seeing some of those startling Paris fashions in "Atlantis" that Maria Montez brought back to Hollywood. Her first day out caused a small riot in Beverly Hills. Maria wore high top shoes and ankle-length hobble skirt. Her hat sat like a pancake on top of her head. One star you all know took one look and me-owed: "Who's giving the masquerade?"

THE "Walls of Jericho" almost did tumble when Linda Darnell walked on the set and got a gander of Anne Baxter's new figure. She is merely down to a size 10, while Linda has put on 14 pounds since she made "Forever Amber." There was such contrast that Director John Stahl had to change some of their scenes. Linda is now on a diet and Anne eats *two* spoonfuls of cottage cheese for lunch, instead of one!

EXIT Janis Paige the movie star. Enter Mrs. Frank Martinelli, Jr., the ice cream cone tycoon. It happened one weekend when the Warner star visited her new husband in San Francisco. Frank was short of help in his restaurant, so Janis took over the ice cream concession. Business was normal until some bobby-soxers recognized her. At first she denied her identity. Then she agreed to give an autograph to every purchaser of a double-header 20¢ cone. In less than an hour, the little woman raked in fifteen bucks for the man she loves.

An inspiring fantasy based on a Robert Nathan novel, Samuel Goldwyn's master craftsmen have devised a perfect setting for Dudley, an ingratiating angel played superbly by Cary Grant. Expert, too, in their rôles are David Niven, as the Bishop who prays for guidance in building his cathedral, and Loretta Young, as his wife who fears failure of marriage.

SCREENLAND

Salutes
"The Bishop's Wife"



Samuel Goldwyn's
production delves into the
goodness of human be-
ings with such gentleness
that audiences will
live in an aura of exalted
happiness. That isn't
easy to achieve in these
troubled times!

Scenes highlighting picture with gems of wisdom, appealing romance, and bubbling comedy show Monty Woolley, excellent as the professor whom Dudley inspires to write; the Bishop's enlightenment and jealousy; and other priceless sequences which make this picture Academy Award material.



SCREEN Tests

★ By ALMA TALLEY ★

STAR ANAGRAMS

In the list below are the definitions of words, followed by blanks which indicate the number of letters in each. Given an additional letter, at the right, each of these words will, when rearranged, make the last name of a well-known movie player. For instance: Strong wind ---- add B (Gale, with B, makes Gable). How many of the ten can you get?



- | | | | | | | | |
|----------|------|-----|---|------------|-------|-----|---|
| 1. Burn | ---- | add | M | 6. Endured | ----- | add | O |
| 2. Cord | ---- | | W | 7. Regal | ----- | | T |
| 3. Naked | ---- | | N | 8. Fright | ----- | | R |
| 4. Eager | ---- | | S | 9. Rage | ----- | | R |
| 5. Wagon | ---- | | Y | 10. Moan | ----- | | S |

SEEING STARS

Each of the sentences below conceals the name of a well-known movie player. By watching the adjoining letters from one word to the next, perhaps you can get all ten of them. For instance: The BOY ERased his mistake. Now see what you can do.



- Everyone thought he played the last air extremely well.
- The teacher repeated the question but not one of the children knew the answer.
- After a long shopping tour, Mary at last found a lovely chiffon dance frock.
- When the blind date turned out to be a tall handsome blond, Ella could hardly believe her luck.
- She warned reporters that if they used the item please to make sure it was accurate.
- At the end of a long search, the boys' club rented two warm, dry rooms in a basement.
- She always offered unnecessary help just to learn what was going on.
- The singer began to croon, eying the blonde girl much too openly.
- He kept shifting his cigar nervously back and forth in his mouth.
- The orchestra started up with "Open the door, Richard."

NAME YOUR OWN STARS

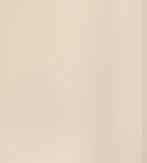
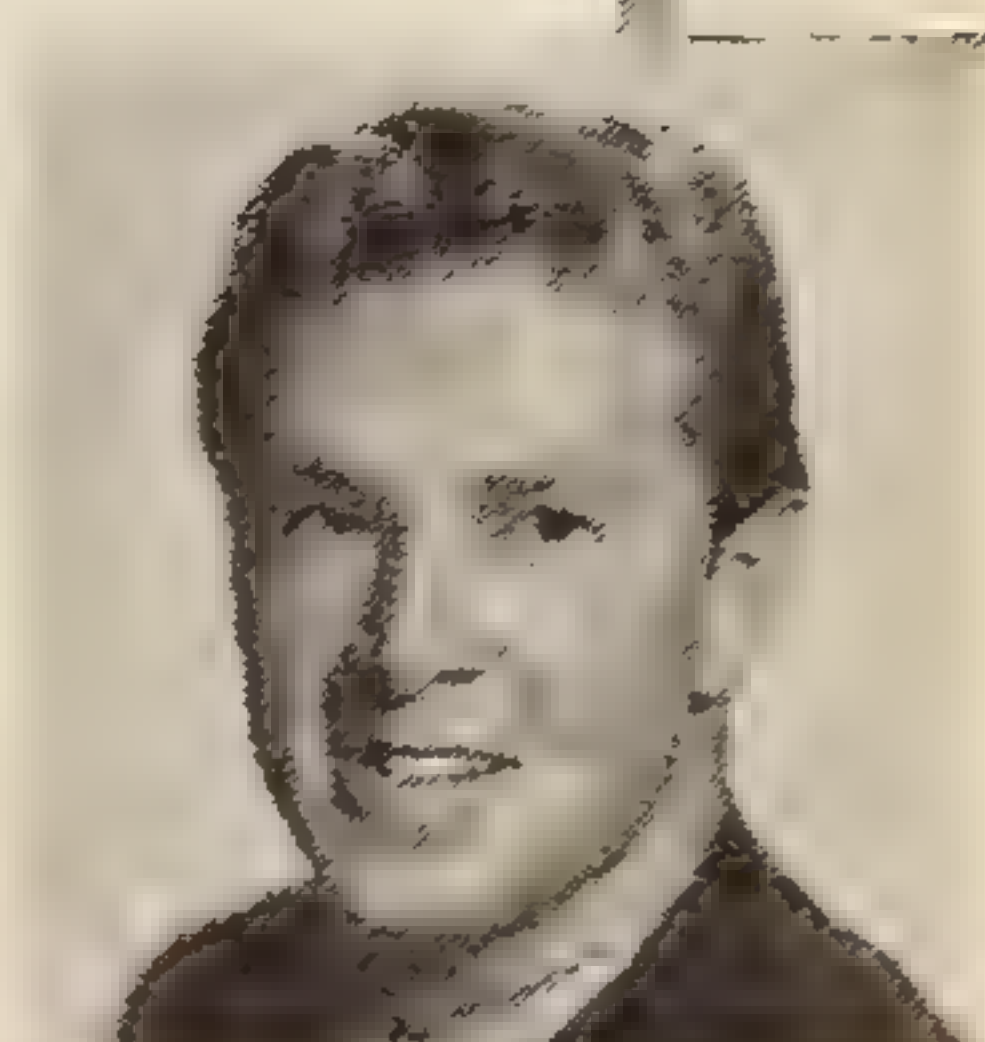
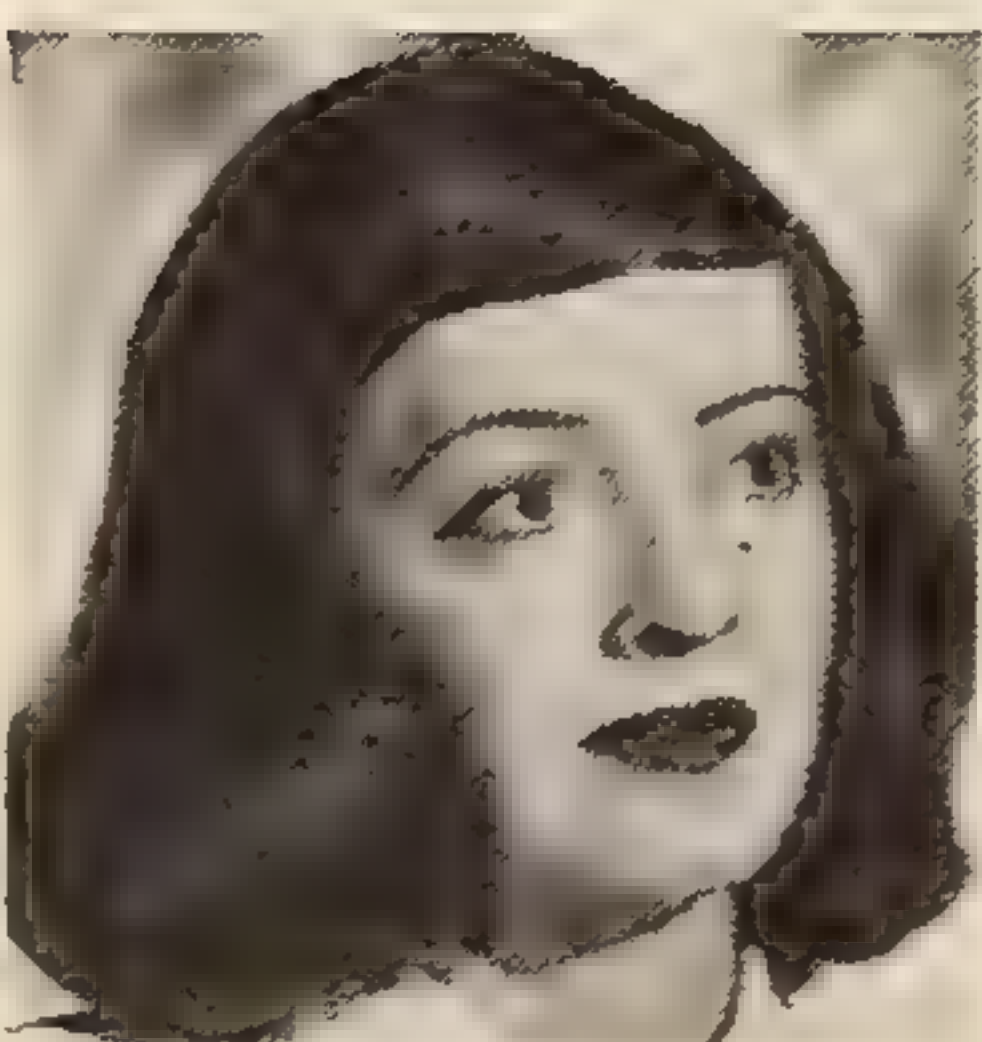
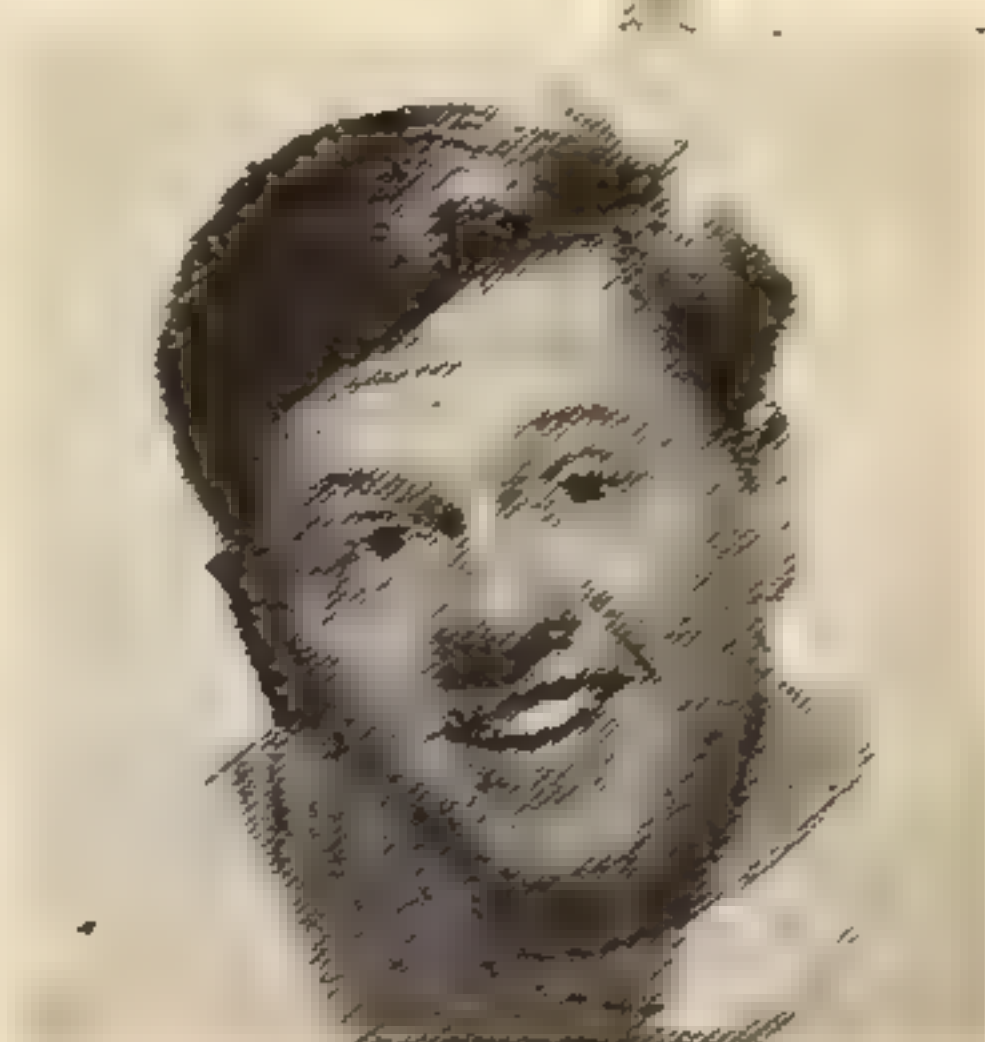
In the pictures listed below are a lot of unseen stars, who have nothing to do with those who really *play* in the pictures. In other words, how many last names of well-known players can you spell out in the letters of the titles? In any one name a letter should not be used oftener than it appears in the title.



- LOVE FROM A STRANGER:** At least 11 names. We'll start you off with Tone - - - - all those letters are contained in this title.
- THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY:** At least 13 names.
- THUNDER IN THE VALLEY:** At least 11 names
- GREEN DOLPHIN STREET:** At least 9 names.
- WELCOME STRANGER:** At least 11 names.

Answers on page 8J

SCREENLAND





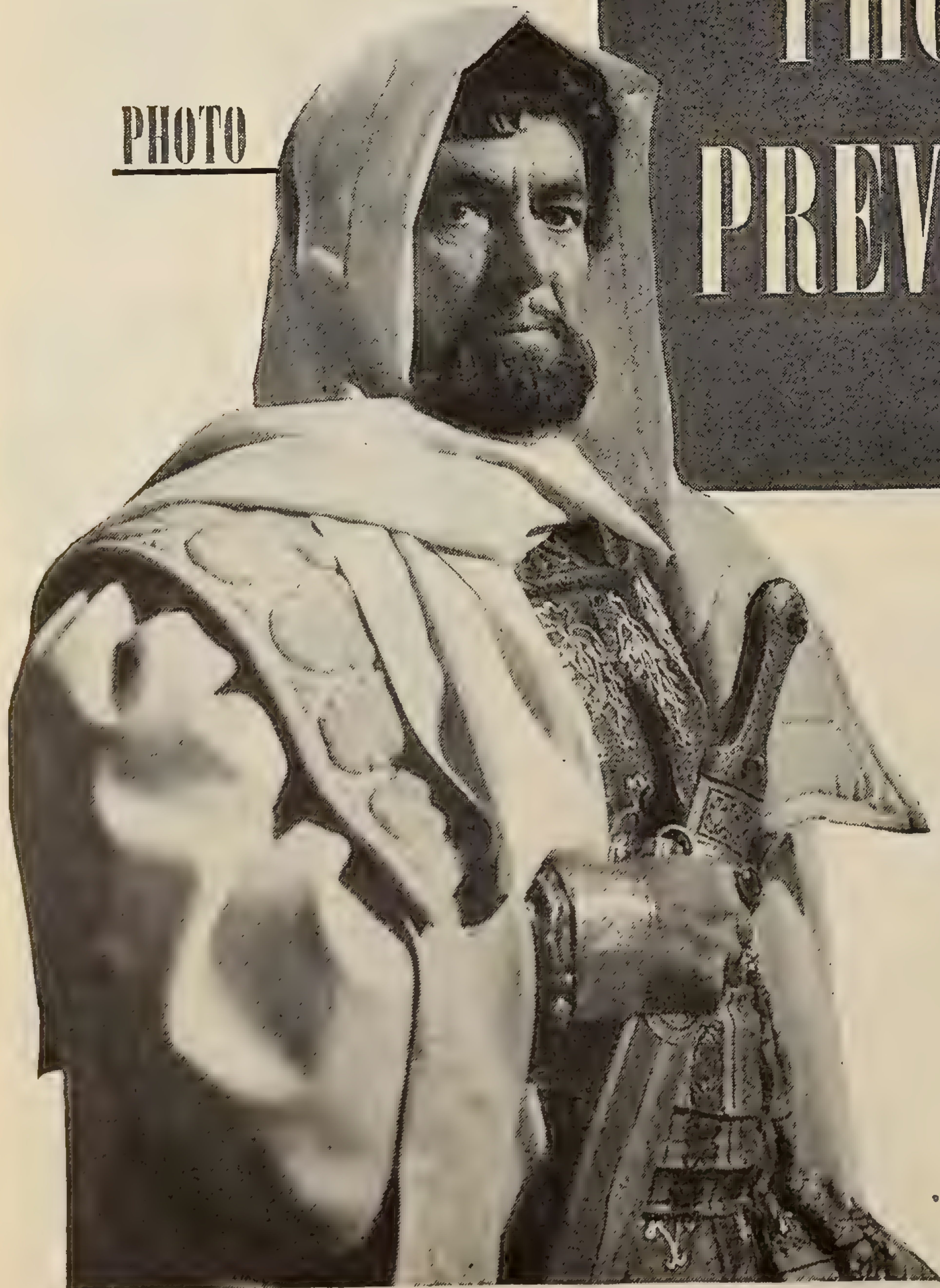
According to advance reports, Ronald Colman will become an important contender for Academy Award recognition when "A Double Life" is released. In this new Universal-International offering, Colman portrays a famous actor who is carried away by his own "art." Signe Hasso, left and center above, and Edmond O'Brien appear in support of the star.

**Forthcoming film
events cast their
shadows before them**

PHOTO

PHOTO PREVIEWS

PHOTO PREVIE



In "A Double Life" Ronald Colman is called upon to enact Shakespeare's "Othello," left. As the stage star whose personal life is dominated by his portrayals in the theater, Colman has the strongest rôle of his entire career. Above, in a scene with a newcomer to the screen, Shelley Winters.

WS PHOTO



PREVIEWS



As Lisa, heroine of "Letter from An Unknown Woman," Joan Fontaine, like Ronald Colman, has THE rôle of her career, and takes full advantage of it. She plays a young, impressionable girl enamoured of Stefan, a musician, portrayed by the sensational new French actor, Louis Jourdan. The love scenes between the dark and handsome Jourdan and the delicate, blonde Fontaine are said to be the most passionate since Carbo-Gilbert days.

The Snake Pit

Continued from page 35

a zoo, do you? I'm sorry for the animals locked up in cages."

"Don't talk now," the blue-eyed girl whispered. "You know it's against the rules."

The woman behind them cackled almost as if she were crazy. "You tell her, Grace," she said unpleasantly.

"Grace?" Virginia made a note of the name.

"Come on, ladies," the fire siren buzzed. "Step along. Keep moving, Virginia."

Virginia looked at her resentfully. "People're friendly in New York, she thought. Or maybe just fresh. I've never seen her before and she calls me Virginia. What am I supposed to say: 'Hi, kid-do?'"

They crossed through the cage and into the building. There was a large, oblong, bare room with benches and chairs pushed against the wall.

"All right, ladies, we haven't got all day," the crisp voice said. "Keep in line, ladies!"

Suddenly Virginia felt as if she were suffocating. "Why do we have to keep in line? I don't like regimentation."

"Please, Virginia," Grace begged. "Please don't make any trouble."

A door opened and there was another room even barer than the first had been.

"The way they treat us," one of the aprons grumbled, "you'd think we were criminals."

"Criminals!" Virginia screamed the word, her eyes staring wildly as the nurse unlocked a door at the end of the room and she saw the bars at all the windows. "A prison! *That's it!* A prison! I should've known it! How did I get here? I won't go in there! I won't stay in this place another minute. I want to get out!"

"Hello, Mrs. Cunningham," a voice said, and it was the voice she was always hearing. Only this time a man belonged to it, a youngish man with dark hair and a nice smile. There was another man with him, an even younger man with sad eyes. He looked at Virginia as if he knew her, as if he expected her to know him. It was all so confusing.

"Miss Hart," the voice said to the nurse, "we'd like to speak to Mrs. Cunningham for a minute." Then as the others filed on into the room and the door closed and there was the click of a key turning in its lock, the voice spoke again, "Don't be afraid, we're your friends. We just want to talk to you. Won't you sit down?"

She was too smart for him. She wasn't going to sit down and be completely at his mercy.

"Virginia," the other man said, and his voice sounded so sad she felt sorry for him. She even sat down, thinking that might make him feel better. But it didn't seem to. Something glinted in his eyes looking at her. Something that could have been tears.

"How do you feel today?" the first man said.

"Very well," she said. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't feel well?"

"No, of course not," a smile had hitched itself onto the voice now. "Do you know who I am, Mrs. Cunningham?"

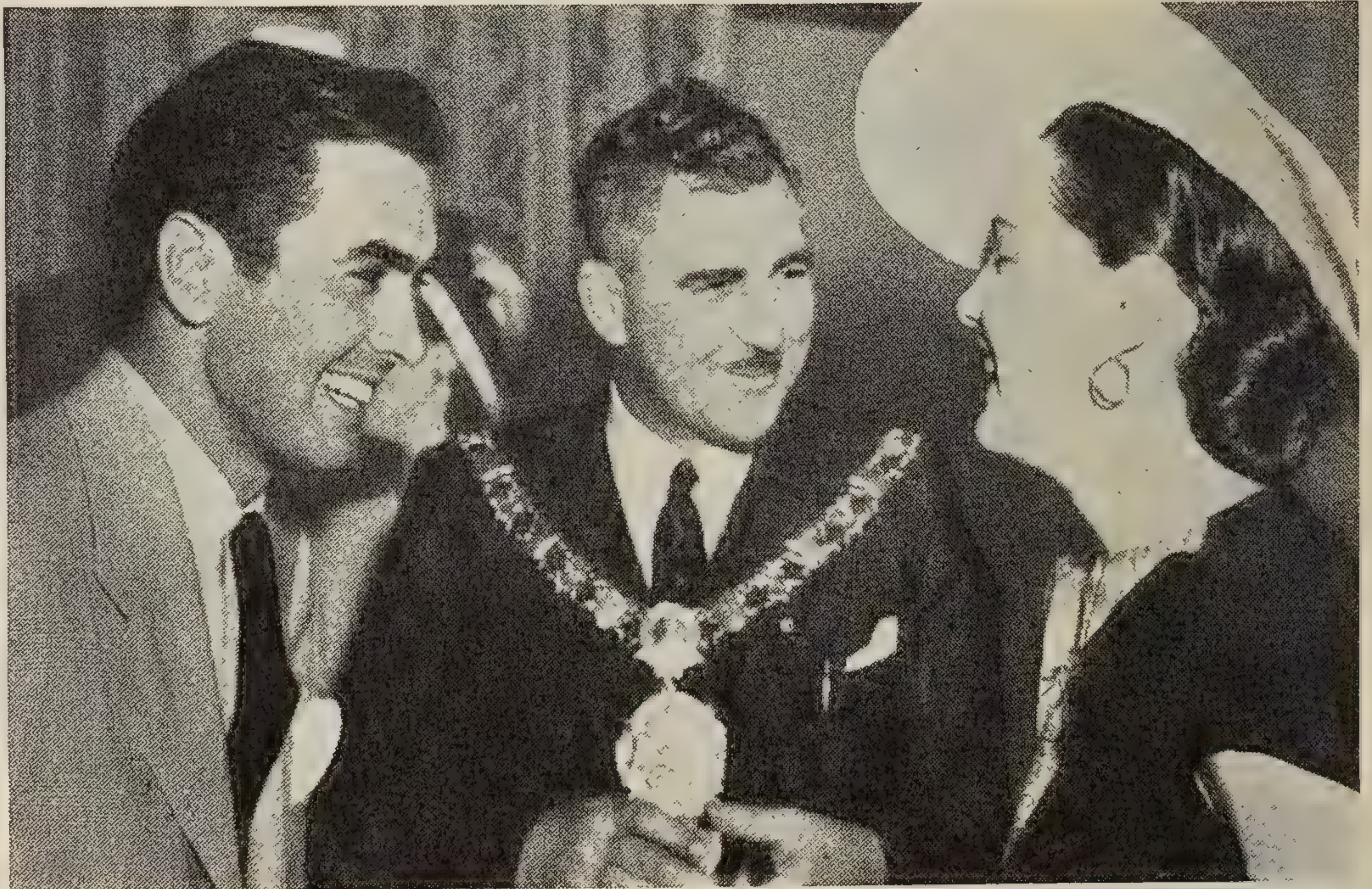
"Of course," she said rigidly. "You're the warden of this prison. I'm writing a novel about prisons and I've come here to study conditions and take notes." It made her feel better realizing so suddenly why she was there. "And I'm going to leave now," she said.

"Where will you go when you leave here?" the voice asked. "To your husband?"

"I have no husband," she said.

"Virginia!" It was the younger man who spoke again. He sounded as though she had driven a knife into his heart. "Virginia, look at me! Don't you know who I am?"

He shouldn't have spoken, shouldn't have allowed his emotion to get the better of him like that. But he couldn't help it. It was so hard having her look at him as if he were a stranger. But he wouldn't do it again. Oh, he'd try so hard not to do it again, not attempt to force her, Robert told himself as Dr. Kik called



back the nurse and they left, leaving Virginia with her.

Even in the doctor's office there were bars at the window reminding him this was no ordinary hospital. That was the worst of all, those bars everywhere you looked.

"I know it's hard," Dr. Kik's voice cut across his thoughts. "Waiting so long without results. But in this sort of illness time is the important thing. Time and patience." He turned to a folder lying on his desk. "I've been going over the information you gave about your wife. We've seldom had a case history which tells so little."

"She never talked much about herself or her family," Robert swallowed before he went on. "But when you love someone you're not looking for symptoms. Looking back now I see things that didn't seem important then."

Now everything seemed important as he began telling of them. That first time he met Virginia when she came to the

publishing house in Chicago where he'd gotten a job as clerk right after he was out of the army. The editor had sent him out to return her rejected manuscript and she had taken it harder than other disappointed writers. It had been almost lunch time, and when he went downstairs to the cafeteria in the building she was sitting at one of the tables staring at her untasted food like a kid who'd been told to eat something she didn't want.

That was when it began, and it didn't take them long to find out they liked the same sort of things. Music, and walking together, and chocolate ice cream sodas. She never said anything about herself and he never asked. For if things got personal at all she just seemed to freeze up.

Then, it was sometime in early May and they were going to a concert together, and it was different from all the other times because he felt he had the right to tell her something he never had before. But he'd only begun telling her about the offer of a better job in New York when he saw her drawing away.

"Robert, I can't go to the concert," she said suddenly. "Something's come up, something important. I was trying to tell you all through lunch."

Tyrone Power, on good will tour, meets "Jacaranda Queen," Miss Elbie Van Zyl, and Mayor D. P. Van Heerden in Pretoria, South Africa. Below, the Mayor's office staff line up for Ty's autograph.



He couldn't make her stay. And that was the last time he saw her for six months.

When he didn't hear from her he had taken the job in New York, and he'd been so lonely that at first he thought he was just imagining things when he met her on the street. And then it had been the way it was before, except that now he was always asking her to marry him and she was always refusing.

Then one night at the movies there was an announcement of a picture which would begin playing there on May 12th. He remembered the date because her eyes looked so frightened staring at it on the screen. By the time it was really May 12, they were married. He had asked her so many times, but that evening when they left the movies it was she who asked him, there on a crowded subway plat-



At right, Ty at reception with Mayor and Mrs. Heerden. Below, a radio interview.



form with people pushing them as they tried to get into the crowded trains. It was so wonderful he couldn't believe his luck at first. But the wonderful part only lasted two days.

She began acting strange then. She couldn't sleep and she was restless. But then that morning at breakfast she had seemed herself again, almost happy as she smiled at him. "It's such a beautiful day," she had said. "Almost too beautiful for November."

"What do you mean, November?" he had grinned. "This is May. May 12." And he pushed the morning paper over to her.

The nightmare began when she had jumped up from the table shouting hysterically. "Who are you? Why do you torture me? Why do you lie to me?" And as he had tried to take her in his arms she pushed him away. "No, you can't make me love you. You can't make me belong to you. You can't, you can't!"

Robert felt the same icy edge of terror he had felt then, just talking about it.

"The rest you know, Doctor," he said heavily.

"And you have no idea what that day in May might mean to your wife?" Dr. Kik asked. As Robert shook his head, he looked down at the folder again. "Mr. Cunningham, I'd like to use shock treatment on your wife. In many cases it helps break through the patient's shell

and establish contact much quicker. When that happens we'll be able to start getting at the real causes of your wife's illness."

"Do you have to?" Robert demanded apprehensively. He bit his lips. "I don't know if it's because she's so helpless now, or because I love her so much, but somehow I feel more responsible than ever."

"I've been trying to get through to her for over four months now," the doctor said. "There's lots of things we're short of in state hospitals, most of all time. But you'd have to sign a form."

"I guess it was the word shock that—" Robert tried to get his voice under control again. "Where do I sign, Doctor?"

They couldn't fool her. Not Virginia! They were strapping her on to a table and Miss Davis, the blonde nurse with the icy blue eyes, smeared some jelly on her forehead, and afterwards the man with the voice clamped electrodes over it and another man standing beside the control box at one side of the table had his hand on the switch waiting for the signal. "You're going to electrocute me!" Virginia screamed.

The nurse slipped something into her mouth and her teeth shut down hard on the gag. The voice was saying something in a gentle comforting way but Virginia was too terrified to listen. Her wild eyes looked at the dull red eye on the box and suddenly it began glowing and then there was nothing. Nothing at all.

Then one day she woke up and nothing was blurred. Nothing was unreal. The man with the voice was standing over her bed, but it seemed no longer strange seeing him there.

"Dr. Kik," she asked, "how long have I been here?"

"You came in May," his voice was excited, the way it always was when patients began responding. "This is October."

"June, July, August, September," Virginia counted carefully. "Five months! And I don't remember a moment of it."

"You've been ill, Mrs. Cunningham," he said gently. "But you're better now. Very much better."

The blank places still came, but not so often now. There was the day Grace helped her into her own clothes, the gray

suit she had liked so much that she had bought it even though it were a little tight. But now it hung around her in folds. But she didn't mind that. It felt so wonderful to be wearing her own clothes again.

Then Miss Hart took her outside and she saw Robert sitting on one of the benches. That is, it looked like Robert, but Virginia knew she had to be careful. It could be an actor made up to look like him. But he even sounded like him when he spoke. And he was kind, the way Robert was. He'd brought along a box and when he opened it she was so happy she almost cried. It was a picnic lunch, chicken and coffee with real cream and plenty of sugar, wonderful little cakes with chocolate icing, all the things she had been dreaming about and thought she would never taste again.

It was fun having someone offer her a cigarette again, too, instead of just taking one from the crumpled pack in the candy box she used for a bag these days.

"May I light it myself, please?" she asked eagerly. "And could you possibly let me have some matches, to keep, I mean? They won't let us have any matches, as if we were children. They don't cost much, do they?"

"I haven't any matches," Robert said in a funny voice. And then he took out a silver lighter. She remembered that lighter with the initial R.C. engraved on it. She had bought it for him, just as he had bought the gray suit she was wearing for her.

"You are Robert!" she said tremulously. And she was so happy until he tried to take her in his arms. For the terror came back then in her eyes, in her hands pushing him away from her.

It was a few days later Dr. Kik gave her the narcosynthesis injection. She knew she was getting better when he explained why he was giving it to her, to help her remember things. And it was strange, and frightening, too, how she did begin remembering.

The terror was there, as real as it had been that day in Chicago, running away from Robert. She had to get home to Evanston. It was May 12, and she had suddenly remembered that she was going to a dinner party with Gordon who lived next door.



At Command Performance, movies' number one comedian Bob Hope is pictured with the King and Queen of England, Princess Margaret and Ex-King Michael of Romania.

Gordon was her best friend's brother and he was really so wonderful to Jane and their mother, exactly as if he were the father of the family. Only he hated to be kept waiting; he got cross then, and Virginia was so nervous she couldn't tie the ribbon bow on her dress.

But Gordon would tie it for her, just the way her father had always tied her hair ribbons when she was a little girl. And so she was on time for her date after all and Gordon was so sweet to her, she began feeling relaxed and happy again as they got in his car.

Then suddenly she began feeling ill. It was when Gordon began planning their marriage that the headache began and she insisted he take her home again. She remembered how his lips tightened as he swung the car around and then—she didn't want to remember what happened after that. But she couldn't run away from her thoughts any more. She *had* to remember. The rain, and how the car skidded on the wet road, and the headlights of the truck coming over the hill towards them, and then—

She began to cry wildly, hysterically. "He can't be dead! He can't be. If only I hadn't made him turn back he wouldn't have died."

"You didn't make him turn back," Dr. Kik said firmly. "You were sick and he was taking you home. That's what anybody would have done. It's only natural that you felt a certain blame. He died and you didn't. You're going to sleep now, Mrs. Cunningham. And when you wake up you will remember everything you told me."

She began looking forward to Robert's visits. She was happy that day she went to the commissary on the hospital grounds where other patients and their relatives were having ice cream, too.

"This ice cream is so good," she said, taking a big spoonful.

"I'm glad," Robert said. "I have good news for you. You'll be going home soon. Everybody says you're so much better now. All you'll need now is a nice rest and good food and—"

The panic began mounting then. "Robert!" she said suddenly. "You must divorce me! It's not fair to have you tied to me. You should have your freedom."

"My freedom?" he tried to take her hand, but she pulled it away from him. "The few hours I can be with you here, that's my freedom. But I was going to tell you. Dr. Gifford says you're going to Staff. It's nothing to be afraid of. Just a group of doctors who'll talk to you a little before you go home."

Virginia felt herself tensing. "Does Dr. Kik know about it?"

"Dr. Gifford," Robert stressed the name, "thinks you're well enough to go to Staff. The important thing is that you want to go home with me. You do, Virginia, don't you?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Everybody wants to go home from here."

Dr. Kik was at Staff. It hurt seeing him there with all the other doctors. Until that moment she had hoped he wouldn't be one of those who were sending her home. She had always thought he liked her; that she was, well, sort of special to him.

"Why do you want to get rid of me?" she said.

"We're not trying to get rid of you," he said. But even as she looked at him, trying to decide whether he was lying or not, another doctor spoke to her. Dr. Curtis, the one none of the patients liked.

His questions kept coming at her so fast she could hardly catch her breath. She remembered a painting she'd seen once of the Inquisition, a woman standing alone before a row of hard-faced judges, and suddenly she was that woman and the doctors those judges.

"Where did she live? She should know that. What was the name of the street? Was it Waverly, or Bleecker, no, that was Helene Carter or was it Jennifer? Hudson, maybe; no, it wasn't Hudson."

"I can't remember," she said bleakly.

How often did her husband come to see her? As if they didn't know that better than she did. They never had black-outs, did they? Oh, no, not them. They were Staff. They wouldn't be so silly. And how old she was? She couldn't remember. She just couldn't.

"Virginia," Dr. Curtis' voice came sharply, "will you please answer the questions? It will make it easier for all of us. Do you mean to tell me you can't remember your age or where you live?"

He leaned over, shaking his finger at her. At first she tried not to mind it, even asking him pleasantly please not to do it. But when he kept on asking the questions at the same time the terror began rising in her.

"Take your finger away!" she shouted. "Please, take it away!" She felt trapped before that waving finger. "Don't do that! Don't do that! Don't!"

There was a sound that was like thunder. But after a while she knew it wasn't thunder, just the water rushing into many tubs. And she was in one of those tubs. That meant she was worse.

"Come on, get out," a nurse was saying. She laughed a little then as she turned to another nurse. "Got to be careful with her. We had a little ouble-tray with her this morning. She ickskay and itesbay, get it? One minute all right and the next completely utsnay."

So she had bitten that waving finger after all. Virginia shuddered, remembering. She wasn't the kind of person to go around biting people. "It isn't nice to call a person utsnay in this place," she said, trying to hold back her tears.

They took her to another ward. One of the really bad ones. Everyone wore cheap bathrobes and there was a woman who just wanted to dance all the time. Virginia couldn't eat her lunch in that ward. She just couldn't.

Dr. Kik came urging her to eat, his voice soft and gentle as always. But Virginia wasn't going to be fooled by his voice any more.

"I know your kind," she screamed. "Your voice is sweet but it drips poison and lies. I hate you!"

There was some more darkness and then Robert was there. His face looked so terrible, so tired and so sort of desperate.

"Virginia, it wasn't Kik who sent you to Staff," he said. "It was all my fault. I was too anxious to get you out. Kik was the only one who said you weren't ready, who tried to stop you from going to Staff."

It was amazing how happy it made her, hearing that. And when she was transferred to Ward One, she felt she

was *really* on the way to getting well now. That is, she did until the episode about the doll happened.

The doll was such a tiny one to cause all that trouble. Another patient had made it out of her handkerchief and sold it to Virginia for two cigarettes and then had wanted it back again. Miss Davis had tried to take it away and Virginia had gotten so hysterical they had sent for Dr. Kik.

He questioned her, but she didn't mind his questions. She told him she thought the handkerchief doll meant so much to her because her father had given her a tiny doll once when she was a child, a boy doll. And she had loved it so much until one day her father had taken her mother's side against her. That was because her mother was going to have a baby, she knew afterwards. He felt he had to humor her. But Virginia had been so upset she had jumped on the doll, hoping it would break to pieces so they'd bury it and she'd never have to see it again. A short time after that her father had died, and at the funeral she had felt she wanted to die too, holding the mangled, broken doll so tenderly in her arms.

"Wishes sometimes seem to come true, don't they?" Dr. Kik said, and as she stared at him, he went on almost casually, "What did your father die of?"

"Uremia," Virginia said in a muffled voice.

"Oh," Dr. Kik said and his voice was so reassuring. "That's a very serious illness which usually takes many years to develop."

She hadn't known that before. It made her feel so much better that she didn't even want the doll when she went back to One again. There was the typewriter instead, the one Dr. Kik had ordered that she have. Oh, she was really getting better now!

Miss Davis had never seemed to like her but she became even more unpleasant after the typewriter came. She was always nagging Virginia to go on with her novel, as if the words would come just like that. Suddenly Virginia knew why. It was because Dr. Kik paid so much attention to her. That was why.

"You're in love with Dr. Kik," she found herself saying without meaning to at all. "That's why you hate me."

She had struck fire. Miss Davis really looked as if she hated her as she started toward her, and Virginia fled to the washroom, locking herself in. Everyone begged her to come out, but it wasn't until they told her Robert was there that she obeyed.

It was when she saw the two attendants waiting with the straightjacket that she knew they had lied to her. She tried to fight but it was useless. She felt herself going down, down, down.

Robert was really there when she woke up. He had been crying, and as she looked up at him she wanted to comfort him. But she couldn't move her arms. They were still tied to her sides. Only after he had gone did she know that they had sent for him because she had called for him.

She was in Ward 33 now, which was next to the worst one of all. Dr. Kik had been away when the scene with Miss Davis had happened, that was why she had been taken there. But when he came back he didn't have her moved. He told her—Dr. Terry was her doctor now.

The women were really bad in 33. There were some who screamed all the time and some who danced and some who sang and some who just stood against the walls wringing their hands, and they were the worst of all. And it was strange how looking at them, Virginia felt for the first time that she wasn't like them. It was as if she were looking at them from some place far away. The whole place looked like a deep hole and the people in it like snakes and she'd been thrown into it. She remembered then reading once that long ago the insane had been put in snake pits because it was thought that something which might drive a normal person insane, might shock an insane person back into sanity.

Afterwards she was to know that Dr. Kik had figured it almost that same way, that he had allowed her to be kept there because he felt it would give her confidence to see people who were so much worse off than she was. But then she only knew that for the first time she was beginning to feel normal. For the first time she knew she could help someone else.

Then one day she saw the inmates of 33A being taken through a tunnel completely covered with wire. These were the dangerous cases, the hopeless cases, who she heard fought like wildcats. That was why they all had to wear straight-jackets. Camisoles they called them in the hospital, but that didn't make them look any different. Virginia's heart was filled with pity for those women even before she saw Grace.

She couldn't believe it was Grace at first, the girl who was always so much better than she was. The girl who had been almost ready to go home. Her blonde hair was matted and she looked like an old woman and she snarled at Virginia when she called to her through the wire.

After that she had to help the ones in 33 more than ever, so they wouldn't get worse, so they wouldn't be like Grace. And she knew that even after she left, she would come back to visit them, to help them. For she knew she would be leaving now. She wasn't afraid for herself any more, now that she knew what had been wrong. It was only that she had loved her father so much she was afraid to grow up because she couldn't let go of the love she felt for him. That was why she had been drawn to Gordon, because he was like a father to his sister. That was why she had been afraid to accept Robert because she hadn't wanted to substitute a husband for her father.

She told that to Dr. Kik when she saw him again. It was at one of the dances they gave for the patients sometimes in the hospital and he had come over to ask her to dance.

"Now that you know, you don't ever have to worry again," he told her. "Before it was like being in a dark room, not knowing where the light switch was. But now that you know how to turn on the light you never have to be afraid of the dark again."

"There's another reason I know I'm getting well again," she said then. "It's that I'm not in love with you any more."

"You never really were," he smiled. "You just thought so. You see, a psychiatrist is a special kind of person in a patient's life. All the people she's been emotionally involved with, all the patterns of her life are transferred to the doctor. Then when she is getting better we have to break the relationship and guide her feeling back to a real object."

"I know," Virginia smiled tremulously. "To Robert. That's why you stopped seeing me, isn't it?"

He didn't answer directly. "I have news for you," he said instead. "You're going to Staff."

There wasn't fear now. Only that singing happiness. And after the meeting was over and she was dressed in the gray suit again, the suit that fitted her again now that her figure had filled out to its former soft curves, and she walked through the door to Robert who was waiting to meet her out there in the sunlight, she didn't draw back when he held his arms out to her. Instead she ran to meet him, holding to him, clinging to him, her tears coming in happiness now as they had once come in despair.



Bob Hope and wife Dolores, Alexis Smith and husband Craig Stevens wreathed in smiles on arrival at London's Waterloo Station for Command Performance.

The Man from Down Under

Continued from page 27

familiar surroundings and friends. It wasn't fun to quit high school after one year to earn a living. When Rod was 12, his father died, and after that things weren't easy for his mother, his sister, and himself. He sold newspapers, worked in drugstores, grocery stores—all the things kids do. Only his jobs were a little different. For he didn't blow his dough on malts; his money went to pay the rent.

I wonder if any screen rôle will ever give him the thrill he got from his first regular job? It was polishing brass at the Brooklyn Museum. There was more brass there than there is in the Navy, and it needed constant, loving care. It was a secure kind of job, one that would last as long as the brass did.

It lasted until Rod and his mother left for Florida. He went to school there for awhile, just doing odd jobs in the afternoon. He quit before long and started to work for a florist. Sounds zany now, seeing Rod—as big as a mountain—arranging floral displays, doesn't it? But he made fair money. Occasionally, when he needed some extra coin, and he always did, he worked as a diver on a glass bottom boat. That was fun, all except when he'd see a shadow on the ocean floor. Shadows usually meant sharks. At 15, Rod had a healthy fear of sharks.

He must have been wearing a horse-shoe around his neck in 1936, too, when the hurricane came and swept everything before it. Rod and his family lived quite a bit inland, but that hurricane was no spring zephyr. The garage in back of his house was lifted completely off the ground. For two days, he sat with his feet on the kitchen table to keep them out of the water.

Back in New York, Rod held so many jobs he couldn't keep them straight. He was too big, too restless, to sit behind a desk. He tried it—in the Prudential Insurance Company, for Western Electric, as a shipping clerk. It just wasn't his dish. He looked as fitting behind a desk as Man Mountain Dean.

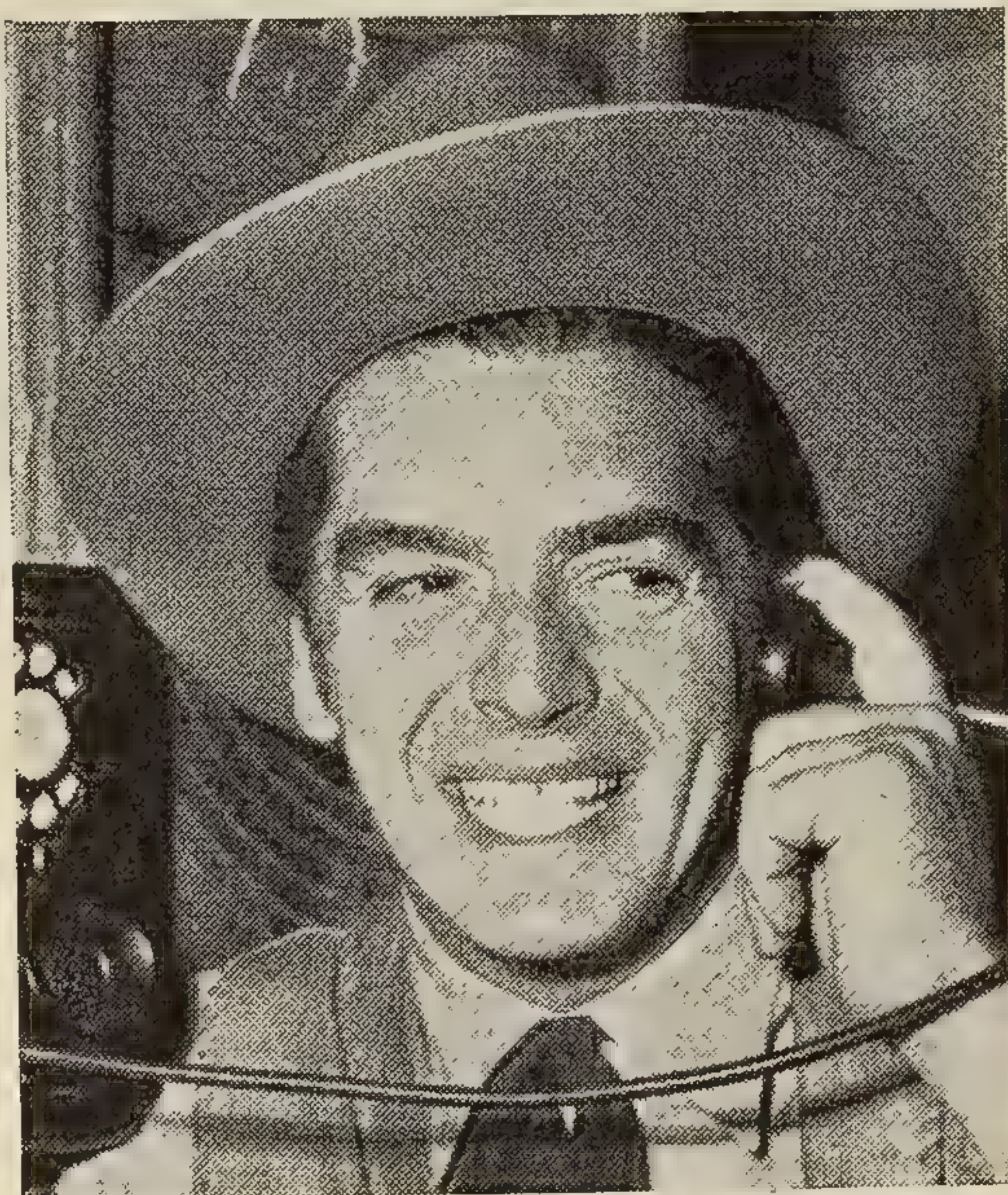
Maybe that's why he took up professional football. Maybe that's why he worked summers in the hotels on Long Island. Remember the play, "Having Wonderful Time"? Rod lived that play. He was the gay fellow who asked the visitors to dance, who washed dishes, who acted as guide. Winters he worked as a surveyor, became interested in construction work: rough, tough, hard. The kind of work where you strip down to your waist and use a pick and shovel.

The depression was on, in full swing. Jobs were scarce. But not where danger was paramount. Rod started working underground digging tunnels. He would finish one job, and—since the only people he knew were tunnel people—he'd wind up underground again. He had plenty of work, at good pay. He worked in compressed air because he got more money for that, a straight salary plus double time for pressure up to 26 pounds. Every pound after that, your salary went up.

Rod got up to 46 pounds, the maximum you can work under. He thought he was lucky, that he had a cinch. He worked just 45 minutes a day, because it took five hours to become adjusted to the increased doses of compressed air. He worked underground for eight years.

You've seen pictures where tunnels are blasted? Where the mud and slime spew forth in your face? It was that kind of a life that conditioned Rod Cameron for stardom. Yes, he was in New York, but not pounding agents' doors. His success story isn't the typical one of waiting for the breaks in New York. If ever a movie hero had a real he-man's background, Rod is that guy.

His memories aren't those of dancing



A call for Vic Mature between scenes of 20th Century-Fox's "The Fury of Furnace Creek."

lessons, opening nights, the smell of grease paint. His memories are of things like these: looking around and seeing that there were no older men in tunnel work. They were all dead. That time the whole heading crew was killed, Rod nearly drowned in the water. He was the only one alive when the rescue crew came.

How do such accidents happen? "When you drill, you have a pattern," explains Rod. "You drill it, shoot it, and muck it. A crew is supposed to drill, shoot and muck before the next crew comes on, but sometimes you don't get finished in time. The day this happened, the crew left before the hole was finished. Now, there is one thing you are never supposed to do: put a drill in the same hole. But this fellow thought he could save a little time, so he started drilling and hit a stick of dynamite. It killed all nine guys. You could scrape them off the wall. In a space that size, an explosion is really something. I was lucky."

There it goes again—this lucky business. And yet you have a feeling, when you talk to Rod, that he makes some of his own "luck." For instance, he didn't stick around in tunnels after it began to dawn on him there was no future to the work, literally. He wanted to see the sun, so he came up from down under and got a job at a dime store.

"That was a rare experience," says Rod, laconically. It must have been. Can't you just see Rod, with his size, his strong hands, his direct manner born of his years digging in the earth, as a dime store clerk? "You couldn't smoke, you couldn't talk to anybody in the place," marvels Rod, "you couldn't even buy a car, so help me!"

It was only because of the depression that Rod stuck to that job for eight months. After his "stretch" as a white collar worker, he went back to work in Long Beach digging tunnels again and glad of it. At least, there he had a freedom of word and action. He decided he just wasn't cut out to be a prissy pants.

But the dime store job was lucky for him, too. Because while he was working regular hours for a change, he met a certain girl. Before too long, they were married. Maybe some people might figure, since they were eventually divorced, what was lucky about it? But this was lucky; they had a little girl. And she's the light of Rod's life today.

Maybe Rod would have stuck with his tunnel digging if he hadn't reasoned that tunnel digging was even more hazardous in California than it was in New York. For in New York, there is rock underground. In California, they have earthquakes. "Here," elaborates Rod, "there is shifting sand. They use these big timbers underground, and they have a man who walks around tapping them. When they get too much pressure, they ring like a bell. When that happens, you know there is too much pressure, and you'd better do something about it, fast. Of course, sometimes they don't catch them and they go off like firecrackers. That's when you don't want to be around if you're smart." With his penchant for making "luck" happen, Rod played it smart, and quit.

By no stretch of imagination, though, could the next years be described as bedecked with four-leaf clovers. He put his hard-earned cash into a chemical business, which folded. He and his wife were divorced. He was broke and living on what past-due bills he could collect. How black can things get? Then one day he sat down and said to himself, "What business pays the most for the least work?" You don't need to be an Einstein to figure that one out: motion pictures. He'd never been on a stage in his life; he knew nothing about stock companies, agents, "pull." He simply started making the rounds of the casting offices asking for work. He didn't ask for extra work, either. He wanted to be a leading man.

The casting directors may have been impressed by his brash entrance upon the Hollywood scene, but they couldn't do much about it. Rod didn't belong to the Guild. If you didn't belong to the Guild, you couldn't get a job. And you couldn't get a job if you didn't belong to the Guild. It was a vicious cycle. For seven months, Rod tried to crack Hollywood. He didn't succeed.

He hated to ask favors, but he began to feel that you just had to "know" somebody to get any sort of a break. So he wrote a friend of his, Nicol Smith, a writer, and outlined his predicament. Nicol wrote back, enclosing a letter of introduction to director Edmund Gould-

ing. Two days later Rod was working in a picture, and although he wound up on the cutting room floor, he had his Guild card. After that he worked a couple of days at Universal playing an engineer in a long-ago Bing Crosby picture. Then he went with Harry Sherman. He got \$66.66 a week, and he began to wonder where all this big Hollywood dough was hiding.

Later, he signed with Paramount. But there were other stars on the lot who were similar types: Fred MacMurray, Gary Cooper. Whenever a good part came up, somebody else got it. Still, in a way it was lucky for him. He wasn't yet ready for the big rôles, and at Paramount he had the chance of going to dramatic school and learning. For one thing, he made over 200 tests for "For Whom the Bell Tolls." It's true that he didn't establish a name; he wasn't the fair-haired boy of the studio. But he did get a lot of experience. After Paramount, he went to Metro to play the likeable cowboy in "Mrs. Parkington." With that picture, Hollywood began to do a double-take.

Still, things moved slowly. Rod did westerns for Harry Sherman, signed with Universal and did more westerns. Somehow, his tall-in-the-saddle look, plus his rugged profile, suggested just one thing to directors: horses. It wasn't until he teamed with Yvonne De Carlo in "Salome, Where She Danced," that the fan mail began. In "Pirates of Monterey," opposite Maria Montez, he is slightly terrific.

On Rod, Technicolor looks good. Indeed, he is a star Technicolor discovered. For then the ruggedness of him, the virility and strength, come through on the screen. Black and white pretties him up too much, tries to make a drawing room hero out of a two-fisted giant.

If his luck holds out, perhaps Universal will cast him in such pictures as "The Fountainhead," where the leading character is terse, tough, unyielding. If his luck holds, maybe he'll get solid rôles in solid pictures.

I like to think this will happen. For too much of Hollywood is make-believe. Too often the closest a screen lumberjack has ever come to a piece of lumber is his Louis XIV coffee table. It's wonderfully satisfying to know that in the case of Rod Cameron his screen exploits will never measure up to the drama and impact and downright hard work that he has lived.

For when you see Rod Cameron, what he was yesterday and what he has since become, you know that there is one Hollywood hero whose life story would make a more colorful movie than any picture in which he has yet played.



Faith Domergue, Howard Hughes' lovely Creole screen discovery, with Hugo Fregonese, her fiancé, on the set of "Vendetta."

Good Time Annie

Continued from page 29

turned back, there was his exquisite leading lady puffing on a big black cigar!

"Poor Annie almost choked to death on the darned thing," says Errol. "But she got what she wanted. I howled and so did everyone on the set. The tension was broken and the scene went like a charm."

Annie has her own opinions as to what constitutes a Good Time. "I like spontaneous fun, the last-minute sort of thing. When I'm in the mood for a party I gather up friends, food and music, mix them all together in a hurry and let the laughs fall where they may. Some of my best parties happen that way."

Vacation jaunts "happen" in much the same fashion. Annie suddenly decides to catch a plane leaving for Mexico City within a couple of hours. There's the mad scramble of packing, getting plane tickets, digging up the old passport, arranging domestic affairs, and Annie is off—usually making the plane at the last possible moment. Even madder than her departures are her arrivals below the border. No matter how unexpected her visits, Mexican friends and admirers are at

the airport in a beaming body to welcome her. And always there is the band of mariachis to beat out the Mexican equivalent of "There'll Be A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

On these excursions Annie is invariably accompanied by Martha Giddings, her wardrobe woman, constant companion and friend. Although "Gidds" is officially a Warner employee in charge of Annie's wardrobe at the studio, when travelling with Annie her only orders are to "relax and enjoy yourself. This may as well be your vacation, too."

"Gidds could write a book about me," declares Annie. "And heaven help me if she ever does!"

Actually she has nothing to fear from Gidds, who thinks Annie approaches perfection as nearly as is humanly possible. "If you're under the impression Annie is just a female Good Time Charlie" she bristles, "let me set you straight. Annie will probably kill me for spilling all this, but generosity is such an integral part of her personality. You can't know the real Sheridan without knowing about her many kindnesses. For one thing, you

don't dare admire anything too much when you're with Annie. She'll either buy it for you or give it to you if it's something of her own. I made the mistake recently of raving about a bedspread Annie crocheted for her own room. It's a beautiful piece of workmanship, done in squares in a pineapple popcorn stitch. Now Annie's making one for me, a year's work.

"Any time there's an accident or sudden death at the studio Annie finds out whether the family needs financial aid. If they need it they get it, and they never know where the money came from."

Under duress Gidds will admit Annie has a few mild faults. "She resents being told what to do, even when it's for her own good. For instance, I've been worried about her lack of interest in food lately," says Gidds. "Comes dinner time I don't dare say, 'We'd better eat now.' Instead I casually remark, 'Don't know what you're going to do, I'm going to have my dinner now,' and head for the dining room without looking back. Don't have to! Annie is always right behind me. When we worked on 'Unfaithful,' I had Zachary Scott and Lew Ayres helping me sneak extra eggs into her egg-nogs."

Another debit on Annie's balance sheet is her inability to forgive a personal injury. "When she finds someone's played her a mean or underhanded trick Annie gets unhappy for a while. Then she gets mad and stays that way. Nothing her wrongdoer can say or do will ever make up for that hurt. Annie carries an Indian grudge. Must be that strain of Cherokee in her."

The faithful Gidds is often the butt of Annie's practical jokes. Example: ready to emerge from her dressing-room onto the waiting set Annie turns to Gidds and innocently asks for her earrings. "But I gave them to you at home," Gidds reminds her. "You didn't give them to me," shrugs Annie. Not until Gidds is tearing her hair and calling Transportation for a car to rush her to Annie's house does her tormentor relent and produce the earrings from the pocket in which she has hidden them.

Yet Annie proves her worth in bad times as well as good. She was in New York when she heard that Gidd's husband had died of a heart attack at his army post. Annie promptly borrowed Steve Hannagan's lakeside lodge in Connecticut and wired Gidds to join her there. *Sorry not good company just now*, came the mournful reply. *You can fill the lake twice as full with your tears if you like*, Annie wired back, *but you are staying with me*.

Even the most tedious of a star's working hours, those she spends in the wardrobe department, are just another romp for Good Time Annie. As tall, handsome Travilla, one of Warners' top designers tells it, "When an actress has to be fitted to thirty-six changes for one picture as Annie did lately, we expect plenty of grumbling. Annie had the entire department in an uproar repeating her fitting-room jokes. What particularly amused her were the iron bustles built into the skirts. She referred to them as bird cages."

When Annie's first costume was delivered to her dressing-room she found, in place of the bustle, an actual bird cage complete with artificial white bird perched on a bouquet of red roses. "Annie not only loved it and laughed at it," says Travilla gratefully, "she wore it!"

"You can lick almost any situation by laughing at it," claims Annie. "Almost every problem has its comic angle. Find that angle and your problem will probably disappear." Annie should know. The gal laughs at danger. In a scene for which Errol Flynn galloped up and swept her onto his horse without slackening his speed, Annie found herself in serious trouble. The overheated horse was slippery and so was Annie's taffeta costume. Annie found herself sliding clear over to one side of the horse while Errol continued on, unaware of her predicament.

Any other girl would have had the screaming meemies. Annie hung on in grim silence until they were out of camera range. Then she let loose, screaming not with hysteria, but with laughter!

Even the inscrutable Bogart has been broken up by Annie's antics. It happened while Bogey was working in "Treasure of Sierra Madre," in which there are no women except for a bit part, that of a shady lady. The short scene was rehearsed with a bit player. When the cameras actually rolled, out came Sheridan in a slinky black gown and wig to match. Bogey's jaw dropped a foot but he managed to follow her down the studio street and turn the corner after her, as per the script. There, away from the camera eye, he surveyed Annie's wardrobe, makeup and hairdo, shuddered at the thought of the time involved and gasped, "How far can you go for a laugh?" before he collapsed with laughter himself.

As far as Hollywood is concerned Annie can never go too far. There will never be enough laughter in this tired old world. And if you've had a few giggles yourself reading about Good Time Annie, well, she's just "brightened" another "corner." See what we mean?

It's Fun, But It's Tough!

Continued from page 21

I said, "Walter, what you don't realize, unless you are a producer, is that it's an awfully hard job making a picture—even a bad one. Sometimes you think it's impossible to make a good one. And don't forget—nobody ever starts out to make a bad picture."

Winchell grinned. "Never thought of it that way before."

Few people do. They don't know that sometimes the artistic and dramatic quality suffers intangibly from the enormous physical and mental labor on the part of all involved, especially the producer. We all start out to make a *good* movie, but this is Earth, not Heaven.

Whether or not it's a *good* movie, the realistic side of making it is not what you'd think. I quote some trivialities.

In the first place, you must bear in mind that a picture is not made outside a producer's window, where he can sit at his desk and look at everything. It is a question of distances. Even before a picture starts shooting, you seem to spend an enormous amount of time leaping around from spot to spot in the studio. You run out of your office, you go down a long corridor to the elevator, you go down another long corridor, you run around the corner 200 feet away to Irene's office to confer with her on designs for costumes; you dash into the men's wardrobe to look at the uniforms of the British Navy in 1850; you tear up the equivalent of three flights of stairs into the art director's studio, where he may have several assistants designing models, sketches and miniatures of sets and effects.

And by the time you start back to your office, somebody yells out of a window, "They're paging you, Mr. Wilson—they want you in makeup." So you dash over to the makeup department and go into another conference. In the process of the two years and nine months

of working on "Green Dolphin Street," I went through all this several hundred times. Movie making is tough on the legs.

Considering that the technical, physical side of making a motion picture involves 175 different trades or occupations, and that there are constantly at work on the MGM lot nearly 6000 people, of whom probably 5000 are working on your picture for at least part of their time, you will see that the preparation for a motion picture, particularly a big, expansive or epic style film, would be a terrific job even if you didn't put any film in the cameras and actually *make* the movie. Because the very greatest amount of work is that which starts out with some words on paper and goes through all the processes up to such time as the camera starts to turn.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, or vice versa, you will have at one end of the gamut hurrying over to Miss Lana Turner's dressing room, long before the picture starts, to see what she means when she says she has at last found the proper color for her hair in the rôle of *Marianne*—a color she can't describe, and quite properly doesn't need to describe because the color is that of a lock of hair she that morning cut off the head of her daughter Cheryl. In this instance it seemed an ideal shade, but the laborious task of making a motion picture does not allow for any sentimental appreciation of that idea. The color must be tested to see exactly what shade it will come out on the screen.

Well, after we got through the several stages of decision about Miss Turner's hair, including the dyeing of her hair that color, and finally testing to see how her face would look with that hair, we had to go through it thirty-one more times to see how that color hair Lana would look in thirty-one costumes.

So then you come to the other extreme. I made probably twenty visits to Lot 3 to inspect and confer on various parts of our earthquake effects, which consisted of specially designed hydraulic rams used to split open the earth in certain of the earthquake scenes.

Speaking of that earthquake, for several weeks before we shot this, we were bothered by the fact that Miss Turner said blithely and honestly that she had never screamed in her life, had privately rehearsed, but found she could not scream. Now the entire keynote of the earthquake with all its vastness, is summed up in a series of agonized screams by Lana, about to have her baby brought on prematurely by the earthquake. And it wasn't only the sound of Miss Turner's screaming voice that we would need, but the agonized facial expressions that go with it. However, Mr. Victor Saville, the director, was not alarmed. He said in due course he thought Miss Turner would scream.

So the scene was shot in chronological order. We led Miss Turner into the action on the set, and we turned loose the earthquake. She screamed, she kept on screaming. She admitted later that she had learned to scream at that particular moment, and she now admits to having this new dimension. All she has to do is remember the moment when she was thrown to the floor by the first rumblings of the earthquake, and she not only can scream at the memory but feels much inclined to.

Another phase of preparation, involving labors not suspected, was an almost open telephone wire for many weeks between Wellington, New Zealand, and my office or my home in Hollywood. Scores of letters also were exchanged by the New Zealand governmental authorities and myself—all this to get research material on costumes, manners, customs, buildings, topography of the country a hundred years ago. New Zealand Government Bureaus made for us recordings of native Maori songs and chants, as well as several dozen reels of film that were of value in the same connection. Captain George Rangi Bennett, of Maori blood himself, and one of the



Dotty Lamour and Victor Moore go glum for comedy's sake in UA's "A Miracle Can Happen."

leading authorities on New Zealand history and Maori life, flew from New Zealand to Hollywood to act as technical advisor. Throughout the preparation and shooting of the picture, Captain Bennett and I were in daily conference, and this once again required me to leap madly around to the sets or stages, because Captain Bennett had to be standing beside the camera for every inch of film so that no technical mistakes would be made.

Very few people realize the amount of film a producer has to look at. Scores of tests are made of all characters in all makeups and hairdresses and costumes, because you cannot judge by your own eye. You must judge only by the celluloid eye of the camera. You run down to the projection room a dozen times a day for this purpose, in addition to your morning visit where you look at all the film that was shot the day before. Then when the film is finished, you spend five



Zachary Scott seems to approve discipline Gene Anderson is giving son Bobby. It happened on Eagle Lion's "Prelude to Night" set.

and six hours a day in the projection and cutting room, running the film and conferring with your film editors as to the proper editing and arranging of it. Since shooting stopped, I have seen "Green Dolphin Street" complete from beginning to end 108 times.

Before choosing locations, you screen hundreds of reels of locations that have been already "located" and filed for such inspection, film of which is kept filed in a library. For "Green Dolphin Street" we tore that library apart and couldn't find what we wanted, so we went out in airplanes and flew 12,000 miles in various directions before we found the big trees that we wanted. Our big tree location on the Klamath River in Northern California was more than a thousand miles away from the studio, and this distance was not easily negotiated. You took a plane to San Francisco, a bus to somewhere else, then another bus to somewhere else, and then a bulldozer. The bulldozer is no exaggeration because actually, at first, we were forced to follow two bulldozers to get into the location. At that, we had to

build our living camp twenty miles away.

Other locations took us to Monterey, several miles away, to Laguna, quite a few miles south, and to two other spots on the Pacific Coast unidentifiable by any town names because they aren't near any towns. It might interest you to know that the cave, which really doesn't exist, is in real life composed of three different sections—one at Monterey, one at Laguna, and the other here at the studio. The one shot of the water tearing into the cave that sends Donna Reed climbing up the rocks—because if she doesn't climb she'll be drowned—we did three different times with three different caves, and each one of them meant the staff operating on a platform 35 feet in the air, so that we at least would be clear of the machinery and water. Try climbing a 35-foot ladder a dozen times in a morning.

Meanwhile, the largest set of its type ever built by MGM, the harbor and waterfront of St. Pierre in the English Channel, was being built on Lot 3. Even with all the drawings approved, even with meticulous study and changes in a miniature model of the set, you still make changes almost daily as you see the set go up. And while primarily such changes are the responsibility of the director, the co-operation between director and producer was such, in this instance, that repeatedly during the shooting of the picture, Mr. Saville and I would steal a ten-minute lunch, and use the rest of the legal lunch hour to go climbing over waterfronts, up and down rocks, in and out of huge lumber barges, and through ships, and up rigging, and under the earth, and over great prostrate tree trunks ten feet in diameter.

Then there was the job of planning and achieving the specially invented tidal wave effect which required six 1500-horse power Allison airplane motors, purchased from government surplus, which were on the far end of Lot 2. Not many times in my life have I been in such a precarious position as while watching mechanical rehearsals of the giant wave that wrecks *William's* lumber barge. We were way up in the air on a platform with no railing, clinging to the legs of the camera that was chained down, and wondering whether or not *we* would be washed away when Richard Hart was. He was supposed to be. I wasn't. We were all in rubber boots and oilskins. The special assistant in charge of rubber boots had a big job on "Green Dolphin Street" because set after set required director, crew, cast, and even the poor producer to move constantly in and out of water.

Once your picture starts shooting, of course, you have to watch its actual dramatic progress, as well as the further preparation of future sets, costumes, props, and effects. You are liable to have 25 or 30 big and important sets scattered around Lots 1, 2, and 3 of MGM. These areas total a couple of hundred acres. Stage 30 must be nearly a half mile from my office. It's about five miles to Lot 3. And while in theory you are supposed to send for an automobile and be driven out to the stage or location, in practice you are generally

en route from one to the other. Most of the time you walk—a good deal of the time you run. Everything is always in a hurry in a studio. Time is the costliest thing we deal in.

Silly things come up. Would a girl of wealth and family position, who wore high-heeled shoes in her home on an English Channel Island in the 18th Century still wear such shoes later as a pioneer housewife in the New Zealand timber country? Would a woman always proud of her immaculate appearance change the doing of her hair in a different land? Lest there be any adverse comment on the effective way Lana Turner's hair is arranged, even in the Green Dolphin Street "out-back country," investigation proved that our great-grandmothers, in cities or elsewhere, used hair styles of the day, forced on them by the fulsome long locks, and were never free to use the careless, informal hairdos that came into fashion when women bobbed their hair, shortening their responsibilities and lengthening their liberties.

Lana Turner is depicted as the daughter of very rich people. She imports her clothes, perfumes and so on from Paris to her Channel Island home. So, closely following the book, we were able to establish that young lady as arriving in the pioneer country of New Zealand with elaborate trunks and cases filled with materials which she had brought in the determination to make her new home at least comfortable and attractive, and her own person as meticulous in stylishness as circumstances would possibly permit. Various other shipments are shown as arriving (remember, her father was a great shipping magnate), permitting us to justify the fact that she could be dressed in a manner well suiting her own important self-respect and emphatic personal pride. The very first thing she did on arriving at her bridegroom's primitive home was to start fixing up the place with fabrics, etc. Once the destructive earthquake was over, she immediately found undamaged trunks and started hauling out materials with which to restore the battered home and refreshen her damaged wardrobe.

The problem that involved Donna Reed most importantly was the question of her spectacular climb up the rocks in the cave, when the rising tide imprisons her and threatens to drown her. The question arose as to how far a girl in the elaborate and cumbersome dress of the period would be able to climb up that precipitous rock wall, and how much damage would be done to her person and her costume. The final conclusion, to which everybody subscribed, was that the girl of that day was accustomed to the so-called handicap of that clothing, and that it was probably not nearly as much of a handicap to her as it would be to the girl of today who, to put it mildly, is used to wearing considerably fewer clothes; and that in desperation and to save her life, the girl of a hundred years ago could accomplish incredible physical achievements with all the thick, full skirts and petticoats and even corsets, as has been proved by several immortal heroines of history.

Then came up the small, delicate

question as to whether or not some of those heroines of history did not perhaps pause in their heroics to discard a petticoat or two, but the conclusion was reached that the innate modesty of the young ladies of the period would preclude the horrifying thought! We shot the scene on the basis that the young women of any period are equal physically to the demands made on them by their emotional response to the situation.

Someone spoke of the coincidence that the ship *Green Dolphin* happened to be on the China Coast exactly when Richard Hart's warship the *Orion* was there, but this objection was ridiculed by several men who knew their ships and the traditions thereof. Almost every epic writing, factual or fictional, of mid-19th Century voyages reveals the number of occasions when a ship would encounter a familiar vessel in the various ports of the world. The pathways of the sea were not so many then. Trading and cargo carrying followed a few known and established lines of trade. And since both ships involved were established as voyaging from English Channel ports, the conclusion was obvious that they might encounter each other readily at least once.

Other questions arose, such as—do the semi-native costumes worn by Van Heflin look believable, even though authentic? What would the English Channel water look like in summer, and again in winter? How fast does snow melt in a normally temperate climate, on grass, on stone, on a wooden roof? The snow question is a very important one because Lana Turner and Donna Reed were to play a prolonged emotional scene in the open courtyard of the convent where Donna is a novice just about to take her vows as a nun. It is a question of footwear. It is a question of standing with

very thin indoor shoes out-of-doors where there has been snow, because a few minutes earlier we have seen snow in another location. This had to be correct not only in theory, but we had to watch the scene rehearsed to see how it looked to the eye. We couldn't be authentic and have the audience snicker. They don't snicker, so we must have decided properly.

There is not one of these questions or problems that doesn't involve physical as well as artistic labors, because the decision of a producer or a director is based upon the advice of some departmental head; and after the theory has been expounded, you go where the question exists and decide it realistically.

And yet not one word of this has anything to do with the question of whether or not "*Green Dolphin Street*" is a good picture. Not one of these 1001 decisions, involving travel, possible pneumonia, plus almost nightly mental and physical exhaustion, has been concerned, for instance, with what Lana and Donna say to each other in the convent courtyard, regardless of whether or not their feet are theoretically getting wet or cold.

Whether you have a good story, fine acting, or splendid production—all these questions can be answered satisfactorily only as secondary questions to the one that asks if you are going to have any moving picture at all.

The audience, of course, should only appreciate the entertainment and emotional content that bounces off the screen into their consciousness. But there just couldn't be anything to bounce off that screen unless some producer and his 5000 associates had engaged in labors undreamed of by you in the audience while you watch and, we hope, enjoy the results of our efforts.

Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 40

ever she talks about it. Takes to those boards like a real champ and we've got a date to hit the water together in Lake Arrowhead sometime, where Junie keeps her own speedboat. But what's the use of kiddin' ourself. The kid'll be so busy in pictures before you can say *SCREENLAND* Magazine, it'll be eras ere she gets back to her hobby. There's a big star in the making—June Lockhart! And a fine gal, *aussi!*

But, avant! Let's to the potion of commotion!

HEAVENLY!

FRANK SINATRA: Dye dut the denny in de dum dot! I mean I put the penny in the gum slot! This is the baby-talk deal Nancy's daddy did with the Pied Pipers and oo det de "Dum Dot Song." *Tres* cute—maybe another "Mairzie Doats"—but I hope not, 'cause it'll drive you batty. Flip is very trite, Dwight, "It All Came True," but nothing comes true, in fact nothing happens at all. Frank should be ashamed putting down junk like this. Much more like it are a brace of beauties from "High But-

ton Shoes," "You're My Girl" and "Can't You Just See Yourself," by Sammy Cahn and Julie Styne. F.S. is back on the beam in these furrows, and really makes that 5 o'clock shadow come around at 1. (Columbia)

PEGGY LEE: Ah, Peggy, my leetle gypsy, come and seet on my knee and croon in my ear. Tell me ze story of zoze magneefeecent "Golden Earrings," ze one ze gypsies know so well. And how Mrs. Barbour does! Purrs like a kitten and makes you think you're sitting by a campfire of a gypsy caravan. They look as beautiful as they sound! Mrs. Barbour spreads rice around on the flip on "I'll Dance at Your Wedding," but I'd much rather have her sing. Which she does like an angel. (Capitol)

STAN KENTON: The Long Leanster of Leapo, Mr. Kenton fermentin'! And another of those exciting slicings by this marvelous aggregation which is committing mass homicide wherever they're heard and is the number 1 band in the country today! Wish you could've been stashed at Carnegie Hall for Stan's recent concert on the "Fred Robbins One Night Stand." One of the most thrilling things



Olivia deHavilland, star of "Snake Pit," and husband Marcus Goodrich, at end-of-picture party.

you've ever heard or seen! Stan's using a bongo player to lend added color to this music and the kid who beats that bongo, Jack Costanza, puts water on your kneecaps. Boy, what a kick! Shows you the terrific influence Cuban music has on our own jazz. Stan's using this influence to the fullest and what a wild, exciting thing it is! (Capitol)

BERYL DAVIS: You've been diggin' my girl, Beryl, on the "Hit Parade" of late, as replacement for Doris Day, whose movie commitments got too heavy. And the nice hunk of English crockery applies that larynx to the two you've been singing from "Good News," "The Best Things in Life Are Free," and "Pass That Peace Pipe." Kid musta studied her American history 'cause she rolls off those Indian tribes like butter. (Victor)

MONICA LEWIS: The chick whose moniker is Monica bakes her first sides for Decca which seems to be her Mecca, after a long tenure in the Signature grooves. Wraps her sleek plumbing around "The Gentleman Is a Dope," from "Allegro," and "The Bluest Kind of Blues," clefted by Django Reinhardt and a big smash in England. A well hyphenated chick, this Lewis doll, and a most auspicious debut on new label. (Decca)

BUDDY CLARK: Oh, big puddles of purple passion! This lark yclept Clark is getting prolific, to say nothing of terrific, in his old age. Buddy's rolling those wafers out by the bunches and is that bad? They're that crunchy! There's "Ballerina," "It Had to Be You," from the same name pix, "You Are Never Away," from "Allegro" and "All Dressed Up with a Broken Heart," a lament over a busted romance. That takes care of the single cookies. But the *pièce de*—you know what—is "For You Alone," the album by B. C. How this guy squeezes the liver and lights out of a song—8 of 'em 'tween these leaves—"For You," "I'll Never Be the Same," "East of the Sun," "Something to Remember You By," "I'll See You in My Dreams," "I'll Get By," "When Day Is Done" and "More Than You Know." Look out, these'll send you soaring to never-to-be-forgotten stratospheres, dears. (Columbia Set C 153)

JANE RUSSELL: While on the subject of albums and never-to-be-forgotten stratospheres, er . . . uh . . . Jane Rus-



Who's mocking whom? It's our guess that Jimmy Durante is doing a not so subtle take-off on the Brazilian Bombshell, Carmen Miranda, on Jimmy's NBC program.

sell has packaged the drippings from her larynx in a Columbia album, too. Boing! It's strictly ostrich-fan cooled. Yep, the slick mouse who makes your breath going out get mixed up with breath going in, calls said album "Let's Put Out the Lights" and after you dig the contents thereof you'll agree the title is appropriate. Mrs. Bob Waterfield does "Body and Soul," "I Must Have That Man," "Let's Put Out the Lights," "Do It Again," "Love for Sale," "Two Sleepy People," "A Hundred Years From Today" and "Until the Real Thing Comes Along"—eight great songs. She's relaxed and *tres intime*. (Columbia C 157)

TEX BENEKE: "A Girl That I Remember," "Surprise Symphony," "Lone Star Moon," "Gotta Get to Oklahoma City." That first one is covered with nostalgia and pink frosting and the sonorous tonsils of Gary Stevens, whose pipes match any in the country. Perf for cheek-to-cheekin' when the candles are low. Tex gets ridin' on Haydn but nothin' happens. Never liked instrumentals on the classics too much, anyhow, unless the arrangements were sensash, which this ain't. Texas takes you back to the prairie, Mary, on the "Moon" opus, about his home state and the "Oklahoma" deal is a bang-up production deal with the Moonlight Serenaders, and glistenin' whistlin' by Tex on the tale of the kitty who's waitin' for him in Oklahoma City. Rosin on the bow and away we go! (Victor)

GENE KRUPA: The guy with the light brown drumsticks does wonderful things instrumentally to "I May Be Wrong" to make those footsies of yours really want to let themselves go. Flip spots Buddy Hughes' throat on "Please Don't Play Number Six Tonight," said number being that number in the books which brings back unpleasant romantic memories. Cookie starts with a talkin' intro 'tween Gene and a fan requesting the fatal "number 6," whereupon Buddy comes on with his plea to forget it. Very *cacciatori*, morning glory. (Columbia)

KING COLE TRIO: Ah, the gleesome threesome! What a kick it was announcing their Wildroot program while they were in the concrete jungle. And that Nat Cole—my man! So-o-o GREAT! D'jever think how many times you heard his cookie of "The Christmas Song" this

year. Same thing'll happen every yule. Freshest slicing is "These Things Money Can't Buy" and "Now He Tells Me," oozing with all the appealing squealing you get from Nat's bronchial tubes. Latter face is *tres* clever, 'bout people learning things much too late, like the guy in the song who jumped in the pool, and woke up in the hospital with the doc informing him they don't fill it till the middle of May. (Capitol)

JO STAFFORD: "The Gentleman Is a Dope," "The Best Things in Life Are Free," "I Never Loved Anyone." Phew! Don't know who's been talking to Cinderella Stump but the chick's singin' like never before, it seems. She's never been as effective as on these fresh biscuits and makes you tear the buttons off your vest, to boot! Maybe it's the up tempo, maybe the Paul Weston backings, tho he's done most of her stuff, but ever since that "Temptation" thing, the gal's been a revelation. She's off her stilts. (Capitol)

LOUIS PRIMA: "My Little Donkey," "Valencia." These Prima novelties seem to go from bad to worse. This comes like oysters and chocolate sauce—just a hunk of junk. Nowhere. (Victor)

TONY MARTIN: "Forever Amber," "My Sin." Sounds like perfume but hits the auditory preceptor like the sweet stuff does the olifactory. Tony boy wraps himself around the title song from Linda's flicker with wordage by Johnny Mercer and on the flip revives one he features in his nitery appearances. You'll be in a nebulous daze, little squab! (Victor)

NELLIE LUTCHER: Hide your pate if you thought the real "gone" gal who getcha like the witches got *Macbeth* was just a flash, 'cause her freshest slab shows otherwise. "Do You or Don't You Love Me" and "The Song Is Ended" are jammed with all the vocal percussion and lip flippin' her first ones sparkled with, which took the Eagle's Nest by storm. Oh, my tight garters! (Capitol)

ARTHUR GODFREY: My man, Godfrey, the "Talent Scout" rascal, bakes another waffle to follow his smashing opus about the kid with too much avoirdupois, "A Porter's Love Song to a Chambermaid," and "I'm a Ding Dong Daddy." Same gravelly epiglottus and tongue-in-cheek humor gives these novelties a fresh lilt. (Columbia)

JOHNNY HODGES: "Jeep's Blues," "Rendezvous with Rhythm." Precious wax! A Columbia reissue from the Okeh label of two of John Cornelius Hodges' finest jazz cuttings, one with the cream of the guys from the Ellington band. There's Lawrence Brown, Harry Carney and the rest of that all star cast that's been doing such wonderful things for so many years. (Columbia)

TAD DAMERON SEXTET: Step over into the bop department, please, for an ample sample of this merchandise at its "gonest" by Tad Dameron, one of the foremost arrangers and pianists of the modern school. He's coralled Fats Navarro on trumpet, Charlie Rouse on tenor, Ernie Henry on alto, Nelson Boyd, bass and Shadow Wilson on drums on a cookie that'll thrill you to your lymphatic passageways. There's "Our Delight" and "The Squirrel" to chase out any bad sound that may be cluttering your aural cavity. (Blue Note)

SINGIN' THE BLUES: Come and get an effulgent outpouring of indigo vocal stuff by Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Mildred Bailey and Ethel Waters on eight fresh faces waxed during the past year. Satchmo comes on with "Blues for Yesterday" and "Blues in the South" like the genius he is; Ethel Waters winds her rich, mature tonsils around "Careless Love" and "Blues in My Heart," backed by the Herman Chittison Trio; Mildred Bailey gets under "That Ain't Right" and "I Don't Want to Miss Mississippi," with bucketsful of feeling, with the Ellis Larkins Trio. (Victor P 192)

KAY STARR: "Then I'll Be Tired of You," "Was That the Human Thing to Do." Got this cookie under HOT 'cause this lush thrush Kay Starr is one of the best jazz singers extant, with a great beat and oodles of the righteous feeling. Comes thru whether she's on a strictly jazz tune or on ballads, like *ici*. Used to chirp for Charley Barnett, is now on her ownsy and with proper breaks should be one of the biggest names of the year. Sure makes you glad you've got an ear. And for cert knows her songs. (Capitol)

DIZZY GILLESPIE: "Ow!" "Ooo-Pa-Pa-Da." The heavens are bursting! Or so it seems 'cause here comes the great Gillespie gang like this month's winds—frenetic and kopasetic! If you go for the bop stuff, this slab'll have you talkin' to yourself with its nuclear energy and fine Gillespie trumpet. "Ooo-Pa-Pa-Da" is the same as Babs did for Blue Note, and John Burks Gillespie scats it here in some clever bop satire. (Victor)

BENNY CARTER: "Prelude to a Kiss," "I Can't Escape From You." One of the most talented musicians of our time, Bennett Carter, who plays trumpet, alto, tenor and piano, lifts the alto here to distinguish the beautiful Ellington tune, "Prelude." Flip is nowhere, tho. Bad sound and hokey beat. (Capitol)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

How 'bout blowing me a *billet-doux*, Sue? Just fling it out into the March wind and it'll float right to F.R.—if you

see that it gets wafted into the green box first. What's your pleasure, treasure? We're equipped for television, walkie-talkie and morse code, too, and be you a pilgrim from the Bronx, a drip from Mississippi, or own cattle in Seattle, we'll answer everything from Ace Brigode to Zutty Singleton or even whether Franklin Pangborn ever made records. Like this:

Dear Fred: Did my boy Desi Arnaz ever sing with Xavier Cugat's band? And when is his birthday?

Sincerely,
Rosemary Simpkins,
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Rosemary: Yes, your boy did spend some time with Cugie. 'T was during the 1935-36 season in Miami. He made transcriptions with Cugie but no records. In 1938 he opened at La Conga with his own six piece band, then into the leading rôle in "Too Many Girls" and into the RKO picture of same. You know the rest. He hit the planet on March 2, 1917.

Recordially,
F. R.

Dear Fred: I'm a hospital corpsman at a Naval Medical Center and my buddy and I have been arguing these long nights away on who beats the skins on part 3 of "How High the Moon" from "Jazz at the Philharmonic." Also how many of Glenn Miller's old band are with the Beneke band as of now? Can you square us away on this deal?

Sincerely,
Bob Griffin,
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Bob: That's Gene Krupa, who's listed on the label as "Chicago Flash." The guys with Tex who were with Glenn are Jimmy Priddy and Paul Tanner, trombones, Roland Bundick, bass, and Stan Aaronson, tenor.

Recordially,
F. R.

Dear Fred: What happened to Johnny "Scat" Davis and his orchestra?

Sincerely,
Helen Horak,
Algoma, Wis.

Dear Helen: He's at the Capitol Lounge in Chicago with a small combo, and records for Vitacoustic records.

Recordially,
F. R.

Dear Fred: I've misplaced an orchestra leader named Russ Morgan. What happened to him and what are his latest biscuits?

Sincerely,
Mary Moody,
Everett, Wash.

Dear Mary: At this writing the kid who makes "Music in the Morgan Manner" is stashed at the Hotel Schroeder in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His latest Dec-cookies are "That Feeling in the Moonlight," "You're Nobody Until Somebody Loves You," "Under the Willow Tree," and "And Then It's Heaven."

Recordially,
F. R.

Dear Fred: Thanx for your entertaining articles. You make us want to buy all the records you describe so charmingly. What is the Decca record on which Bing sings "Pinetop's Boogie Woogie" with Lionel Hampton? Where can one purchase Capitol Records here in South Africa? Where can we write to Spike Jones, Bob Hannon and Vaughn Monroe?

Sincerely,

Mrs. Sue Carding,
Bloemfontein, O.F.S., South Africa

Dear Mrs. Carding: Gee, you're so far away! Sure is a thrill to hear from you, and thanx oodles for the nice things you said. That record number is 23843, you can get Capitol records by contacting the Afro-American Corp. in Johannesburg, the distributor. Address Spike, c/o Ralph Wonders, General Artists Corp., Los Angeles, Calif.; Bob Hannon, c/o NBC, N. Y.; and Vaughn, c/o Willard Alexander, Radio City, New York, N. Y. Hope that clears the air way down there in Jan's province.

Recordially,
F. R.

Dear Fred: I heard the swell program you did for the U.S. Marines and really enjoyed it as I do your column every month. My question? Why isn't Tony Martin in more movies and an article written about him in SCREENLAND, my favorite movie mag, by the way.

Sincerely,
Pat Keener,
Zanesville, Ohio

Dear Pat: Tony is producing "Casbah," a musical version of "Algiers,"

which co-starred Monsieur "Come-wiz-me-to-ze-Casbah" Boyer and Hedy Lamarr. He himself will do the leading rôle with Yvonne De Carlo. Tony's only wife so far was Alice Faye. Are you interested?

Recordially,
F. R.

And so we have to put the typewriter in mothballs and pack our shellac and hit the track till the fourth month of the year. Don't you wait that long to knock me some linen so we can stoke the wax and chew the fat and get your radar in working order. Address Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



Dennis Morgan eavesdrops on phone conversation of Denise Darcel, chosen beauty queen of Paris for 1946 by the Duchess of Windsor.

Native Son

Continued from page 37

with him five minutes before you realize that the glamor boy tag couldn't have been pinned on a less appreciative guy.

In his house, furnished with big, comfortable pieces of furniture, Bob sprawls. His interests are not in the sharp, clever, sophisticated things. He does not give fashionably big cocktail parties, lose his shirt on gin rummy. As a matter of fact, Bob doesn't have a pack of cards in the house. He and Barbara have been working for nice fat salaries a good long while, but they don't live the lush life. For a movie palace, their house is definitely on the small side. It's furnished in exquisite taste with rugged antiques, but there isn't any "decorator" feeling about it. No swank, *moderne* furniture; no swimming pool; no private projection room. To some Hollywood people, he just isn't living.

You could fool me! He's living every moment with a zest and appreciation that is typically Taylor. At the flick of a trigger, he's off to the wilds. His idea of the happy life is to pack into the mountains, rise before dawn, hunt and fish. He only returns to Hollywood because pictures like "The High Wall" demand his starring presence. And because of a little lady he likes to have around: Barbara Stanwyck.

Barbara and Bob are individualists

who do not believe it is necessary to share one another's hobbies to be happy together. They've been married a happy eight years and expect to be married when they are old and gray. That's another thing that is more typical of Nebraska than of Hollywood. It just never occurs to Bob that his marriage to Barbara won't last. Where he comes from, marriages *do* last.

He thinks Barbara's indifference to the rough life is cute. She's strictly the hot-house type when it comes to enjoying nature in the raw. She wouldn't go hunting if Bengal tigers were roaming Hollywood Boulevard. Bob can hardly wait for a picture to finish so he can be off and away. Barbara loves movies. Bob does some of his best sleeping at the movies. Barbara can't stand games, particularly guessing games where people act things out. Bob loves such games, actually heckles friends into playing them with him. Barbara loves to spend quiet hours reading. Bob prefers spending those hours carefully cleaning his priceless collection of guns. Barbara is as dainty as a figurine, carefully keeps away from dirt and muss. Bob likes nothing better than to tinker with greasy engines.

And yet they have a beautiful understanding. Barbara kids Bob, saying that he plans it so she will be starting on a

new picture—along with its to-bed-by-nine routine—just when he feels the hunting bug coming on. Yet, if Bob mentions a new gun he has seen, she'll break her neck getting it for him. If he mentions a collapsible boat, she'll comment, "What do you want an old boat for?" and then race to the nearest sporting goods shop to buy it. She likes to see Bob have fun. She's not a possessive, demanding wife.

They both have a sense of humor that has survived the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. For Hollywood can be grim, jealous, and unrelenting. There was the era when Robert Taylor was supposed to be too handsome to be a good actor. Subsequent pictures have blown that bit of snide chicanery sky high. His performance in "The High Wall" is getting rave reviews. He is more than fulfilling the promise of his first smash hit in the "Magnificent Obsession" back in 1935. For over ten years, he's had hit pictures. Today, the fact that he's handsome is a throwaway.

When you first meet Robert Taylor, you're greatly aware of his charm and magnetism. This is not, strangely enough, because of his looks. It's because his love of life, his zest, his spontaneity of living are evident in everything he does. He's restless, quick moving, agile. So is a tiger. This spontaneity adds considerable interest to routine matters—such as eating. Once he flew his plane to New Orleans just because he felt like a fish dinner. He's quite apt to decide, out of the blue, to go hunting. During "The High Wall," he was told he wouldn't have to work on Monday. He left Beverly Hills by plane Sunday morning, packed in at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, Monday, fished all Monday afternoon and flew back in time to report to work Tuesday. Unfortunately, there was a slight complication that weekend. Bob had just shaved his mustache, and his upper lip got a sunburn that resulted in a Ubangi smile. The studio had to shoot around him.

When Bob wants to do something, he

wants to do it *now*. If he feels like practicing with his fly rod and there's no lake handy, he'll borrow someone's pool. This occasionally has its disadvantages; such as catching the line on the wire fence of an adjacent tennis court. To date, he's caught five trees and a diving board. Once he caught a barbecue pit. It's not so monotonous as just catching trout.

And yet Bob isn't a wacky individual. His sense of humor, always directed at himself, occasionally gives you the impression that he isn't particularly serious-minded. To the contrary, he has a maturity, knowledge and depth that you rarely find on the Hollywood scene. He analyzes events, tries to find an answer for world problems. His intellect is sharp, aware. He's a thinker, with a thoughtful, logical mind. He's no parrot-brain, quoting glibly from last night's editorial. He thinks things out himself.

For instance, in analyzing the present studio economy measures and the 75% British tax, Bob explains, "I think the studios have every reason to tighten up. With the now uncertain English market and our own market not as big as it was during the war years, the profits have dropped. I understand the gross dropped over half a million dollars per week at our studio alone, so it's no wonder there had to be layoffs. Naturally, they have to curtail production. Furthermore, today's production costs are at an all-time high. It seems to me inevitable that Hollywood must stop spending so generously, must consider costs and percentages."

Of the threatened depression, he says, "I don't know any solution to the present stalemate. I'm not an economist. But it seems to me if both sides, capital and labor, gave just a little bit, we'd get closer to the right answer. I think capital has to start it. Before labor became involved, the government was the biggest purchaser, and the wartime government will always pay any price. If a manufacturer plans to sell a commodity to the individual, he tries to keep his price down to beat competitors. On the other

hand, if the manufacturer is selling to the government, he can ask any price and get it. Today the manufacturers are used to getting wartime prices, and they forget the war is over. But the government isn't buying today. It's the individual, who has no such fabulous resources. He's just a little guy who's trying to get the most for his money. Maybe he's wanted a car or a washing machine all through the war. Even so, he won't pay inflation prices. He's a private individual, and he can't afford to.

"There's one obvious answer. America has to re-build the whole world. There is a big world market, a lot of jobs available in those countries. They need houses, tractors, steel, food—everything. They need it fast, and in gigantic quantities. Here again, it's a *government* project. Those nations will get these necessities fast, and capital will get *government* prices. That'll loosen up the situation a little, but it still won't bring prices down for John Doe. It takes a smarter man than I am to figure how the whole thing will end."

Yes, it will take a smarter man—perhaps—but not a more honest one. For the measure of Robert Taylor is revealed by his convictions. The fact that he thinks at all about such problems definitely sets him apart from the Hollywood glamor boy whose deepest thinking is about last night's date.

Not long ago, Bob was cleaning his plane at the Air Research Hanger. Out there, all the mechanics wear white coveralls with big red letters on the back. Bob has never acted big shot about his plane. He sees no sense in paying a fast \$200 to have it polished, for instance, so he keeps it in condition by working on it himself. Finally, the boys at Air Research got him company coveralls to wear.

He was working on the plane in his grease-covered coveralls, his hair down over his eyes, when some little boys approached him. "Hey, mister," they said, "does this plane belong to a movie star?"

"A star?" asked Bob. "Well, that's a matter of opinion."

"Well, one of these planes belongs to a movie star," the kids insisted, "and we want to find it!"

Bob said, "Maybe it's Ty Power's. He has one he keeps at Clover Field."

"Naw!" said the kids patiently, "he's in Africa. No, there's a movie star who owns a plane out *here*. Will you yell if you see him?"

"I'll do that," Bob promised.

The kids left. They didn't know him from a load of coal cars.

This little incident pleased Bob. "If people knew how Barbara and I live," he grinned, "they'd be awfully disappointed. Saturday nights, you know, we raise the devil. We go out for dinner, go to the studio and run two pictures. I sleep through the first one and look at the second. Hollywood's really a wild place. I don't blame people for worrying about their children coming out here to associate with people like us."

He elaborated further. "You see," he explained, "people forget I'm just a guy from Nebraska."

With a face like that—yes, people do!



Joan Bennett and Betty Hutton, both mothers-to-be, with Ted Briskin at Jean Hersholt's 10th Anniversary as Dr. Christian party, given at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Memo to Alan Ladd

Continued from page 23

basis, trying to make it mean a little security for the future so that if the worst comes, we can at least eat and live. Raising blooded horses, race horses, is, at present, our money-making project. We've also got a garden out there and never have to buy a vegetable. In the world of today," you added, "you just don't *know*. It's a little frightening."

Plus the blooded horses and the vegetables ("the race horses and the rootabaga," is the way you put it) you have seventeen dogs at the ranch. (Jezebel, the boxer, is your girl.) Eight ducks. Fourteen cats. Thirty-two chickens. Two pigs. And you are shopping for a cow.

You've cut down some on your pacing, it's true, but certain things still make you nervous. Noise, for one. Door-slamming. "Door-slamming drives me out of my mind. Noise, in general. Don't like noise, I guess. Except," you added, "the noise of children at play."

Waiting for gas at a gas station also makes you itch. "Rather than stop for gas," you say, "I'll start a twenty mile drive on half a pint of gas, telling myself, 'I'll get there! I'll get there!'"

And birds flying. Birds flying around your head. "Most frightening thing that ever happened to me," you recalled, "happened when I was a kid, in South Pasadena. Walking home one night, at dusk, under a tree filled with birds, and all at once they swooped down on me. They circled round my head, black and thick, batting me with their wings. They made like blinding and smothering me. It made me sick. I've never forgotten it, and never quite got over it."

As you recalled this childhood scare, I was thinking how very seldom you reminisce. About anything. And mentioned it. "I don't particularly like to reminisce," you said. "Don't like to go back in the past and re-hash and re-do it. I like to look ahead. What I see ahead looks brighter," you added, "than what I see when I look behind me."

Untidiness upsets you. "I'm a picky guy," you grinned. "Like things picked up and in their places. Guess this comes from my mother, who was uncommonly neat and orderly."

Susie doesn't call you "picky." She puts it another way. "Alan's *very* neat," she says. "Everything is picked up and put away, in his bedroom, in his bathroom. His wardrobe and desk could be," Susie laughed, "exhibition pieces on How to Keep Wardrobes and Desks to Perfection." Immaculate, too, in his person. Suits, for instance. He can wear a suit and wear it and *wear* it and never a spot!

"Fastidiousness is terribly important," Susie says, "when you're living with a person. And fastidious is the word for Alan. He keeps a dignity, too, which is also terribly important when you're living with a person. When we travel, for instance, and can't get a drawing-room, are cooped up together in a small space, Alan will go down the car to the public washroom to shave and dress. The sensitive-to-the-other-fellow thing. The nice-

to-live-with thing. The considerate thing.

"Alan is, in fact," Susie went on happily, with her favorite topic (which you are, as you so well know, Alan, as Susie is yours) "the sweetest, most considerate man in this world, I'm sure. Not only of me—of everyone. He's considerate, extremely considerate, of the household help. He's almost painfully considerate of his friends. Particularly of friends—or even of bare acquaintances—who aren't getting the breaks, haven't got jobs. I've seen him through many a sleepless night over an executive, or a minor player, who was leaving the studio. He'll knock himself out trying to get jobs for people. He actually annoys people about jobs for the jobless, he's so persistent about it. One chap in particular comes to my mind—a young actor who started when Alan started but wasn't getting the breaks. So, characteristically, Alan heckled and haggled the Front Office until they gave this young man a part in 'The Long Gray Line.' In a number of cases, I've known Alan to insist that the parts of minor players in his pictures be built up so they'll at least have some good film with which to interest the Front Office in picking up their options.

"He is so considerate of the children, you might almost say he is too considerate for their own good."

"Susie means," you moved in to say with a grin, "the way I let them sleep in the morning. I love to sleep in the morning. Not really sleep—I can hear the children—just sort of cat-nap and doze. But when I do sleep late, I always get up with a guilt-complex, which lasts about an hour. Finally figured out what it comes from. My stepfather—he was a house-painter—*had* to get up early every morning. A kind man, and indulgent in many respects, he couldn't stand, just couldn't stand to have me, a young husky fellow, in that bed. I'd hear him slamming around, demanding of my mother,



Co-stars of "The Exile," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Paule Croset, on NBC air show.

'When is he going to get up?' Eventually, my mother would have to get me up, to keep the peace. That's the origin of the guilt-complex, I'm sure. I still expect to hear someone slamming about, demanding to know why I'm not up and about the day's work and when I'm going to *get* up and *be* about it. So, my kids can sleep as long, and as late, as they like. I've made up my mind I'll never bother them; in fact, I'll pussy-foot around the house in order not to bother them, if they want to sleep from sun-down to sun-down."

You like to be on time—"Get awfully nervous when I'm not"—and, with rare exceptions, are ahead of time rather than behind it.

You hate to answer the telephone; hate to talk on the telephone. "Always expect a telephone, or a telegram, to mean bad news."

You don't like to travel. You say, "Susie likes to—and once I get started, I rather enjoy it. But it's difficult to get me started. Truth is, corny as it seems, I'm awfully shy around people I don't know. At a party, I'm a sitter-in-a-corner character. On the other hand, I love people. Love to have our friends at the house. Love to sit in a room and discuss problems. And I enjoy the fans, I really do. Perhaps because I feel my fans are people I *do* know; are my friends."

You're not at all demonstrative, Alan—which stems, perhaps, from shyness. Or is one of the facets of your fastidiousness. For instance you never, according to Sue, "Go up to a woman friend and kiss her hello. I've always been the type," Sue added, laughing, "to rush over and kiss my old-friend men guests. But since I've been married to Alan, I don't do it any more. He doesn't like it. And now, it would sort of embarrass me."

"He's easily shocked, too, Alan is," Sue told on you, with a kind of loving amusement. "A gal will have a couple of drinks, for instance, feel very chummy, sit on her boy friend's lap, and—'She's going to lose him,' Alan will say, 'behaving like that.' Off-color stories embarrass him, too. He never tells one, and would just as soon not hear one. I often think," Sue said, "that Alan was born out of his proper time. He belongs, I tell him, half-kidding but also in earnest, in the days 'when knighthood was in flower'—full flower."

You don't like to get dressed up, you remarked. You like casual sports clothes, comfortable sports clothes, but like them to be good. You said, "I like nice clothes, really do." (Nice sports jacket you had on, that morning you and Sue and I breakfasted at Hampshire House in New York, Alan. And those red morocco slippers, very tasty!) "Like jewelry, too, as a matter of fact," you said, "rings, watches, etc. This gold cross in a circle I'm wearing on a chain around my neck, Susie gave me for my last birthday. Susie hangs chains on me!" you said, loving it. "Guess my liking for nice clothes, jewelry and so on is because I never had anything when I was a kid," you added.

You are superstitious about only one thing, you told me—your wedding ring. "Susie gave it to me," you explained, "and I will never take it off. It has never



LOVE STORY

(that cancer almost ended before the second installment)



Any woman can imagine how I felt when John and I were married. Nothing could ever mar our happiness. And our honeymoon didn't end after our wedding trip. We enjoyed each day together more.



But suddenly one day, every bit of happiness drained out of me. I discovered a lump on my body and was terrified it might be cancer. I was ashamed to mention it to anyone, until John made me confess.



It took all my courage to see the doctor. But words can't describe my relief when he said "there's nothing to worry about." I did have a cancer, but because I had faced it in the early stages, it could be easily cured.



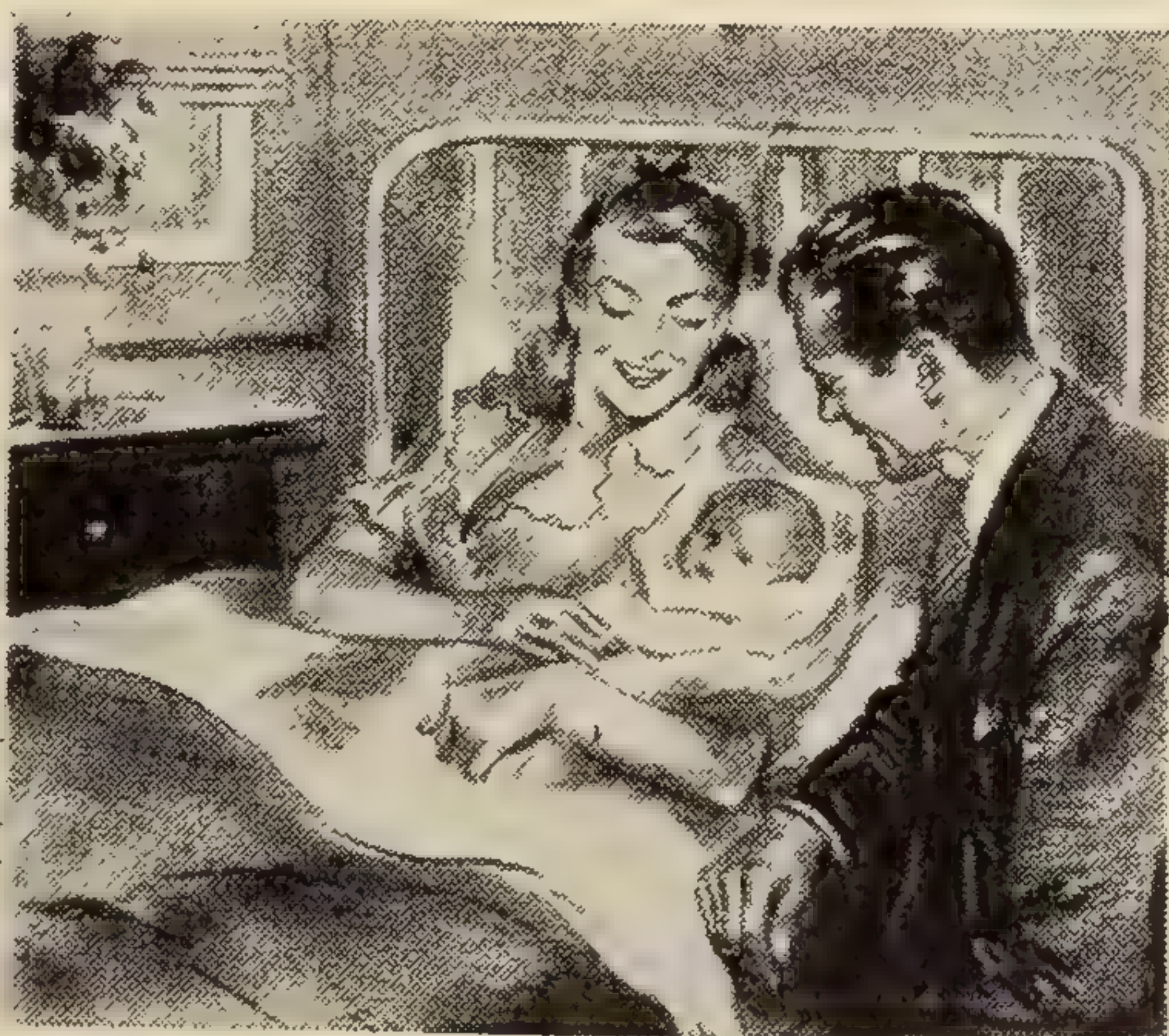
To make doubly sure—the doctor sent me to a cancer clinic. It was probably the most important trip we ever took in our lives. Here I was examined, and preparations were made for a small operation.



I was in the hospital for only 12 days—all cured and hardly a scar! When every 3 minutes someone dies of cancer you wonder why anyone is so foolish as to not get a check-up the minute a symptom is noticed.



When a friend asked where I had been I simply said, "I had a cancer removed." I was proud I had faced it. And when any friend of mine worried about cancer, I persuaded her to visit her doctor or a cancer clinic.



Later I went to a hospital again—but this time for a different reason—an eight-pound girl. I'm going to teach her that cancer is nothing to be ashamed of—it's not hereditary and it can happen to anyone.



I often realize that Jane might never have existed, nor that happy future time when through her I will relive my own wedding, the most important day in my life (except that day John and I saw our doctor).

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Everyone should memorize the following cancer danger signals because pain is seldom a part of early cancer . . .

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3. Any change in a wart or mole.
4. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
5. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
6. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
7. Any change in bowel habits.

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been off my finger in any picture I've ever made. Drives the studio crazy, but I will *not* remove it. What I do is cover it with another ring."

Food is not particularly important to you. "So few things he likes," says Sue, "and so little interest in what he eats. We go out and, always, 'Order for me, dear,' he'll say, and gee, you have a choice of steak and steak. French fried potatoes. Stewed tomatoes. He doesn't eat any breakfast, ever. I often wonder whether he'd eat ever, period, if someone wasn't around to remind him that that's the way you go on living."

You're a worrier, Alan. You *are* a worrier. You admit it:

"A great worrier," you said. "About what?" I asked. "About anything," you said, "about *everything*. That's my trouble, worry is. Among my faults, that's one of my worst. Worrying about something, building up something that will never happen. Always crossing bridges before I come to them. Building bridges to cross. I'll sit up and yak-yak-yak with Susie until four in the morning about what's going to happen or about what I'm afraid is going to happen."

"It isn't the big things," Susie says, "that worry Alan so much. For instance, I'll lose something valuable, a piece of jewelry, perhaps (I lose things all the time) and all Alan says is, 'So? Well, doesn't really matter. If you find it, fine. If not, it's replaceable. Be glad the kids are okay!' Or I smash up his new car (as I have done) and he's mild as milk about the crack-up. On the other hand, if we have an appointment to meet and I'm five or ten minutes late, he'll give me holy heck."

You and Sue do an awful lot of sitting up late, talking.

"We have a great theory," you said, "that is, we 'kick it around' by ourselves. We never keep anything, one from the other. Get it all off our chests. Argue like mad but never get mad. Never lie to each other. That's one thing we've never done and will never do."

You love to talk about Susie as well as with her, don't you, Alan? As we were recalling, over the breakfast table that morning at Hampshire House, you were the first of the film stars to discuss your wife and marriage for publication. Against your studio's wishes, too. For soon after you made your epic hit in your first picture, "This Gun for Hire," your studio advised you to pipe down on your marriage, not to talk too much about Susie and your home-life when you were being interviewed. The fans would like you better, you were advised, if they could think of you as single, unattached. But you wanted people—wanted everyone—to know you were married, and how happily married. You wanted to talk about Susie—to whom you owe, you said then, and say now, the success you've had. You *had* to talk about Susie. You did talk about Susie. You still talk about Susie—and, well, *how popular can you get?*

Nervous as you are, or were; floor-pacer that you are, or were, you can sit quietly, hour after hour, on a set on a studio sound stage.

"That's because I love the business so

much," you explain it. "Love every bit of it. Every minute of it. When I was gripping at Warner Brothers, I loved that. When I got off the cat-walks and down there in front of the cameras, I loved that, too. Love all ends of the business. Camera. Sound. Makeup. Script. Lighting. Even other fellows' sets and performances."

"I look at the business and love the business," you said, "as a whole, not just *my* part in it. I believe in the business. With all my heart. Believe in the magnificent medium that is motion pictures. Don't think we've so much as tapped the potentialities of the medium yet."

Sue says, "I think Alan would die without pictures, that's all. I mean it! He loves them like the part of him they are. He's so proud of them. So proud of being in them. He resents it so when someone does something to disgrace the business. At the same time, Ladd, the actor, is just a character to us. A very important character, but not more so, if as much, as Ladd the husband and father, and," Sue laughed, "the rancher!"

You are not too happy, I gathered, about some of the stories you've been given. You are hopeful that "The Long Gray Line," in which you and Donna Reed are co-starred, will be as interesting to watch as it was to make. Especially the scenes, the location shots, you made at West Point. "They were wonderful to us at West Point," you told me, "just magnificent. I'm so grateful to them, we all were, for the kindness and interest shown us, and the cooperation."

After you finish "The Long Gray Line," you are going to do F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby."

You said, "I dug it up myself. For myself. In desperation. I must have a change of pace. A character as unlike as possible my other screen characters. In 'The Great Gatsby' I believe I've got the departure I need. He's the guy who never explains where, or how, he made his money. He dresses just a little too well. He talks just a little too well. He's something new for me," you said with, half and half, a grin and a sigh, "so he should be good for me."

You'd like to have your own producing company, you told me. You said, "We'd love to have our own company, Susie and I. And I believe we'd do a good job together. Susie and I work together so much—and so well. She's got a darned good business head on her. Whether I have a good business head or not, it's difficult to tell. Difficult to tell," you laughed, "just where Susie's head begins and mine ends! She's such a good leveler for me, you know. She can stick to something and follow it through whereas I'm apt to kick it around until it gets lost. Well, one of these days, we *will* have our own company. That is one of the things we yak-yak about in our until-four-in-the-morning yak-fests."

"Susie and I are so completely happy," you said then, something heartening and very good to see in your gray eyes, as they met and held Susie's brown eyes. "My life is so complete now, with Susie, with Alana, with young David, I just hope," you said, "nothing hurts it."

You said, "God has been good to us."

Inside Hollywood's Social Circle

Continued from page 24

pital needed a new building. It was clever and touching at the same time.

Of course, you probably are eager to know what the women wore, and this is one time when it's worth going into detail to tell you. I couldn't take my eyes away from Sandra Cooper, Gary's so-chic wife. She wore a neo-classic white gown of accordion-pleated heavy crepe. It was very simple in design, but it provided an ideal setting for her magnificent collection of diamonds and pearls. Her necklace was a double strand of pea-shaped diamonds woven into great Edwardian clusters; her earrings were large pearl circlets with diamond centers, and her left arm was covered with pearl and diamond bracelets, making one of the most striking costumes of the evening.

Merle Oberon combined real flowers with jewels for her unusual chignon which she wore with an exotic off-the-shoulder black lace dress, the principal ornament of which was a single diamond brooch, fashioned like a spray of roses. Equally startling were Rosalind Russell's flame-colored gown and Anita Colby's black satin number with gold doves for epaulettes. Ann Miller's creation was a solid mass of silver bugle beads, woven over a circular, flaring skirt. Norma Shearer, who has been too long absent from our midst, came in with her handsome husband Martin Arrouge. Norma was wearing another off-the-shoulder dream, leaving plenty of show room for the lovely jewels around her throat.

There was hardly a feminine star you could name who was not present and glamorously accounted for that night, but despite all the gorgeous formality of dress and glitter of surroundings, everyone had a surprisingly good time. Gary Cooper and Mary Livingston did a dashing rumba together, Henry Fonda cut a neat figure in tails, Claudette Colbert and husband Dr. Joel Pressman table-hopped, greeting all their friends, and Edgar Bergen and his lovely wife, Frances, revealed a fund of very amusing stories.

And there was romance in the air, too. For it was during the party that I learned Joan Caulfield and Jimmie Stewart had just "found" each other and have been lunching, cocktailing and dancing together practically every day since.

Particularly interested and wide-eyed guests were the Duke and Duchess of Montoro, who came with Atwater Kent and remained to watch everything with awe. The Duchess, who is the daughter of the Spanish Duke of Alba, told me she couldn't believe anything could be as brilliant as this Winter Ball. This, can you believe it, from a girl whose father is reported to have spent over \$370,000 on her wedding!

A few days prior to this evening, Atwater Kent gave a truly royal reception for the young Duke and Duchess who were here on their honeymoon. Atwater turned his lovely Bel-Air home, Capo di Monte, into a Spanish castle for the event and invited 200 glamorous guests.

The Ronald Colmans, the Darryl



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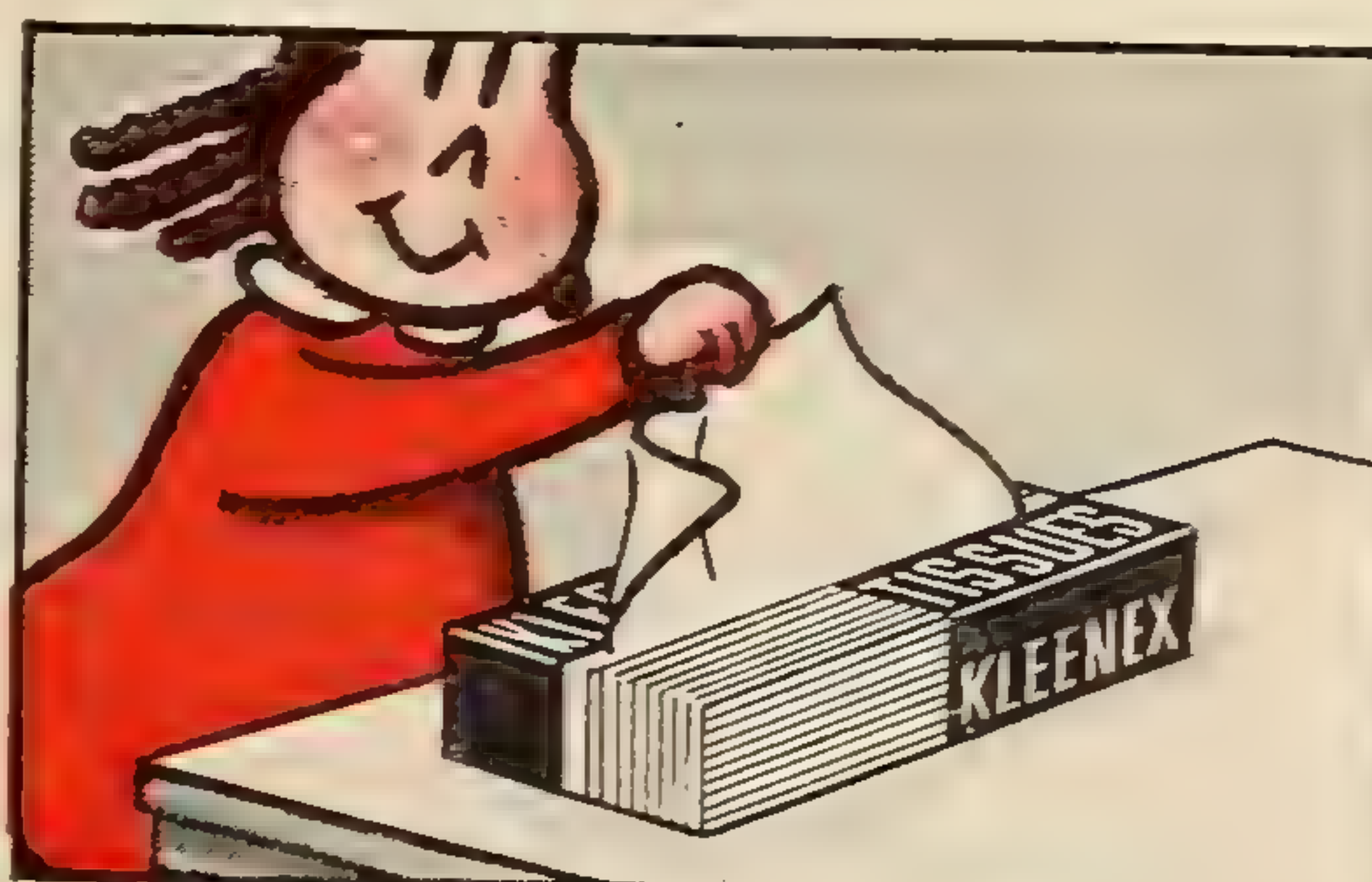
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Zanucks, the Edward G. Robinsons, the
Franchot Tones, the Joseph Cottens, the
Walter Pidgeons, the Warner Baxters, the
Burgess Merediths (Paulette Goddard),
the William Doziers (Joan Fontaine), the
Brian Ahernes, the Dr. Joel Pressmans
(Claudette Colbert), the Gene Markeys
(Myrna Loy), the Henry Fondas, Joan
Crawford, and Sir Charles Mendl were
just a few of the very top celebrities who
appeared for the evening, greeting the
beautiful satin-gowned Duchess and her
handsome husband, the Duke Carlos.

They were as delighted as children at
a surprise party, and I found the Duch-
ess, Maria del Rosario Cayetana Fitz-
James Stuart y de Silva, to be just as
unassuming as her titles and jewels are
impressive. I knew her father, the Duke
of Alba, when he was Ambassador from
Spain to the Court of St. James many
years ago, and so I knew how touched
Her Grace was when Antonio Moreno
presented her with a picture of himself
taken with her father in Spain, the year
before the Duchess was born.

Actually, she told me, her romance
started just the way it starts for millions
of American girls. She met her husband-
to-be at a golf club dance! It was at San
Sebastian, the locale of the former Span-
ish royal court, under a Spanish moon.
They danced together and he asked to see
her again.

"That was in the summer of 1946,"
she said, smiling shyly. "Then I went to
London and when I returned to Madrid
in November we were engaged." She
also said that she was much embarrassed
about the reports of how much her wed-
ding had cost. When one of our well-
known male stars kiddingly asked what
her wedding *did* cost, she was too quick
for him. Smiling, but quite sure of her-
self, the Duchess said, "I don't know how
much. I didn't look up the bills, because
we left before I had time."

Of course, everyone loves a romance,
particularly in Hollywood, and the film
folk took to these royal lovers immedi-
ately.

One cute thing happened when Douglas
Fairbanks had to make an early depart-
ure. He was carrying three colorful in-
flated balloons in his hand as he came to
bid *adieu* to the Duke and Duchess.

"It's been so delightful meeting you,"
he said. Then seeing the ducal eyes on
the balloons, he flushed and stammered,
"You see, I have to leave now. My wife
is having a baby!"

One of the nicest tributes paid by the
screen colony was a party given in honor
of Jean Hersholt, upon his 10th anniver-
sary as "Dr. Christian." Jean is beloved
by everyone in Hollywood, not only be-
cause of his fine performance on the
screen and in radio, but also because of
his untiring work for the Screen Actors'
Guild, an organization which has done so
much to alleviate the hardships of the
down-and-out actors and actresses of an-
other day. He is a tireless worker and has
accomplished so much that we weren't
surprised to see such a turnout of cellu-
loid celebrities who came to congratulate
Jean and appear on his 10th anniversary
broadcast. This was followed by a truly
deluxe party in the same Crystal Room
of the Beverly Hills Hotel where the
Winter Ball was held.

Betty Hutton, in a divine hat swathed
in veils, had Jean blushing with the com-
pliments she paid him; and Joan Bennett
said that, if Mrs. Hersholt hadn't seen
him first, she would have married him in-
stead of Walter Wanger, who took the
ribbing in great fun. Bette Davis, Ruth
Hussey, Irene Dunne, Rosalind Russell,
Marie Wilson, Ruth Warrick, Elizabeth
Scott and Olivia deHavilland were just
a few of our glamor girls who appeared
to congratulate Jean.

The number of men friends Jean has
are just as imposing and it gave me great
pleasure to see so many of them, lots of
whom don't care for parties, arriving to
shake Jean's hand. Of the older guard
there were Edward Arnold, Frank Mor-
gan, Otto Kruger, John Boles and Wil-
liam Powell, while the new "idols" who
came to pay their respects to Jean were
represented by Cornel Wilde, Dana An-
drews, Bob Mitchum, Michael North,
Don DeFore, Allan Nixon and Eddie
Bracken.

Another famous person who was de-
lighted at being remembered by old
friends was that charming actress, Ina
Claire. Miss Claire, whom I knew well in
New York, has not been in California in
a play for many years, so Atwater Kent
gave an informal soiree the final Sunday
of Miss Claire's West Coast appearance
in "The Fatal Weakness."

Ina said she couldn't have been more
thrilled at seeing again so many of her
very good friends, the Brian Ahernes,
Claire Windsor, Clifton Webb, Billie
Burke, Constance Collier, Maggie Ettin-
ger, Teresa Helburn and particularly,
Harry Lachman. It was after they had
exchanged "hellos" that Ina and Harry
recalled that the last time they had seen
one another was in Paris at the studio of
the great French painter, Claude Monet.

It was more like a New York party
than one in Hollywood, but then while I
was in London for the wedding of Prin-
cess Elizabeth and Philip Mountbatten,
I attended a Hollywood party, right in
the Hotel Savoy. At least, there was Bob
Hope, Loretta Young, Robert Montgom-
ery and Alexis Smith, all of whom had
come over for the Command Perform-
ance. And they were having just as many
laughs and just as much fun at the Savoy
as they would ordinarily be having at the
Bel-Air Hotel.



Ann Sheridan goes western in "Silver River,"
Warner Bros. film co-starring Errol Flynn.

Loretta told me how excited she had been at the prospect of being presented to Queen Elizabeth, but that Her Majesty had been so charming and so gracious that she forgot to worry about whether her curtsy had been correct or not.

I asked Bob Hope why he looked a little glum, "You would be, too, Cobina. I just got an invitation."

"To the wedding, Bob? How wonderful," I exclaimed.

"No," said Bob. "That's what I thought, when the guy on the other end of the phone asked me what I was doing on the 20th. I said, 'nothing,' expectantly, and he replied, 'Why, that's jolly, old chap, that leaves you free to come to our Snooker Game!'"

We all had a wonderful time and I was particularly thrilled at being invited to the wedding in the Abbey where I sat with Philip's relatives and friends, only a few feet from the altar.

However, it was much more wonderful to get home to Hollywood to all the comforts and luxuries of this dreamland. Of course, when I go to some of these lavish parties, I can't help feeling a little guilty about the extravagance of the food served, but my English trip was like being on a diet, the situation is that bad.

While I was away, there were several interesting parties, one in particular being given by the Brian Ahernes, at their beautiful Santa Monica beach home, which used to belong to Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant.

Brian gave it for friends who wanted to hear the broadcast of the royal wedding and practically the whole English colony arrived—but not until 2:30 in the morning, which is when they were invited. Connie Bennett and her husband, Col. Coulter, told me they stayed until 7 a.m. listening to the all-night broadcast, winding it all up with a large English breakfast, kippers, eggs, muffins, and tea.

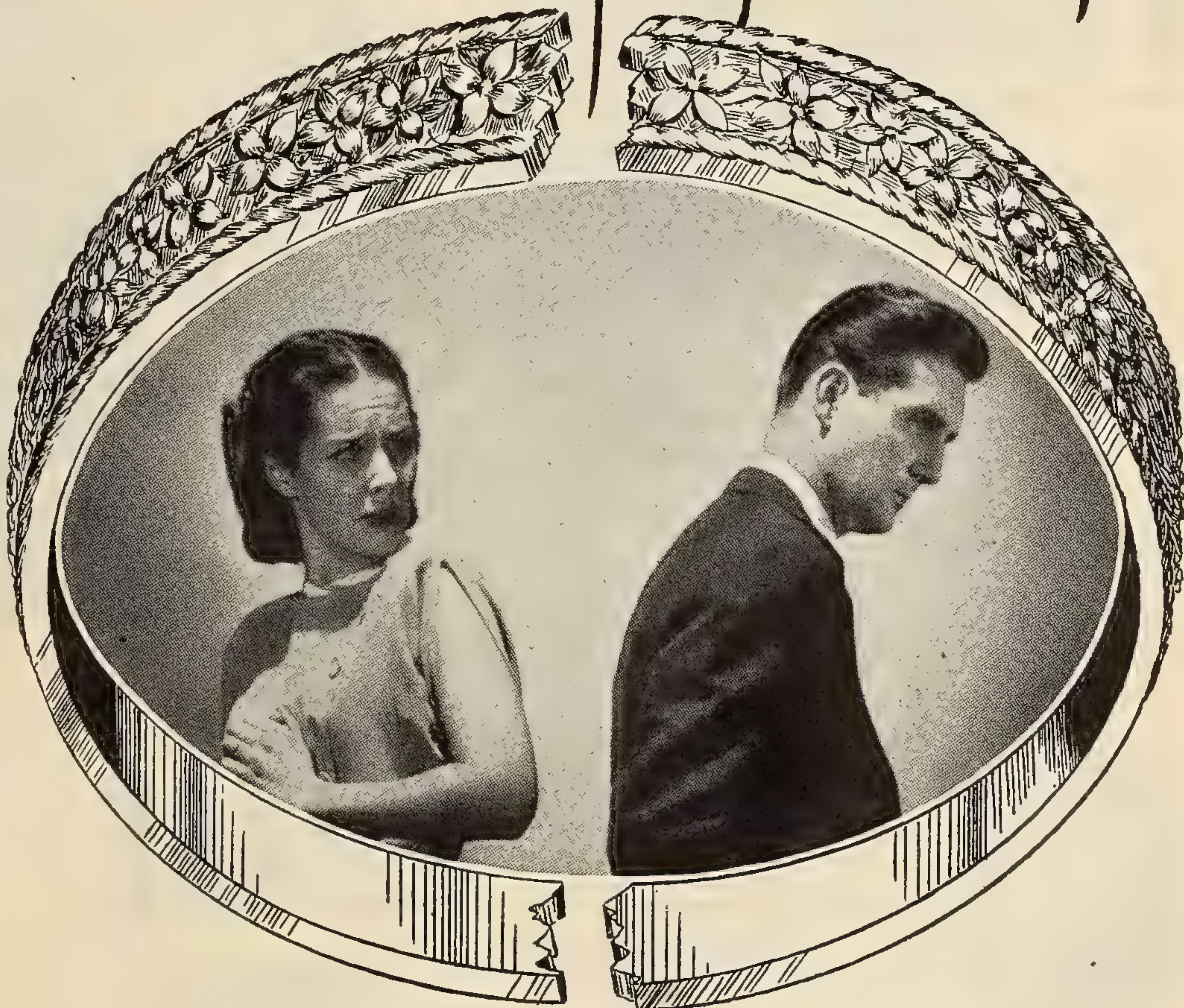
When I returned I was so pleased to find so many letters in response to my asking for queries from SCREENLAND readers, and while I can't answer them all in the column, because space prevents, I shall answer each one individually and try to pick two or three to answer in print each month.

Mrs. A. C. Viault of Birmingham writes to say that she tried the recipe for minced clams for a cocktail snack and that it was such a success that she would like to know another "star" favorite served at Hollywood parties. I think one which Connie Bennett serves is original as well as delicious. It's smoked salmon, sliced paper thin, spread with a light, creamy Roquefort cheese sauce and then rolled into small sticks.

Mr. Roy Buchanan, Jr., of Pensacola, Florida, says that he enjoys being "invited" to SCREENLAND's Hollywood parties, but that he would like to know how the men generally dress for these functions.

I am not only highly flattered at Mr. Buchanan's request for my autographed photograph, but also for his suggestion, which I shall make a point of answering in some detail in an early issue of SCREENLAND in which I should like to name those men I think are the "Ten Most Popular Male Guests in Hollywood." I hope they're your favorites, too.

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Guide



Revlon comes to the fore with a wonderful new hand lotion called Aquamarine Lotion.

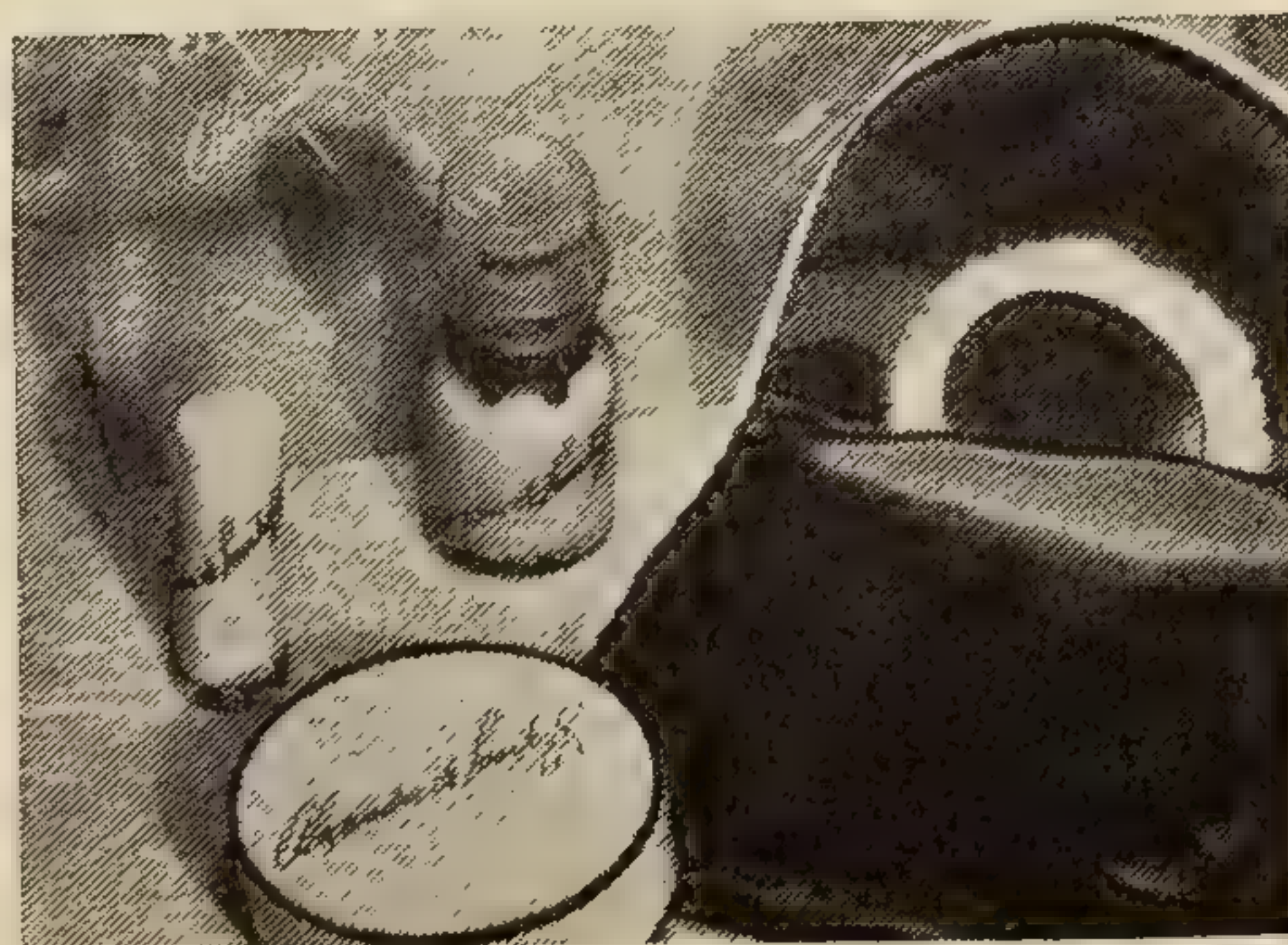
to
GLAMOR

one place, Alexandra de Markoff has designed a darling new bag. Makes a wonderful gift to give someone or as a treat for yourself. Already in it are a sheer foundation film in a frosted bottle, face powder with a lamb's wool puff and a white metal lipstick that you will just love. The whole thing is called a Cosmetic Cache and comes in a charming transparent gift box for only \$3.50, plus tax.

Yardley has a beauty bargain that you will want to know about. They are putting on sale their famous Makeup Base and English Complexion Powder packaged together for only \$1.50. Ordinarily each sells for one dollar. Incidentally, each of the three bases, blonde, medium and bronze, have been packaged with a harmonizing shade of English Complexion Powder to insure a perfectly blended matched makeup. Pretty good buy, don't you think?

WISH we could have shown you the top photo in color, because the new Revlon Aquamarine Lotion is a lush shade of aqua just as its name. Not only that, but it has a wonderful aroma and takes to the hands like satin. You'll like, we know. Sold all over where Revlon products are and a six-ounce bottle costs one dollar while the sixteen-ounce size sells for \$2.25.

To keep all the cosmetic essentials in



Alexandra de Markoff's Cosmetic Cache for beauty essentials.



Yardley combines this makeup base and powder at bargain price.

Deal Yourself A Winning Hand

Continued from page 16

a warm oil treatment once or twice a week. Heat a small amount of cuticle oil and soak the fingers in it. Then work the oil into the nails and if possible allow it to remain on overnight before manicuring. Brittle nails, however, are usually caused by a diet deficiency. Try drinking a quart of milk daily and you will probably notice an improvement in your nail condition. Inasmuch as the nails consist of the same qualities as the hair, you can see why a diet and health treatment that will benefit the hair and scalp would also be beneficial to the nails. Nails, like hair, can tell a good deal about your physical condition. Nail ridges often develop after a serious illness and are prevalent in people with nervous dispositions. Thin delicate nails that break easily often disclose a high-strung temperament. In cases of excessive splitting a medical check-up by your doctor is advised.

But whatever type of nails you have, they can be manicured to look attractive. In order to give yourself a professional type manicure, these are the steps you should follow. First, remove old polish with cotton and oily remover, then shape by filing from side to tip rather than back and forth. Don't file too close to the skin. Also try to avoid a sharply pointed nail because it tends to detract from the attractiveness of your hands. An oval tipped nail does most for practically all types of hands. Secondly, scrub your hands and nails vigorously with warm water and soap and a firm-bristled nail brush. Rinse and dry your hands thoroughly.

Now dip a cotton-tipped orangewood stick in cuticle remover and gently push back the cuticle from around the base and edges of the nail. Use your cuticle remover regularly and after a time the cuticle will fall off naturally. However, use your nail snippers for the little pieces of cuticle that stubbornly cling. Then clean under the nail with your orangewood stick.

Even in these days of modern manicuring when the nail tips are covered with polish, it is still wise to use nail white for it tends to keep nails clean.

Now with your nails in tip-top shape, comes the polish. To insure even polishing, make certain the brush you are using has even bristles. Apply thin coats and remove a hairline tip from the end with your finger. If your hands are at all wobbly, rest the wrist of your hand on a table.

Don't blow on polish to help it dry. This causes bubbles. There are several preparations on the market which when applied practically dry the polish immediately. Use one of these if you like, but in any event, try to sit quietly until your nails are completely dry or your work will be for naught.

So take these tips on nail care and use them. Attractive hands are a pleasure to own and even more of a pleasure to those who behold them.



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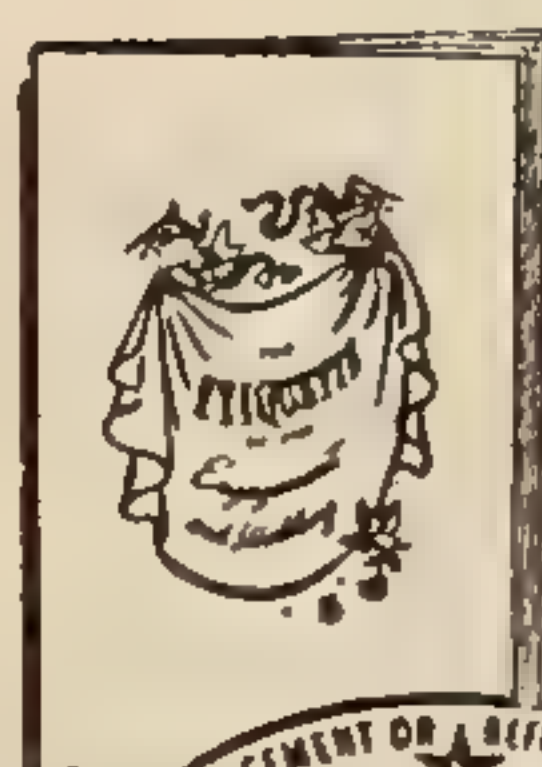
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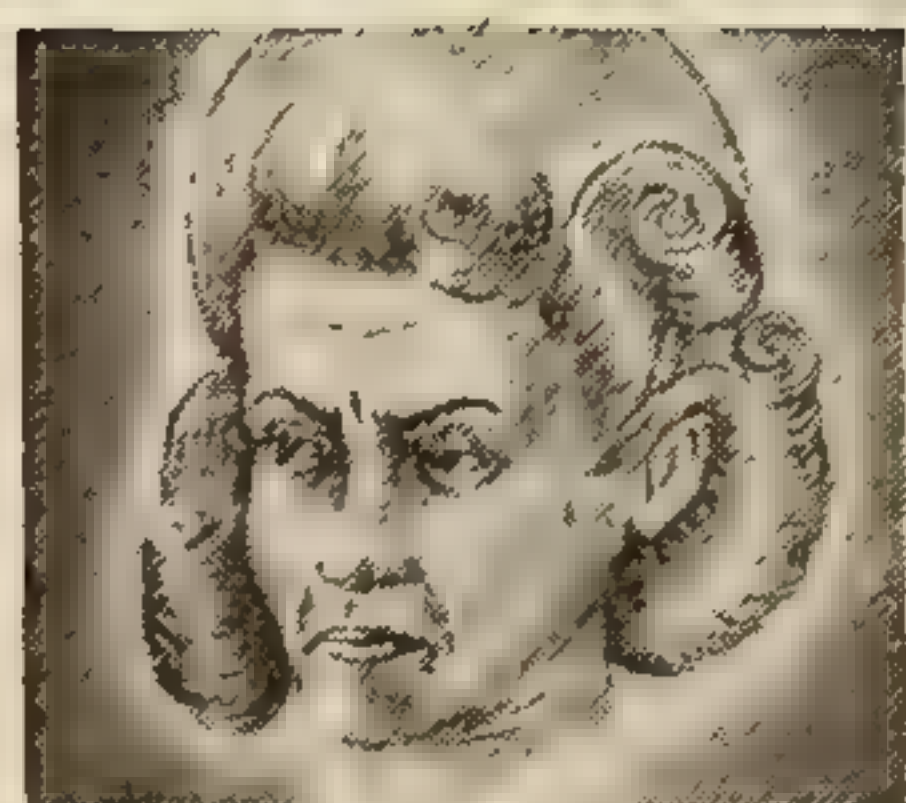
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Spring's on the Way

Continued from page 47

We caught Noreen Nash on the run when she was in New York for the premiere of "Red Stallion" and asked her to pose for our fashion pages. That was in November, because we have to work in advance. What a cooperative gal! She winced not once when asked to pose outdoors in spring clothes during blustery weather, and it really was cold. She's wonderful, and if you have seen "Red Stallion" by this time (and you should see it) you'll know what we mean.

Maybe Noreen is new to most of you. She's been in pictures before but this is the first one she's starred in. Got her start by winning a trip to Hollywood as Apple Blossom Queen from Wenatchee, Washington. She made her screen debut in "Girl Crazy" and has one of the leads in a new Eagle Lion film, "Adventures of Casanova." Yessir, that gal is going places and we're behind her one hundred per cent.

To get back to the clothes Noreen is wearing, you may want to know where you may purchase one or more for yourself. We haven't the space to list all the stores that carry them, but if you'll write the manufacturers whose addresses are listed below, they will be glad to tell you where you may buy them locally.

Wool pincheck suit

Collegian Modes
 250 West 39th Street
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Beige gabardine suit

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Hat worn with navy suit

Lish Brothers
 65 West 39th Street
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Two-piece white print

Surrey Classics
 498 Seventh Avenue
 New York 18, N. Y.

All jewelry

R. M. Jordan Company
 377 Fifth Avenue
 New York 16, N. Y.

Dailey News—Latest Edition

Continued from page 42

bergasted fatherhood! That he even managed to maneuver his car home from the hospital shall henceforth be known as "The Miracle of Sunset Boulevard."

Dan Dailey, the first, who manages a hotel in New York City, was proud indeed when Dan Dailey, the second, called to tell him that Dan Dailey, the third, now paved the way for Dan Dailey, the fourth! The news was a bit premature, to be sure. But as far as the new father was concerned, it was perfectly logical. All his son had to do now was grow up and get married. Merely a formality!

Ever since they were married on Christmas day in 1942 (except for that stretch in the Army) Dan and the beautiful, blonde Elizabeth Hofert lived in a small apartment. Dan didn't mind. During his days of early struggle, anything larger than a wardrobe trunk seemed like a corner in paradise. Elizabeth was happy and in love. With her kind of girl, that's all that mattered. The day they brought little Dan'l (their pet name for him) home, the apartment loomed up like a sardine's sanctum.

"Oh, well, it won't be long now," sighed Dan happily, as he wound himself around the living room couch like an octopus. (Elizabeth, the nurse and baby had the one bedroom.) "We'll be in our new home soon and then there'll be plenty of room, even if Dan'l has a sister." The

silence that followed was Elizabeth counting up to twenty.

It was their new home that inadvertently inaugurated the advent of young Dan'l. For weeks Elizabeth had been out with real estate people, while Dan assumed the usual optimistic viewpoint. "Take it easy, Liz," he admonished. There's plenty of time yet. "We'll find something."

"But, Dan," answered his more practical wife, "the doctors say you can never tell about the first one. Sometimes they're late and then again, they arrive right on schedule. It would be so much better to be all moved and settled. Then we'll all be more comfortable when I come home from the hospital."

So Elizabeth kept on looking. And Dan kept on admonishing. Finally, they found it—a charming home near Toluca Lake in San Fernando Valley. It was complete even to soundproof quarters with a separate entrance, where Dan could practice his hoofing without disturbing the baby. Elizabeth saw the place first. She waited for Dan, who came over after the day's shooting on "You Were Meant for Me," his third starring picture.

"You see," said Dan, as he signed on the dotted line, "I told you we'd find a house! Now it's all settled, we can move in, and there isn't anything to worry about."

To celebrate they went to the Beachcombers for dinner. Elizabeth was on a special diet, but tonight was a very special occasion. The highly seasoned tropical foods couldn't possibly hurt—just this once. They sat for hours, eating, laughing, talking about the house. Never had their world seemed so rosy and cosy.

Back in their apartment at four in the morning, Dan heard Elizabeth stirring about. "What is it, Liz—anything wrong?" He was already turning over on the other side.

"No-o, I don't think so," Elizabeth answered quietly. "It's just that—well, I guess maybe I shouldn't have eaten so much. I sort of have pains!"

At nine-thirty that same morning, Dan was still wearing down the wood in the father's waiting room at St. Vincent's Hospital. If he had anything to do he might as well do it, advised Dr. Rooney and Dr. O'Neill. Elizabeth was fine, they were standing by, it would probably still be hours. They'd call him—when. The word of a Rooney or an O'Neill was all that a Dailey needed. Dan, looking as punchy as he felt, went to the studio where the entire company had ganged up on him.

Fortunately Dan had to hoof, which he could do in his sleep in case he fell asleep. As he took his place for the scene, the gags started. First they played a record. The lyrics were specially written by musician Dick Winslow, sung by Dick, Kenny Williams, Barney Elmore, Les Clark, who are also in the cast. The words—at least, the printable ones, went something like this:

To the tune of "There'll Be Some Changes Made":

"There'll be a change in the weather,
A change in your plans,
And at the Dailey house there's going to be two Dons.

You'll pin his diapers with your big fat hands,
There'll be a change in plans,
There'll be some changes made."

To the tune of "My Wild Irish Rose":

"Like all Irish shmoes,
He'll probably have your nose,
You may look everywhere,
But none will compare
With that wild Irish nose!"

Dan fell flat on his face! There was a "baby pool" which Dick Winslow eventually won. Director Lloyd Bacon, who was just as excited as the expectant father, kept calling him "Dancing Daddy." They never let up, joking, kidding—demonstrating their fondness and affection. Dan's enthusiastic appreciation only added to the merriment. By noon they were a day ahead in their shooting schedule. Expecting to be called away any second, Dan was perfect on the first take of every scene. Yes, the production department loves him!

At one o'clock Dan was called to the phone. A few minutes later he came back on the set. He looked about as excited as a man who had just received a weather report. He stared at one person, then another. Finally he found his voice and addressed himself to the space in front of him. "I have a son," he said—and sat down.

There followed the slowest "take" in history. Dan sent out for refreshments. Still he said nothing. They all kept watching his face; then suddenly, as the full realization that he was a father swept over him, Dan's Irish pan almost cracked itself wide open. He couldn't remember how much the baby weighed—or had he asked? Was it blond or brunette—or did they tell him? These and other thoughts kept racing through his mind. The new father just kept on grinning.

He had one more scene where he sang "You Were Meant for Me," and then he was free to race to the hospital. Naturally Dan wanted to get it over in a hurry. First there was one delay, then another. Now at the panic point, daddy Dan began looking around for a machine gun. Finally they pulled their last and final gag. A messenger arrived from the Music Department with a record. They put it on and the entire company joined in the chorus of "Pretty Baby."

Lying there, Elizabeth could only see Dan's feet behind the huge bouquet of flowers he carried in front of him. And even they still looked out of focus.

"What kind of a baby is it?" she whispered as Dan bent over her. "I wouldn't let them tell me. I wanted to hear it from you."

Dan swallowed a couple of baseballs. After he was sure Elizabeth was safe, the nurse led him down the hallway and stood him before the "looking" window. On the other side she held up eight pounds and two ounces of future president. Back in her room with Elizabeth again, Dan could only describe his son as giving him a "funny feeling."

"But I haven't even seen him yet," pleaded Elizabeth. "The nurse said I should just look at your picture. You must have had some impression, Dan. Does he look like you?"

Dear daddy timed his answer. "Well," he finally said with a grin, "I believe I have seen that face with a hangover—staring back at me in a mirror!"

Dan went back to the looking window three times and "checked" the baby, before he left the hospital. Then he drove home—wearing his coat inside out! He slept for ten hours and probably would have knocked off another ten if his phone hadn't rung. It was Louis Shurr, the agent Dan's been with over twenty years. Aside from his business reputation, Louie's quite a character in Hollywood. His friends call him the "good doctor." No one has ever caught him out with the same beautiful girl twice—and he's out every night!

"Just heard you had a little girl," beamed Louie. "How wonderful! Congratulations, Dan. Just think, in seventeen years I'll be able to take her out!"

"But, Louie," Dan interrupted, "I'm sorry to have to ask you to break that date. My daughter's a son—that is, I had a boy."

"Okay," sighed Louie. "So I've got a new client. I'll send the contract right over and you can sign it as his legal guardian."

Louie followed through on the gag. Dan received the contract made out in little Dan's name. It was signed, sealed and sent back to the Louis Shurr-Al Mel-

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nick Agency. Seriously, Dan hopes his son will grow up and want to be in show business. Dan has never stopped loving it since he acted in his first minstrel show at the age of six. At one time there was parental objection, too. But not now—

Dan's father kept calling about his grandson. Dan's mother sent Elizabeth a christening dress and all her prized pictures of Dan when he was just Dan's age. Dan's first gift to his son was a tiny St. Christopher's medal, to be worn on a thin chain around the baby's neck.

The following day Dan was back in front of the camera doing scenes with Jeanne Crain for "You Were Meant for Me." Jeanne, who had a baby herself all of six months ago, felt quite superior to the situation. Between every take she'd talk about babies. She gave Dan tips and made suggestions. It was all sweet music to Dan and he lives on sweet music. Typical of his happy heart, he pretended he was bored.

"Look, Jeanne," he exploded. "You bring your son up your way and I'll bring up mine!" For a split second Jeanne was

taken aback, until she caught the twinkle in his eyes.

The day the Daileys moved into their new house, the studio photographer was on hand for Dan's first sitting. Every time the camera clicked, he either yawned, grinned, or made some kind of face that completely stole the picture.

"Little ham," hissed the proud father.

The first room furnished was the nursery—natch! There were no pink pandas or blue bunnies on the wall. It was a real boy's room right from the start—the one and only stout stand Dan took.

A few days following the birth of his son and heir, Dan ran into Betty Grable on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

"Stand back," commanded Betty, who was so kind and helpful to Dan in "Mother Wore Tights." "I want to get a good look and see if fatherhood has made you beautiful!"

"Oh, I'm very nonchalant about the whole thing," kidded Dan, as he shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "Except when I look at my son—I get ulcers!"

They couldn't happen to a nicer father.

"Should Movies Have a 'Message' or Merely Entertain?"

Continued from page 44

are pretty tired of things that make them think and worry. The big money-makers are those movies classified as light entertainment. Realism isn't too popular.

ANN B: I can't entirely agree, Ann. I believe pictures must have some kind of a message, although I do believe that can be combined with entertainment. And I've yet to do a message picture. My next, "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," is light, amusing entertainment and my present one, "Another Part of the Forest," hasn't any message to speak of. But that's how I feel.

SUSAN: All I want is an interesting story with a good part. I always ask myself when I do a picture—"Will this be interesting to the public? Will they get admission money's worth?" Sometimes, though, I've been fooled.

HOLLAND: To continue with this angle, what do you consider are the best and most important movies you've seen?

ANN S: I'm going to sound very British, but I liked "Great Expectations," "Brief Encounter," and "Odd Man Out." Then there are "Mother Wore Tights" (good entertainment) and especially "Anchors Aweigh." You can see where my preference lies.

LON: For me, I'll go to the other extreme and pick "Gentleman's Agreement"—you may take a bow, Greg—"The Best Years of Our Lives," "Crossfire," "Black Gold," and "Boomerang." These all had something to say. Some shocked audiences but never offended them—and that's important.

SUSAN: I'm an audience at a movie. I never go as a critic. I like to be entertained. Yet I did like "Crossfire" because it not only said something but was also vital entertainment. I agree on "Best Years of Our Lives," "Great Expectations" and "Brief Encounter." I also liked "The Jolson Story." I haven't seen "Gentleman's Agreement" yet, Greg, but I know it'll be as good as I hear it is.

ANN BLYTH: I nominate "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "Crossfire." And I think another one will be "All My Sons." Message pictures? Yes. But also entertaining.

GREG: I thank you all for your interest in "Gentleman's Agreement." Modesty forbids my picking it, although secretly I think it's a great picture. It's good because it doesn't preach to you while it's delivering its message. I hate being preached to!

HOLLAND: Well, to get down to brass tacks, do you feel the screen should tackle such topical problems as racial prejudice and the like or does the public resent this kind of thing?

LON: The answer to that is to take a look at the box office receipts on both "Gentleman's Agreement" and "Crossfire." They're doing okay. I think that any medium as far-reaching as pictures cannot isolate itself and make merely frivolous entertainment. If glamor girls' hairdos on the screen can change a nation's head, films of the documentary type can also be a great lesson to the younger generation. Hollywood has, therefore, a great responsibility.

ANN BLYTH: Certainly Hollywood should tackle such problems. And go on tackling them. After all, some people can't grasp what the screen is trying to say and they continue with the same old prejudices.

SUSAN: I agree the screen can do much toward educating the public. Many of us don't get the chance to go beyond high school. We have to educate ourselves from then on. The screen can make more adult films and help dissolve prejudices which are the result of ignorance. But I still say—do it by being entertaining!

ANN SOTHERN: And do it with intelligence and good taste. And with subtlety. People don't want messages

rammed down their throats. Such pictures as those dealing with anti-Semitism are a great help, though.

GREG: I agree, Ann, that entertainment must be in such films. Yet we cannot ignore topical problems. Screen dramas will be created by news and events and we must recognize them. Those who do deal with such problems often, through their own deep insight, have given audiences a finer appreciation of life, a more philosophical awareness of what is important. But let's watch that soap box business!

ANN SOTHERN: Definitely! I still believe the public wants light entertainment. That's the purpose of the movie business—to entertain. Especially with the world as it is. And that doesn't mean, as has often been implied, that today's audiences are juvenile. They aren't. Too many pictures that were ballyhooed to the skies and that were awful have been flops because of the good old sixth sense of the average audience.

LON: In the Army, I had a chance to talk to a lot of people about what they wanted to see in films. They weren't at all satisfied with light froth. In these people was the embryo for a great respect for pictures—but that embryo never grew. An intelligent person recognizes the importance of pictures and wants to see something worthwhile done by the business. I, personally, feel that producers try to combine too much entertainment with too much message. One thing is sure—today's audience is choosy.

ANN BLYTH: Well, I, for one, wouldn't want musicals and light pictures all the time. Nor would I want all dramas. You need variety. Yet I'd like to do a musical some time where I could sing. As for today's audience, they're not juvenile—just lazy at times! Lazy in that they don't want to accept new ideas.

GREG: We're talking as though light froth is the only way for an audience to forget its troubles and be entertained. Instead, I think pictures must be uplifting and stimulating—and people will forget their woes just as fast. Seeing an endless run of musicals and chorus girls and slapstick comedy won't do much toward lightening people's cares. A great drama can lift them out of a rut much faster. Primarily because a great drama shows a better approach toward life and a more philosophic acceptance of it.

SUSAN: That's my point, Greg. People want to associate themselves with the characters they see portrayed on the screen. They never forget themselves so much as when they're emotionally embroiled in the problems of people on the screen. If a picture does not move or stir an audience, it has not served its purpose.

ANN SOTHERN: It all comes down to one thing—the manner in which a message or froth is presented. There are dangers to both forms. Too often messages are put in the hands of people who aren't sincere, who are merely riding the gravy train of a popular type of film or who are out for sensationalism. I think three films on any one topical subject are quite enough. They do more good than ten of such pictures. As for any dangers to light entertainment, there are none, unless producers just forget the entertainment and rely on stupid tricks.



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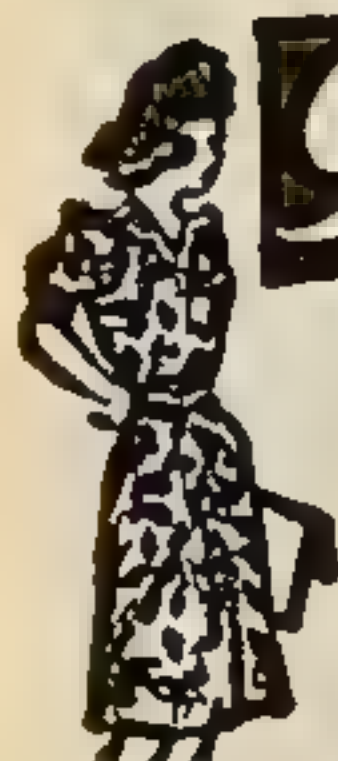
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GREG: And if the light entertainment results only in boredom—as so many pictures have. I know some people who regard all light entertainment as bad, but I don't share that view. Nor do I like message films that are done with the subtlety of a sledge hammer.

ANN BLYTH: All we're saying is that anything overplayed is ridiculous. Sincerity, good taste, and intelligence are the keynotes for all good films.

LON: Pictures can never be too light or frothy—if that's the original intention. But a picture heavily laden with message can completely obscure what important things it has to say.

SUSAN: And here's an important item—messages can be dangerous if they're in the hands of the wrong people.

HOLLAND: Let's branch out a bit and take up foreign pictures. Do you believe they take up more important problems and present films more realistically than American pictures? Since you picked so many English films as your favorites, Ann Sothern, what's your opinion on this?

ANN SOTHERN: Putting me on the spot, eh, Jack? Well, English pictures and all foreign films play to a basically different audience. They demand a different type of picture than we do. Their films, for the most part, I must admit, are more adult. They're not all the types children should go to, but they're darned good films. Not that there aren't some bad ones, too!

ANN BLYTH: I just don't agree. My answer to that question, Jack, is one big loud NO! Once in a while, you may see a good foreign picture, but they're no more realistic in their conception of values than we are. There are just as many bad ones as bad American pictures. And I'm tired of hearing that just because a picture is foreign-made it's a classic!

LON: I think we're impressed with foreign pictures because we see so few of them. They're mostly good and realistic. Basic—you might say. Hollywood has gone away from the basic, essential drama. Probably because we weren't an actual battlefield during the war as the other nations were. Foreign films may be more realistic, but they're not more courageous. For example, we couldn't do a picture like "Shoe Shine" here—or else we wouldn't, but what foreign picture was more courageous than "Gentleman's Agreement"?

SUSAN: I have only one answer to that question you asked, Jack—no! Foreign pictures produce no more realistically nor do they tackle any more important questions than American product.

GREG: I'm inclined to agree. Oh, sure, we can't do pictures about infidelity and the like which are the favorite theme of French films. But that's not what we're talking about, is it? English producers don't do many message pictures but their best films seem more realistic in character portrayals and sets only. I guess that's due to the fact that their industry isn't as big as ours. Hollywood is just too well off financially, I suppose. Makes us complacent at times. But I'm still for American films.

HOLLAND: To get an indication of what the public actually wants, what re-

actions have you had in your letters from fans about the pictures you've made—or the kinds of pictures they want to see?

GREG: I'd like to raise a point here—is the average audience those who write letters to actors or is it the more sophisticated people who just never take time to write? I'd like to know. I've always thought the sophisticated audience was in the minority. If that's so, then today's fans want sweetness and light. At least, the picture of mine they've liked the most has been "Keys of the Kingdom."

ANN SOTHERN: I'm inclined to think those who write letters are a good part of your audience. At any rate, my letters call for more musicals—and I think that's an indication of the general feeling. My latest, "April Showers," fits into that category, thank heaven!

ANN BLYTH: I haven't had much indication of the type of film that's popular in my letters. My fans just comment on my work in pictures. How about you, Lon?

LON: I had a lot of letters on "Home in Indiana" which I made a long time ago. Some liked the freedom of the country boy I played and the way he could become a success. Others liked the problems of the negroes in the film. I'd say letters show an awareness on the part of those who write them of the problems people face today.

SUSAN: The reactions on "Smash Up" were interesting. People wrote that the picture helped them to a better understanding of an alcoholic's problem—for example, helped them to the realization that a person who drinks to excess is not necessarily bad or weak, but someone who is ill and needs help. Audiences were sympathetic, interested, and understanding toward the problem that not long ago was considered taboo for the screen.

HOLLAND: And now we come to a touchy part of the subject, but an important one. Do you think censorship makes it difficult for Hollywood to produce topical pictures, realistic pictures?

LON: That's something that *really* burns me up! I hate local and regional censorship. It should come only from a motion picture board. Look at the Memphis board of censors and their kicking a picture out of showings in that city because it shows negro children. Not very American, I'd say. Censorship makes pictures conform to one line. It limits Hollywood a great deal. Too many taboos on things of importance.

ANN BLYTH: I can't join you on the idea that censorship limits Hollywood, Lon. I think it's a good idea from any angle. If there weren't censorship, there'd be so many people who would grab at that freedom and make the wrong kind of pictures. And certainly I can't agree, Lon, that censorship has ever imposed a ban on important topical problems.

GREG: If that is so, then what has prevented Hollywood from taking up a subject like anti-Semitism before this? No? Censorship *does* limit. But what is the solution since movies are a family institution? It's too bad Hollywood can't make pictures that would be for adults. And it's too bad that Hollywood can't

attack some questionable institutions that need attacking just because of the power they wield.

SUSAN: I agree that in many instances censorship is too strict, but I'm afraid it's going to be stricter. In some cases, I admit censorship is necessary because people aren't always properly educated to essentially adult problems. I do heartily agree, however, that some censor boards retard progress. But evolution will go on in spite of them and someday they'll catch up.

ANN SOTHERN: I have no patience with such silly censorship as that which won't allow a married couple on the screen to share a double bed. Censorship is necessary for children, but it's carried too far. It puts a bar on any realistic approach to problems.

GREG: As long as we have to please a mass audience, the situation won't change. Hollywood is, therefore, afraid to pick on a subject that may unjustly put some kind of a tag on them. The audiences are so variegated in type that there will always be someone whose toes will be stepped upon. And you can't change that. Certain subjects are still taboo. Anti-Semitism would be in that class now if it hadn't been for the courage of a couple of producers. And why has it taken so long for that to be screened? The idea isn't new—it's good Americanism. It can only offend those who need to be offended.

ANN SOTHERN: That sounds as though you think Hollywood is afraid to tackle problems just because it doesn't want to receive some tag or other. I don't think we're scared at all. Don't forget the anti-Nazi pictures that were made even before the war. And look at the anti-Communism pictures now. And don't forget the Screen Actors' Guild rule that no negroes can appear in rôles on the screen that puts them in a bad light. There are some intrepid people in this business!

LON: Speaking of courageous pictures, I think of "Wilson." It was not a box office success, so I hear, but if it had been successful it could have helped many people and furthered many important world ideals. We just weren't ready for it, I guess. Pictures today are becoming increasingly reluctant to be liberal in thought because of certain factors. And that's a shame. Being liberal and realistic doesn't mean that a film must be tagged with any 'ism' at all. The 'ism' and the liberal idea are two vastly different things.

SUSAN: Well, I don't think any pro-Communist pictures would be very popular at the box office at the moment—if that's what you mean. And after all, Hollywood must eat too.

ANN BLYTH: I think the pictures of late show that Hollywood is not afraid of being pegged by some so-called "ism." But don't forget—Hollywood is not a crusade. Crusades don't pay off at the box office as a rule.

HOLLAND: For our closing remarks, what topics do you think Hollywood should take up? And this is our parting shot section too, Ann.

ANN SOTHERN: Educational films are a must, I think. Pictures like "Henry

VIII," "Henry V," and "Macbeth" are educational as well as entertaining. I believe the industry will come to this sooner or later. Phonograph records already have recognized the importance of this medium.

GREG: And Eddie Albert is doing a great job along with his 16 millimeter films. I think all studios, if they want to contribute to a better way of life, should join forces and make such films. Get them in schools. Take up problems like the pay for school teachers, facts about the United Nations, bring a better understanding with other people of the world by presenting their problems. Kids can be taught much better in schools by pictures than by books.

LON: I'd like to see Hollywood take a definite stand on the Palestine and negro problems. Juvenile delinquency should be taken up, too—but not as a melodrama. I agree with Greg, too, that the school teachers' situation should be paid some attention because they educate our children and their jobs should be lucrative enough to attract finer minds to the profession. My great aunt and uncle devoted their whole lives to teaching and now get the sum of \$50 a month for a pension! While they taught, they earned \$80 a month. How do you like that!

ANN BLYTH: A great picture could be made about the Friendship Train, I think. And about the starving children in Europe. Nothing is so important as bringing about better relationships among the people of the world.

SUSAN: Anything that will teach our children to help them be better human beings should be put on the screen.

ANN BLYTH: As for my last remark, I think pictures should realize the obligations they owe to the public—and do something about it.

LON: And I believe that if the citizens of Hollywood have the courage to present problem films, I hope that the citizens of the world will have the unbiased right to accept or reject the product.

ANN SOTHERN: I won't go any further than to say I hope that the motion picture industry can present messages and yet entertain.

GREG: HEAR! HEAR!

SUSAN: I have only one thing to say—it'd be wonderful if audiences could leave a theater saying, "Why, motion pictures ARE your best entertainment."

HOLLAND: Thanks for a good, rousing session. And what do you think about this topic, you readers? Be on hand for our next round table, won't you? And don't forget we still like to receive your letters. Address Screenland Star Advisers, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York City 19, N. Y.



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"The Other Woman" Becomes a Wife

Continued from page 39

can't use them. I have been hurt too often by other people to be willing to hurt anyone myself—even someone who has hurt me." Jane is a sensitive girl with dark brown eyes to which tears come easily when she is hurt or angry.

"I remember years ago when my engagement to Rudy Vallee had just been announced," she told me, "I met a catty girl at a party. She said sarcastically, 'It's a lovely ring you're not wearing.' Then she kept on talking breezily about all the girls she had known who had gone with Rudy or been engaged to him. At the end of the party, I took two aspirins and went home feeling very blue. The following month I got the ring but never met up again with this particular girl, so I never had a chance to show it to her.

"If a woman starts making catty remarks, I don't make any attempt to reply. I figure that she wouldn't start such remarks, unless she felt pretty sure she could finish the job. So it's better not to answer. It's better to say, 'I don't know all the answers and you do, so let's leave it at that.'

"However, if I were a woman faced with the problem of the 'other woman' I would never seek her out. (Fortunately, I've never had to face that problem.) If a girl is pursuing your husband or if he's attentive to someone else at a party, a wife has to ignore this other woman. She will eventually hang herself. If the wife picks up the subject and enlarges on it, then it becomes more important to the husband. He thinks if it's that important to you, then it is important to him. If you say of a girl, 'Isn't she pretty?' he'll say, 'I don't think she's so pretty,' or 'Oh, she's all right if you like that type,' but if you say, 'I don't think she's so pretty' it becomes a contest, and he may say she's beautiful. It's the wife in such cases who makes the other woman seem more important.

"If, however, the husband is seeing the other woman on the side, then, faced with such a situation, I'd walk out. I believe men should be faithful, just as much as women should. I know some people say, 'Oh, men are like that. You can't expect them to be monogamous,' but I don't agree. Women can be like that, too, if they let themselves be. If a man succumbs once to temptation, it will happen again. That particular infatuation may cool, but if he was unfaithful to his wife once, some other woman will come along to tempt him again. Women have a few rights these days, too, and one of them is to expect fidelity of their husbands, just as their husbands expect it of them.

"There's one old adage, however, in which I don't believe: keep him guessing. If people are grown up enough to be in love, they're grown up enough to show it. I think that a wife who's afraid to show that she loves her husband has probably taken the first step toward losing him. On the same principle I think it's ridiculous to try deliberately to make him jealous. Keeping a man guessing

may be all right when he's courting you—then at worst you lose a boy friend not a husband—but keeping him guessing after you're married seems pretty infantile to me."

All that Jane Greer has learned about other women has been learned by playing the other woman in pictures and by observing other women in real life. But though she's met many catty women, she has never actually had to contend with the other woman in her own private life. Though her first marriage to Rudy Vallee ended unhappily in divorce, this was caused by temperamental differences between Rudy and Jane Greer. Recently Jane married again. This time the groom is Edward Lasker, a charming, attractive advertising man and producer.

They met in New York two years ago, when Jane was on a personal appearance tour. Ed Lasker, son of Albert Lasker, who founded the advertising agency, Lord and Thomas, was running it at the time. One day Jane was in a New York restaurant discussing business with her agent, when Ed, who was with another girl, joined the group. Ed and Jane's agent were old friends. Soon the conversation switched from business, and began to cover many subjects. Jane was fascinated. She had never met anyone as charming and witty as Edward Lasker. "He must be a gag writer," she thought. "No one else could possibly think of such witty remarks." And her laughter cascaded freely. She was a wonderful audience. Also, inspired by Ed's witty remarks, she timidly told a few jokes, and he laughed encouragingly.

However, when they parted, there was no thought of romance in either of their minds. Jane was going back to Hollywood; as far as she knew, Ed Lasker would remain in New York.

About a month later, however, he paid a visit to Hollywood, and they met at the Del Mar race track. "We both won bets that day," she said laughingly. "It seemed like a good omen. Soon we became very good friends. We went to night clubs and the races together, but we both continued to see other people, since we weren't serious about each other."

For two years, they saw each other off and on, whenever Ed was in Hollywood. "We were always kidding each other," Jane confessed. "Some day somebody is going to hook you," I warned, not dreaming that we were going to hook each other. He had been unhappily married once, and said he would never marry again. I, too, having been unhappily married once, said I would never marry again. 'Oh,' he argued, 'you're going to fall for some guy. You'll see.'

Their friendship was always on a gay, kidding note. It seemed as if they were always laughing together. And then suddenly a serious note crept in, and where there had been only fun and laughter before, there was sentiment.

When Jane went to Sedona, Arizona, on location for "Station West," Ed

Lasker must have realized how much she really meant to him—so much that in the face of this feeling, he got over his panicky idea that he must never again take a chance on heartbreak. He began calling Jane up every day, and talking to her over the long distance phone. His letters were not the cool, collected epistles of a man who is guarding his heart. He knew he'd lost his, and said so.

Meanwhile, Jane had realized that she had also lost hers. The day she got back from Sedona, Ed was waiting for her at the train, and she agreed to marry him the following Monday.

That afternoon they were sitting around the swimming pool of Ed's home in Brentwood, with Myrna Dell and Marjorie Guttermann, Jane's stand-in. Both girls are cherished friends of Jane's. Turning to Ed, she said, "Shall we tell them?" He nodded cheerfully. When Jane told them that she and Ed were going to be married on the following Monday, they asked, "Why wait? Why not get married now?"

"I have nothing to wear," Jane said. Her suitcases, still unpacked, were at her home. She was wearing an old sunback dress. Margie said, "Don't worry. I'll get you an outfit within an hour." In half an hour she came back with a complete outfit from a smart shop in Beverly Hills. Included were a gray crepe dress with draped front and a long skirt, a gray and brown feather hat and brown accessories. They were all in good taste, and they all fitted perfectly.

"Meanwhile," Jane told me, "Ed had chartered a small plane, which would hold only two people beside the pilot. Ed had called the pilot at two that afternoon, and we promised to meet him at the airport at Inglewood at four. With

the help of Myrna and Margie, I got ready for the wedding. For something old, I put on an old pair of earrings; for something new, I had my entire new outfit! for something borrowed, Margie gave me her locket, and for something blue, I wore a white slip with a blue drawstring.

"Ed changed his suit, jumped into his car, and we drove by the jeweler's for the ring he had ordered that morning. We arrived at the airport in time, and flew to Las Vegas, where we were met by two friends of Gregory Bautzer's, Ed's lawyer. Gregory, unable to be present at the wedding himself, had suggested that these two friends would welcome us and act as our witnesses. When the four of us walked into the office of the justice of the peace, I heard some beautiful music playing. I thought, 'Oh, they shouldn't have gone to all this trouble for us.' Then I realized that the song was 'Peg O' My Heart,' played on an old recorder. And I had thought it was organ music chosen especially for our wedding!"

The ceremony was beautiful. But when the justice of the peace spoke the customary words asking anyone who knew just cause why these two should not be joined together to step forward, Jane could hardly refrain from giggling. For not a soul in the room had ever met Ed Lasker or herself before. Since all of them were complete strangers, how could they possibly know any reason why she and Ed shouldn't be married, if there had been such a reason?

There was no time for a honeymoon, for Jane had to report for work on the set of "Station West" the next day. Their honeymoon dinner was a late dinner at Schwab's Drug Store—just a regular \$1.50 special, which they ate with as much appetite as if it had been pheasant under glass, for by that time it was 10:30 P. M.

Jane and Edward are looking forward to a belated honeymoon as soon as her picture, "Station West," is completed. She hopes to get at least a month off from work then, and they'll go to New York on the first lap of their trip, then on to South America.

Jane's marriage to Ed and her current success in pictures are happy endings to the story of a girl who was born a nobody in a comparatively poor family, snubbed throughout much of her girlhood, and disappointed when she first tried for pictures. Don't ever let anyone tell you that Jane's story is that of an overnight Cinderella. She's never been handed anything on a silver platter—not even the time of day.

Jane was born Bettejane Greer, one of three children, in Washington, D. C. She's twenty-three, and unlike some movie stars, she can't fib about her birthday, for she has a twin brother, Donne. Her father was a salesman, who at various times in his life sold almost every product you can think of, from fire extinguishers to real estate. His earnings, like those of most salesmen, were rather speculative. Sometimes he earned substantial commissions; at other times weeks might pass by without any successful sales. Jane's mother did the best she could on a limited budget. She bought the best materials she could af-



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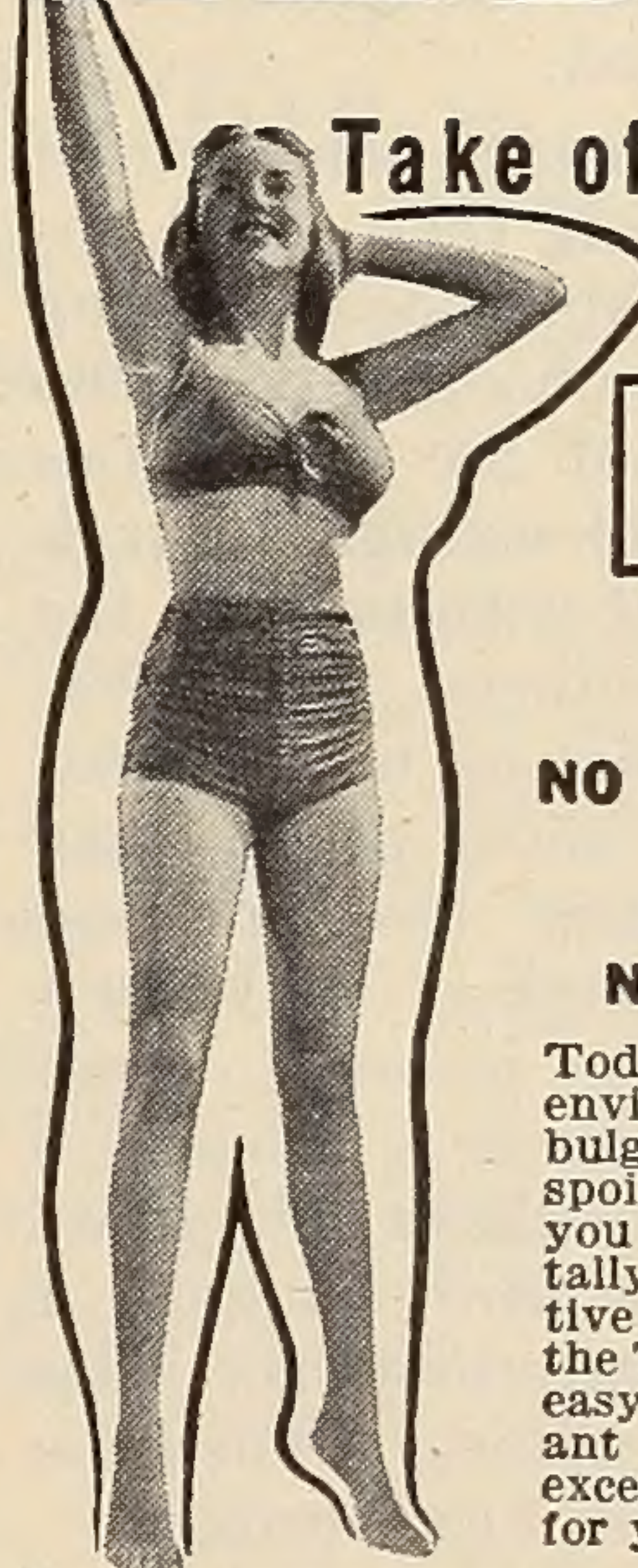
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ANSWERS TO SCREEN TESTS ON PAGE 51

STAR ANAGRAMS:

1. Char -- M, March; 2. Rope -- W, Power; 3. Nude -- N, Dunne; 4. Avid -- S, Davis; 5. Cart -- Y, Tracy; 6. Borne -- O, Oberon; 7. Royal -- T, Taylor; 8. Alarm -- R, Lamarr; 9. Anger -- R, Garner; 10. Groan -- S, Garson.

SEEING STARS:

1. Astaire; 2. Tone; 3. Fonda; 4. Blondell; 5. Temple; 6. Brent; 7. Dunne; 8. Rooney; 9. Garner; 10. Hope.

NAME YOUR OWN STARS:

1. Astor, Garner, Garson, Gleason, Grant, Lamarr, Lorre, Mason, Reagan, Rogers, Tone.
2. Astor, Ayres, Eythe, Faye, Lorre, Loy, March, Mitchell, Raye, Scott, Stewart, Taylor, Tracy.
3. Aherne, Darnell, Day, (James) Dunn, (Irene) Dunne, Eythe, Haver, (Sterling) Hayden, (Richard) Haydn, Henie, Tierney.
4. (Jane) Greer, Holden, Hope, Leigh, Lorre, Rogers, Sothorn, Stone, Tone.
5. Astor, Colman, Garner, Garson, Gleason, Grant, Lorre, Mason, Rogers, Stone, Tone.

ford and sewed Jane's clothes by hand.

However, in the high school Jane went to, there were many daughters of more prosperous families. There was no possible way in which Jane could compete with these other girls. She was probably far prettier than most of them—she has blonde hair and large dark brown eyes—but there wasn't enough money in the family to supply her with as many changes in wardrobe as these other girls had.

Soon Jane found that high school classmates drifted naturally into cliques. Nearly always, the wealthier girls were invited to join various high school sororities. One day Jane was invited to what she thought was a "rush tea." Actually the only girls who had been invited to this particular tea were girls singled out by the sorority sisters as being outsiders. To the sorority girls, this tea was a particularly funny gag. At the tea Jane realized that she had just been invited by a group of snooty kids who wanted to make fun of her because her folks were poor. They kept making insinuations about the dues that she wouldn't be able to pay (they'd be much too high for her) and the kind of home in which she probably lived, as compared with the mansions in which they gave their swanky parties.

"During this tea I realized for the first time how cruel high school kids can be. From that time on, I hated the sorority girls in high school. I believe that sororities in high school are all wrong—high school youngsters are too young to realize how cruel and thoughtless and snobbish they can be. In fact, they take delight in being and doing all those things. Perhaps college sororities are all right. By the time young people reach college, they're apt to be more thoughtful and not so deliberately cruel.

"The sorority girls in high school tried to monopolize everything they could, including the most desirable boys. During my last year in high school, a boy who was president of one of the fraternities liked me. He was fool enough to pick on a nobody and go out with me, but the sorority girls and members of his fraternity eventually broke us up. I must admit he stuck with me a pretty long time, but his fraternity brothers and the sorority girls kept saying, 'Why don't you go with Jane Doe instead? She's one of us, not an outsider or a nobody.' I noticed he took me to places where we wouldn't meet the fraternity bunch. I was never invited to fraternity hay rides or special fraternity affairs. When he broke off with me, I was heart-broken.

"My mother said, 'You're young, and ten years from now you won't know the difference. It'll be a big laugh to you then.'

"Yes," I said, 'but it *isn't* ten years from now, and I'm *not* laughing.' High school youngsters feel very grown-up at such times and find no comfort in the theory that all will be forgotten in ten years.

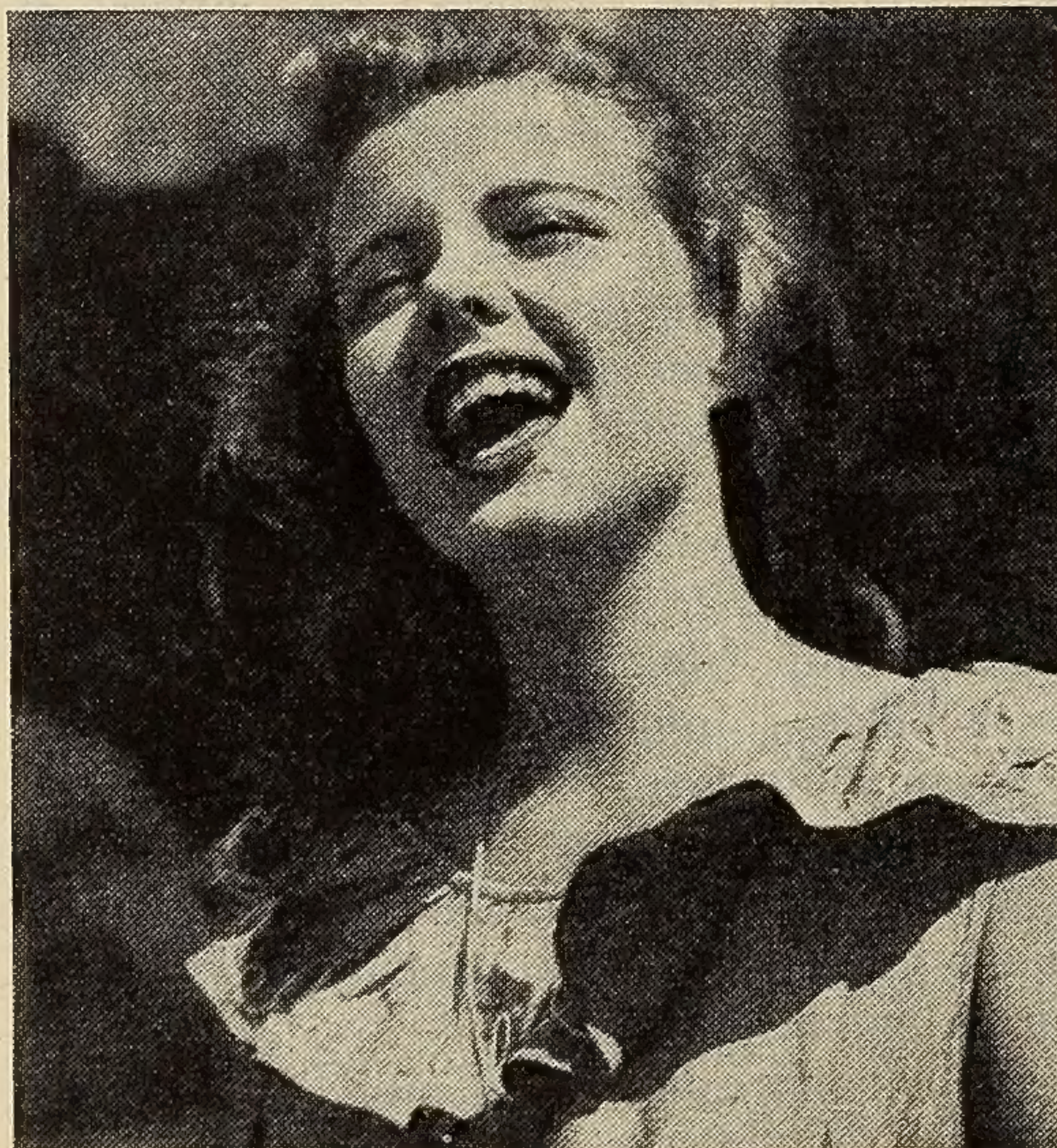
"I accomplished one thing in high school. I did get into the dramatic club in school and I played the lead in the high school play during my last year there. And all the snobbery I'd encoun-

tered did achieve one thing. It gave me an incentive. I wanted to be someone, to become successful. 'I'll show 'em,' I thought."

After three years of high school, Bettejane had had all she could stand. She auditioned for Enric Madriguera's orchestra, and as the first step in "showing 'em," she was signed up to sing with the band.

When Paramount decided to test her, Jane thought that now she would really "show 'em." Unfamiliar with movie contracts and red tape, she signed a thirty-day option with Paramount, and thought naively that she was signing a contract. Washington, D. C., newspapers at once went overboard with headlines to the effect, "Local girl makes good." There was a lot of fanfare, and some of the cattiest girls in school now jumped on the bandwagon. "Can't we give a farewell party for you?" they asked. "No," said Jane. "I'd rather leave quietly for Hollywood."

She couldn't understand why she didn't hear from Paramount. Came August 15th, the date named on the slip of paper she had signed, and still they hadn't sent for her. Instead came a telegram which made her realize how wrong she had been in assuming that she had signed a contract. "Sorry," the wire read, "we can't use you. We have too many girls of your type."



A newcomer to watch for is Lois Butler, starring in Eagle Lion's picture, "Mickey."

Jane was crushed. Here she had hoped to make a triumphant exit from Washington, D. C. It was to have been her revenge against the feline females who had been her classmates. Now she couldn't bear to have them learn the truth. She barricaded herself in her home, and said she wouldn't answer any phone calls. She begged her brother Donne to answer all phone calls, and to tell anyone who called that she had left for Hollywood. "Have you heard from her?" the girls would ask eagerly and enviously over the phone. "No, not yet," Donne would say. And all the time Jane was sitting right by his elbow. "My mother finally made me end the masquerade and confess the truth. At first I felt as if I just couldn't face anyone, but she made me realize that I'd have to face them all some day."

Jane also made an attempt to get a

contract with RKO. Ben Piazza, the casting director, liked her, but said, "I think you're much too young. Why don't you come back when you're older?"

Finally, however, Jane got a break which actually won her a contract in pictures. Selected to pose for photographs of the first WAC uniform, she looked so attractive in the photographs that she was invited to make a movie test for Selznick. Selznick didn't sign her, but the casting director for Selznick was also casting director for Howard Hughes, and Hughes gladly signed her.

However, Howard Hughes is a pretty unpredictable person, and though he kept her under contract for a year, he never put her into a picture. He didn't even ask her to pose for a still. She did gain one advantage from her contract—she was given an excellent dramatic coach, Florence Enright.

In the meanwhile, she also met Rudy Vallee. When the photographs of Jane in the WAC uniform had first appeared in a national magazine, Rudy had phoned her long distance, and asked her to look him up if she ever came to Hollywood. She hesitated to do that, but one day, went to one of his broadcasts, and then she said "hello" to him backstage and asked if he remembered her. He said he did, and so began the hectic courtship which led to marriage, heartbreak, a reconciliation which didn't work, and finally divorce.

Since the contract with Howard Hughes had not resulted in any actual work, Jane sued to break her contract, and won. Then she went back to Ben Piazza, of RKO. "I don't know whether you'll remember me or not," she said honestly, "but several years ago, you told me to look you up again when I was grown up. Well, I'm grown up now."

Ben Piazza smiled. What she said was obvious enough. He saw a girl with glowing dark eyes, a youthful, pretty face marked by stamina and courage, and a figure where the curves were in just the right places. "Yes," he conceded, "I can see you're grown up now."

She was sufficiently grown up so that she was cast almost immediately in "other women" rôles, and she soon became one of the most important and promising of RKO's young starlets. The studio changed her name from Bettejane Greer to just plain Jane Greer, and as Jane Greer she has forged ahead steadily.

Successful, married to a very eligible husband, Jane must wonder sometimes what the girls think who once snubbed her so cruelly. Sometimes some of her former schoolmates come to Hollywood, call her up, gush about her success, and ask if she can't possibly get them a pass to the studio. If I were in Jane's place, I'm afraid I'd say, "Oh, I'm so sorry, but it isn't possible to get an outsider in." But Jane, though she hasn't completely forgiven the more snobbish of her schoolmates, never turns down their requests for a pass. Her revenge is far more subtle than mine would be. She takes them to the studio, shows them around, talks happily about "my studio" and makes them realize, without saying so, that she, the outsider, has at last become an insider. Little Miss Nobody is definitely Miss Somebody now!

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